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THE LAND OF FEUDS.

BY

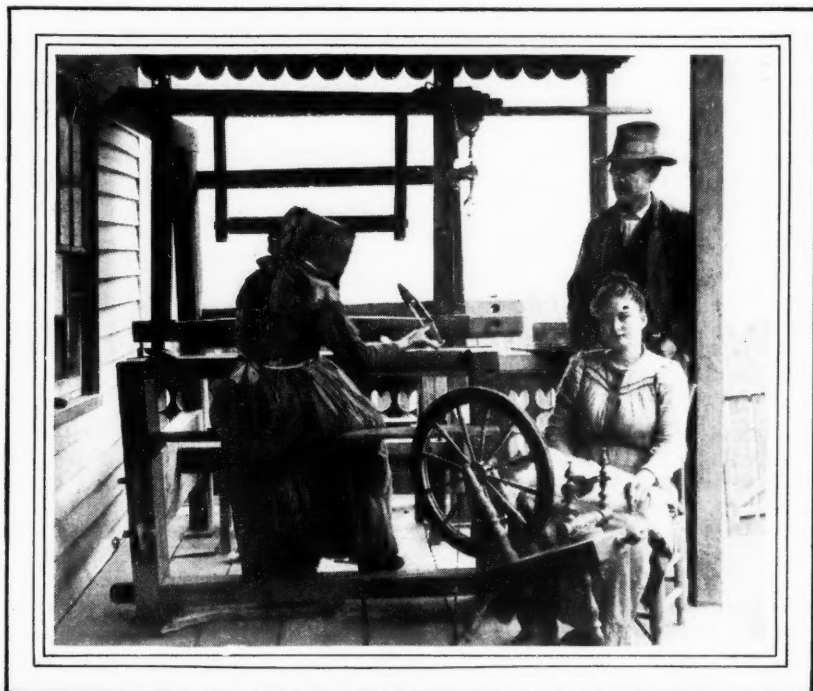
HARTLEY DAVIS AND CLIFFORD SMYTH.

A REGION OF THE UNITED STATES IN WHICH BLOODSHED IS A PASTIME AND CRUEL AND COWARDLY MURDER GOES UNPUNISHED—THE TERRIBLE STORY OF THE SEVEN GREAT KENTUCKY FEUDS.

THE Land of Feuds has gained its name through wholesale murder. Assassination is its pastime and its passion. It may be termed a relic of medievalism upon which have been grafted the atrocities of modern ward

politics; and the hybrid is a horrible thing.

The Land of Feuds has definite geographical limits. It lies in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, where the boundaries of four States—Kentucky,



IN THE LAND OF FEUDS—A TYPICAL HOME SCENE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHEASTERN KENTUCKY, ONE OF THE MOST PRIMITIVE REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia—meet or approach. But its darkest region is in Kentucky, in the nineteen southeastern counties of the State, about the head waters of four rivers, the Cumberland, the Kentucky, the Licking, and the Big Sandy. Here is a land untouched by railroad or telegraph, for the most part; a savage, primeval country, where have developed those fierce and terrible family wars, the American feuds, beside which the Italian vendetta is a childish thing, almost humane in comparison.

As one studies the history of the seven greatest of the Kentucky feuds—for, like the stars, they differ in magnitude—one finds only the sickening story of bloodshed told over and over again, the cowardly attack from behind, the shooting of unarmed men. They vary only in details of horror. Not one single deed of chivalry, not one act of generosity, not one ray of nobility or unselfishness, not even a suggestion of fair play, illumines the blackness of the tales. Among these people the lust for human blood has become a malignant disease.

The seven great Kentucky feuds have resulted in some two hundred and fifty murders, and legal justice has claimed but two lives in retribution. One was a half-witted youth, Ellison Mounts, who was legally hanged for complicity in the Hatfield raids in Pike County. The other, Dr. Baker, was hanged by the court in defiance of the constitution of the United States, for he was once legally acquitted of the killing for which he was afterwards executed.

Human life is the cheapest thing in the Land of Feuds, yet the Land of Feuds has its own code of ethics. The stranger within it is safer than in New York, if he be careful to avoid taking sides, and to show that he has no inquisitive interest in moonshine distilleries. Also his property is sacred. He will be received with a hospitality as genuine as it is enthusiastic. But let him abstain from making enemies. The mountaineer host who slept on the floor so that the visitor might have his bed, and refused any payment, will calmly waylay and kill that same visitor later

in the day for twenty dollars or less. There are hundreds of men in the Land of Feuds who can be hired for two dollars a day to lie out in the open for three months, if necessary, to kill any one pointed out to them—providing, of course, that the victim does not belong to their clan.

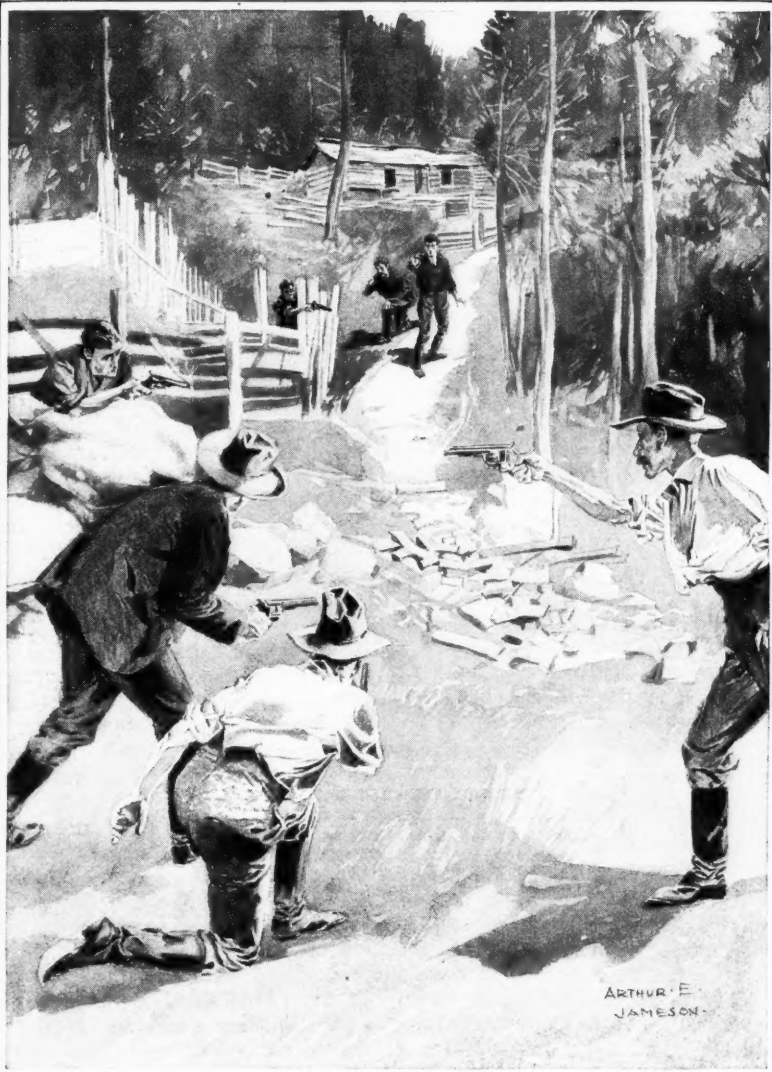
The Land of Feuds invokes the statutes of the commonwealth of Kentucky when it can make use of them; and they become majestic, stern, omnipotent. When these same statutes cross its will, they are pushed aside as meaningless trifles. The Land of Feuds exemplifies the theory that law is the crystallized sentiment of a community.

THE HOWARD-TURNER FEUD.

The story of the first great feud, that of the McCoys and the Hatfields, is probably familiar to the reader. The cowardly murders, the fiendish cruelties, of those human brutes were narrated in an article published in this magazine nearly three years ago (January, 1901). Of greater importance was the warfare of the Howards and the Turners, of Harlan County, which began in April, 1882, over a game of cards between Robert E. Lee Turner and Wilse Howard, both of whom were born during the Civil War. With a pistol, Turner forced Howard to return money that he had won. Three days later Howard waylaid Turner and shot him dead. Then the Turners made an unsuccessful raid on the Howard homestead, and the feud was in full swing. It involved practically the whole county, for it were hard to find a native who was not kin to one or the other of the great families.

For eight years the opposing factions shot each other in the back and from cover, which is considered glorious in the Land of Feuds. County Judge Lewis led the Turners, who held the court-house, and had most of the officers on their side. When Wilse Howard threatened a raid, the Kentucky militia came to protect the courts. The Howards melted into the mountain wilderness, where no soldier could find them, and patiently awaited the withdrawal of the troops.

Finally Captain Wilse threatened



THE HOWARD-TURNER FEUD IN HARLAN COUNTY—THE TURNERS' UNSUCCESSFUL RAID UPON THE HOWARD HOMESTEAD.

to capture the town if Judge Lewis did not surrender—a euphemistic way of requesting the Turners to throw down their arms, so that the Howards could murder them and their sympathizers leisurely and without risk. While frightened townsfolk were fleeing, the judge mustered his forces, made a rapid

night march, and surprised the Howards at dawn. The attacking party outnumbered the other, and each man had cover before the alarm was given. Four Howards were shot dead, seven were seriously wounded, and the others were chased from the county. Captain Wilse escaped, to turn general “bad man”

and "killer" on the Pacific slope. He was ultimately hanged in Missouri for a murder which he committed on his way to the West, and ten of the Turners cheerfully journeyed to that State to see him executed.

THE WAR OF LOGANS AND TOLLIVERS.

The Logan-Tolliver feud, in Rowan County, was a ward-politics row developed into a campaign of assassination. In 1884 the Logans elected their candidate for sheriff by twelve votes, and the Tollivers showed their displeasure by killing one Logan and wounding three other members of the family after the votes were counted. There was a delay of five months, during which time Dick Martin, one of the wounded, was recovering. As soon as he had strength to do it, he found opportunity to shoot Floyd Tolliver, chief participant in the election-day fight. Martin was arrested for this murder by his own people, for safe-keeping, and sent to Winchester. The Tollivers had him brought back on a forged order, and they murdered him in cold blood, when he was bound and helpless, just outside of Morehead, the county seat.

During the next two years the Logans and the Tollivers killed one another at every opportunity, the approved method being the ambushing of a victim by half a dozen enemies. Your Kentucky feudist wholly disapproves of a fair fight. Three times troops were sent to Rowan County, and each time the mountains swallowed the men they wanted. Soldiers and indictments were equally unavailing.

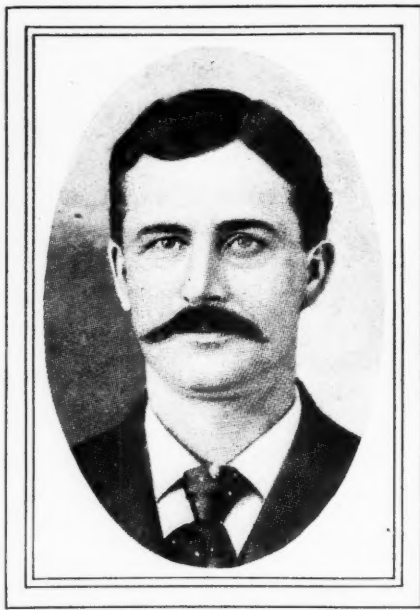
Failing with arms, the Governor turned to diplomacy. He treated these lawless cutthroats as if the factions were sovereign powers, sent envoys to their camps, brought them into conference at the county court-house, and prevailed upon them to sign a truce. The leaders were to leave the county, and all indictments were to be quashed.

Peace actually lasted a whole year, but the habit of murder, too strong to be overcome by any promise, asserted itself, and the killings commenced again. All the county officers, including the judge, were involved. A party of Tollivers burned two of the Logan houses and killed four Logans, all brothers.

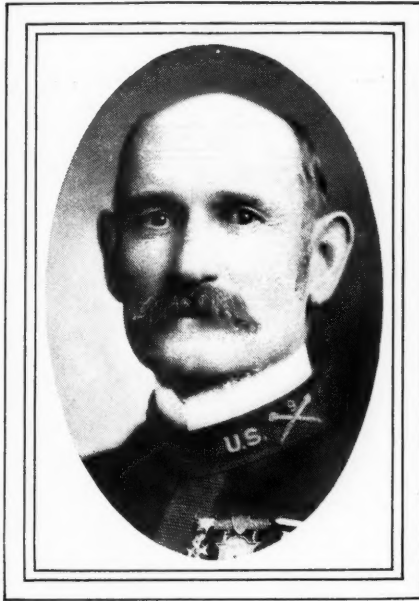
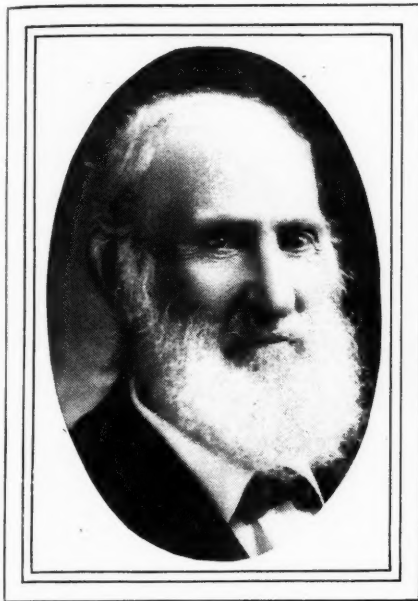
Then Daniel Boone Logan, sole surviving brother of the four murdered men, a college graduate and a lawyer of good standing, resolved to end the feud. After going through the polite

form of appealing to the Governor for troops—three times had the militia made itself the laughing-stock of the county—he decided to conduct his own campaign. He gathered fifty carefully picked men, dead shots and well disciplined. Some were of his clan; others he hired. He armed them with the best modern rifles, and with revolvers swinging from shoulderholsters, as revolvers are generally carried in the Kentucky mountains.

Daniel Boone Logan, the man of law, calmly announced that he and his band were going forth to annihilate the Tollivers, singly or in groups; and that they would never rest until the work was ended. The Logan men were as wise in the ways of the mountains as the Tolliv-



DANIEL BOONE LOGAN, THE MAN WHO ENDED THE ROWAN COUNTY FEUD BY ORGANIZING A CAMPAIGN OF EXTERMINATION AGAINST THE TOLLIVERS.



GENERAL T. T. GARRARD, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN, AND HIS SON, MAJOR JOSEPH GARRARD, NINTH CAVALRY, UNITED STATES ARMY, PROMINENT MEMBERS OF ONE OF THE FAMILIES INVOLVED IN THE CLAY COUNTY FEUD.

vers, and as good shots. The Logans would fight a pitched battle or from ambush; they would slay openly or secretly, as occasion offered, but not a Tolliver should escape.

The Tollivers were honestly alarmed. Logan was violating the rules of the game. He was playing it openly and in a businesslike way. Therefore the Tollivers came together for mutual protection. They could muster thirty-one men against the enemy's fifty. Logan forced them into a pitched battle near Morehead. Four Tollivers, the last of their name, were slain, many of their followers wounded, and the rest scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Daniel Boone Logan was indicted for murder and placed on trial. He admitted the killings. He told the story of the feud, which had cost twenty-three lives—that number could be proved—and he boldly maintained that what he had done was for the good of the public. He declared that he had ended the murderous struggle. He was acquitted on that defense, and moved to Bell County, where he has prospered in the practise of law, respected and respect-

able. Not one person was legally punished for the twenty-three murders resulting from this feud, in which a petty political office was the original bone of contention.

THE FRENCH-EVERSOLE FEUD.

The relations between the Frenches and Eversoles, of Perry County, Kentucky, began in friendship and ended in more than thirty murders. It grew out of business jealousy, the commonest thing in the world, and a matter in which a normal community would take no active interest.

Joseph Eversole, the principal merchant in Hazard, county seat of Perry, was so rich, according to mountain standards, that when Fulton French came there to open a rival store, Eversole helped him both in a business way and politically. They were friends for ten years, and then Old Joe, as he was familiarly called, became jealous of the other's growing prosperity. The quarrel had political and social as well as commercial aspects. The whole county took sides, as usual. It may probably be said that the spirit of murder, the blood

lust, was abroad, and the people were ready for any excuse.

Tom Gayhart, an ardent French supporter, was killed on the river while

came the leader of the French faction. He prayed and murdered with equal enthusiasm. He exhorted his followers to kill Eversoles from ambush as earnestly



THE CLAY COUNTY FEUD—COUNTY ATTORNEY BAKER, AN UNARMED OLD MAN, WAYLAID AND MURDERED BY JIM HOWARD, THE CRACK SHOT WHO AFTERWARDS KILLED GOVERNOR GOEBEL.

rafting logs, and his friends declared that the Eversoles had murdered him, though they had no evidence to support the charge. The feud was on. A mountain preacher, famous for zeal, his rough eloquence, and his success as an evangelist, the Rev. Bill Gambrell, be-

came the leader of the French faction. He prayed and murdered with equal enthusiasm. He exhorted his followers to kill Eversoles from ambush as earnestly

nection with the feud. For a few dollars they killed their family doctor, who had been one of their best friends, and who was their guest at the time. The countryside made the occasion of the hanging a holiday.

The Eversole faction was led by John Campbell, and the members of it wore white cockades in their hats. It should be explained that Fulton French left Hazard just after the death of Gayhart, and that Old Joe Eversole had taken no part in the killings. Still, after the county court-house had been burned while the outlaw Smith was trying to hold it against Campbell, and the militia had met with the usual failure, some one with a longing to shed human blood killed Old Joe from ambush. By this time it seemed that the murder lust had been sated; Rowan County folk came to the conclusion that this particular feud had become tiresome, even ridiculous, and it simply died out. In this respect it is unique among Kentucky feuds. It may be remarked that the thrifty Fulton French is now a prosperous merchant at Winchester, in the blue grass country.

THE CIVIL WAR IN BELL COUNTY.

Vastly different were the Turners, of Bell County. Like their kin in Harlan County, they had the feud bacillus in their blood. Perhaps because there was no family in Bell County strong enough to oppose them, they fought among themselves, the quarrel beginning over the exalted place of county jailer.

General Ben Butler Souders captained one side and Jeff Henderson the other. Each was the son of a Turner, and every member of the big family took sides. For two years Yellow Creek was seldom free of the stain of human blood, and Hell's Half Acre—a well named spot—saw warfare that would have made a red Indian blush for shame. The Turners received much encouragement from people thereabouts who hoped that the feudists would mutually exterminate one another; it remained for a foreign syndicate to end the war. Some English capitalists bought the valley of Yellow Creek, and started a most amazing boom town there, with newspapers, a

big hotel, a theater, banks, electric lights, and things of that sort. Civilization was too much for the murdering Turners.

Squire Souders, father of Ben Butler Souders, taking advantage of the new order of things, became justice of the peace in Middlesboro; but he still glories in the family achievements, for he has framed in his office a list of the victims of the feud, and it numbers twenty-six. "Those in the list whose last name is not Turner had a Turner for their mother," says an explanatory line.

Six more names should be added to the list, for so many survivors of the feud, being gathered in Lee Turner's Quarter House, a notorious hostelry on the Kentucky and Tennessee border line, were killed by a sheriff's posse in the spring of 1902. It was much more expeditious and effective than arrest and trial.

THE GREAT CLAY COUNTY FEUD.

Let it not be supposed that the men taking part in these blood wars are all crude, unlettered, elemental products of a savage soil. The spirit of the Land of Feuds has not only withstood the refining influences of higher civilization and education, but it has even taken advantage of them, for its own ends, as witness the Logan-Tolliver feud. The Clay County feud is another illustration. The chief families engaged in it have a distinguished lineage. The Garrards trace back their ancestry to Pierre Gerard, a French Huguenot of noble family who fled to England in 1680, and whose five grandsons emigrated to America. Of these Colonel William Gerard, or Garrard, came to Virginia; his son, James Garrard, went to Clay County, Kentucky, and was twice elected Governor of the State. General T. T. Garrard, the Governor's son, and the present head of the family, gained his title in the Federal service during the Civil War. One of the general's sons is Major Joseph Garrard, of the Ninth cavalry, United States army.

The first Kentucky ancestor of the Whites, General Hugh White, settled in Clay County in 1803, coming from Virginia. They have money, and are in-

fluent socially, politically, and commercially. John G. White, the brother of the present head of the family, was in Congress for twenty years or so, and he was also a Prohibition candidate for President of the United States. The Whites and Garrards are natural enemies because they are natural rivals.

Many years ago, before the Civil War, Dr. Abner Baker came from Tennessee to Manchester, the county seat of Clay County, settled there, and married a Miss White. His sister and her husband, whose name was Bates, lived in the same house with the doctor and his wife. There was a quarrel. Dr. Baker shot and killed Bates, charging him with undue attention to Mrs. Baker. On being tried for murder, Baker was acquitted. He went to Cuba, but returned to face a new trial which the Whites had secured, despite the fifth amendment to the constitution of the United States; and the result was that he was convicted and hanged. The Garrards were strong allies of Dr. Baker in this affair.

Here was sufficient excuse for a blood feud, but the habits of civilization and the family heritage of honor were stronger than the evil influence of environment. The Whites and the Garrards fought for years thereafter without staining their hands with one another's blood. But in the end the long struggle between soil and birth resulted in a victory for the primeval, savage forces. The two families would not openly declare war because of their own quarrels, but they did not hesitate to take up the quarrel of their friends.

Tom Baker, who was reputed to be the best shot in the Kentucky mountains, but who was a law-abiding, orderly citizen, bought a note for twenty-five dollars given by one Howard, for whom Tom Baker was cutting timber on shares. The note transaction made Howard furious, and he threatened the Bakers with vengeance. Not long afterward two Howards were shot from ambush and killed.

Then Jim Howard, son of the head of the family, started forth to kill. He learned that Tom Baker's father, county attorney for Clay County, and the only Democrat to be elected to that

office for a quarter of a century, was away from home. The elder Baker was one of the most beloved and esteemed men in that part of the State. It was his boast that he never carried a weapon. Jim Howard knew it was safe to attack him.

They met on the road, and Howard ordered Baker to dismount. Falling upon his knees, the county attorney pleaded for his life. He begged the young man not to plunge the county into a deadly feud, and solemnly swore that none of his family had killed the two Howards.

A shot was the reply, and a bullet pierced Baker's thigh. A second disabled the other leg, making him helpless. Jim Howard, the second best shot in a community famous for its marksmen, stood before the white-haired, defenseless old man and shot him again and again, using his nice skill to avoid a fatal spot, yet never missing. Twenty-five bullets pierced Baker's body, and he bled to death, living only long enough to tell who had murdered him.

It was the atrocity of the murder, rather than the crime itself, that resulted in Howard's conviction for this deed. When a pardon was offered him if he would go to Frankfort and murder Governor Goebel, he gladly accepted, and carried out his share of the bargain. It has been charged that Howard, who was then considered the best shot in the Kentucky mountains—Tom Baker having been killed—was released on bail to assassinate Goebel. For shooting down the Governor of Kentucky, the creature guilty of these two crimes was sentenced to life imprisonment. It is said that he confidently expects to be pardoned within a few years.

As the two leading families of the county, and natural rivals, the Whites and the Garrards entered the fight on opposite sides. The Whites sided with the Howards. They had hated the Bakers ever since Dr. Abner Baker had accused his wife—a White—half a century before, and had been illegally executed through White influence. The Garrards sympathized with the Bakers, and the business of murder went on briskly, some twenty persons being slain.

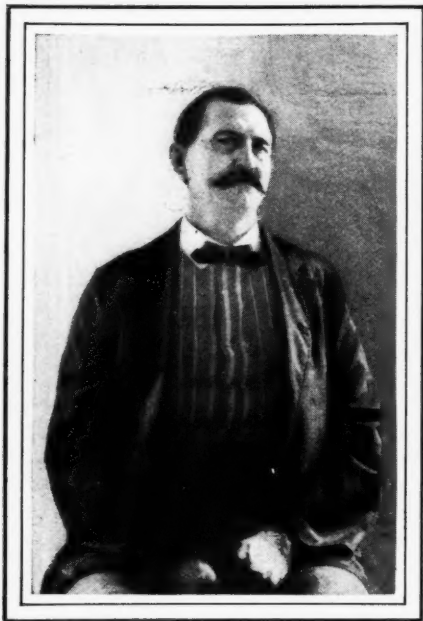


THE CLAY COUNTY FEUD—JOHN PHILPOTTS' BATTLE WITH THE FOUR GRIFFINS, ALL OF WHOM HE KILLED.

One good fight there was when four Griffins, belonging to the White-Howard faction, met big John Philpotts and his cousin on the road. John Philpotts, a giant mountaineer nearly seven feet tall, has no place for fear in all his great bulk; wherefore the Griffins were dubious, the odds being only two to one in their favor. But this was offset in a

measure by the fact that they discovered their enemies first, and could ambush them.

John Philpotts was shot through the body at the first fire, and his cousin was fatally wounded. The big man dragged himself to a log for protection. Single-handed, with the blood gushing from his wound, he fought the four Griffins.



JAMES G. HARGIS, COUNTY JUDGE OF BREATHITT COUNTY, LEADER OF A FACTION IN THE HARGIS-COCKRILL FEUD.

Friends who came up to learn the outcome of the battle found John Philpotts unconscious, his cousin dying, and the four Griffins dead. The giant was the only survivor of that fight.

When Tom Baker's lawyers were seeking a change of venue—Baker had been arrested for killing some Howards and Whites—John Philpotts was practically the only man who dared go into court and say that a Baker could have no fair trial in Clay County, where the Whites controlled all the offices. But Tom Baker was killed in the midst of troops guarding him by a shot from the house of the sheriff of the county, Bev White, and common rumor said that the sheriff himself was the murderer.

Two years ago the two factions fought a pitched battle in front of the court-house in Manchester; then they came together and signed a truce with all formality, but it is not likely to endure.

Captain George Bryan, of the Second Kentucky, said to the widow of murdered Tom Baker, after they returned from the funeral:

"Mrs. Baker, why don't you leave this miserable country and escape from these terrible feuds? Move away, and teach your children to forget."

"Captain Bryan," said the widow, and she spoke evenly and quietly, "I have twelve sons. It will be the chief aim of my life to bring them up to avenge their father's death. Each day I shall show my boys the handkerchief stained with his blood, and tell them who murdered him."

THE HARGIS-COCKRILL FEUD.

The Hargis-Cardwell-Cockrill feud is another exemplification of the fact that the refinements of education and civilization do not always check these murderous wars, and sometimes only make them more deadly. During the first nine months of this feud, it caused no fewer than thirty-eight deaths, nearly all of them in or about Jackson, county seat of Breathitt County, which has a railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone.

James G. Hargis, leader of one faction, is the county judge. He is also the owner of a "mammoth department store," with branches in other places, and he has large coal and timber interests. He brother, John F. Hargis, who could scarcely read or write at twenty, became the youngest chief justice that ever sat on the Kentucky bench, and he is now celebrated as one of the most erudite men in the State.

The Hargis and Cockrill families have been enemies for thirty years, and there had been more or less fighting from time to time, but the war of extermination did not really begin until the spring of last year. The Cardwells claimed that Hargis seized the office of county judge, to which Charles Terry had been legally elected. Each side sought to establish the justice of its claim by killing as many opponents as possible. Sheriff Ed Callahan, brother-in-law of Judge Hargis, swore in members of the family as deputies, and they murdered with some show of legal authority. Tom and Jim Cockrill, close relatives of the Cardwells, were both slain, the former by Ben Hargis, who was himself fatally wounded, and the latter by some one hidden in the court house. Dr. D. B. Cox, guardian of the

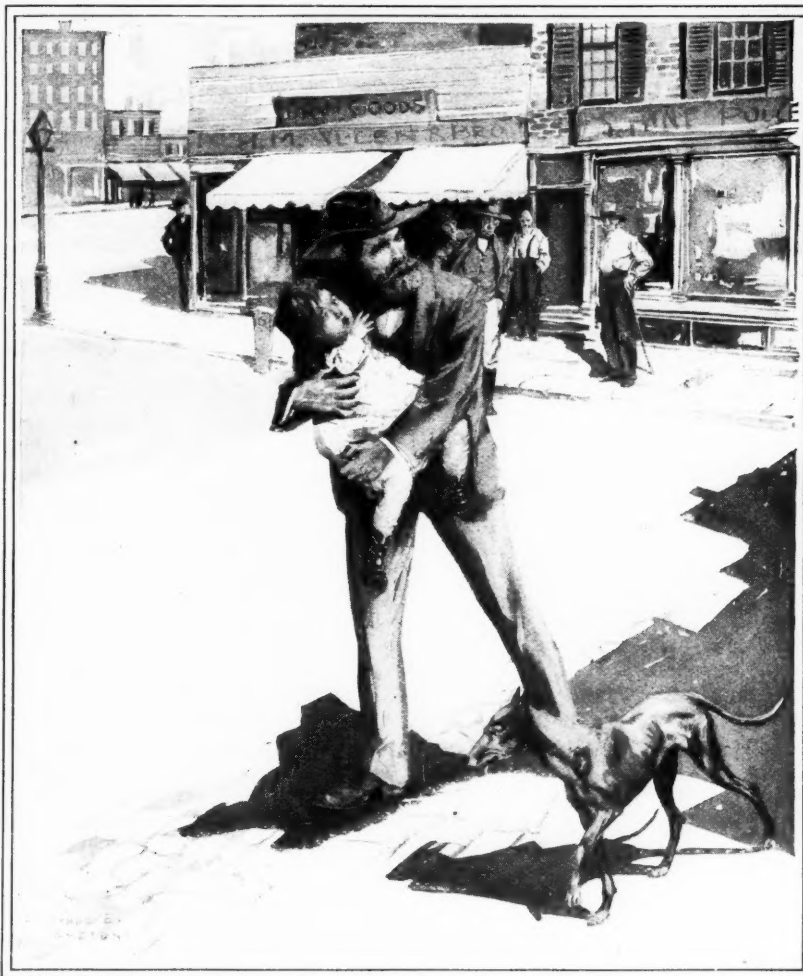
Cockrill boys, was decoyed from his home at night by an appeal to come to the aid of a man who was dying, only to be foully murdered in the dark.

For nearly a year James B. Marcum, the leading lawyer of Jackson, a candi-

sins would not dare risk killing the child.

"I am doomed," said Marcum. "Sooner or later they will kill me. But I will not run away."

Day and night for two months assas-



THE BREATHITT COUNTY FEUD—FOR NEARLY A YEAR JAMES B. MARCUM NEVER APPEARED IN PUBLIC WITHOUT CARRYING HIS BABY IN HIS ARMS, KNOWING THAT THE ASSASSINS WOULD NOT DARE RISK KILLING THE CHILD.

date for the court of appeals, and the attorney for Terry in the fight for the county judgeship, never appeared in public without carrying his baby in his arms, knowing that the assas-

sins watched Marcum's house, waiting for an opportunity to kill him. He dared not step foot out of doors save in broad daylight, and with his children about him. Finally there came a day

when his vigilance relaxed. He walked over to the court-house alone, and was shot dead on the steps of the temple of justice. This murder was committed early last May, and some three months later Curtis Jett and Tom White, deputy sheriffs, were actually sentenced to life imprisonment for the crime. The case had been transferred to another county, where it was possible to secure a jury capable of seeing that justice should be done. At the time of writing this, Jett is again on trial for the killing of Jim Cockrill.

WHEN WILL THE FEUDS END?

The facts here presented are the merest outline of the story of the seven great Kentucky feuds. Students, seeking explanation for them, have made adroit deductions from long analyses, but the burden of it all is that the Kentucky mountaineer fights simply because it is in him to fight.

Most of these mountain folk are descendants of Anglo-Saxon pioneers from Virginia and the Carolinas to whom the savage, inaccessible wilderness appealed, and of criminals who were driven out of the older settlements because jails were few, or who sought asylum in the mountains to escape sudden justice. The taint of this lawless ancestry is over the whole of the Land of Feuds.

For a hundred years the isolation of these people has been almost complete. They have lived a wild, free life, governed only by such laws as it pleased them to observe. Consanguineous marriages, with their biological consequences, have been common, and the increase in the sparse population has been confined to the growth of a few families

which have assumed tribal proportions. During the Civil War the mountain district was rent by factions, and the robbing, murdering bushwhackers made a savage land more brutal.

Politics logically succeeded the war as a source of clan rivalries. The feuds will endure as long as the mountain folk look upon them as natural, and as long as murder is considered a necessary complement to them. All the troops in the United States army could not stamp out a single feud, when those engaged in it seek refuge in the mountains. Education has not taught the feudists a horror of murder; the respectability of wealth has not kept them from killing a helpless, unarmed man simply for the name he bears. There are little ones, tottering about on childish, uncertain legs, who will some day shoot a man in the back because their father was murdered.

Neither education, nor wealth, nor the refinements of civilization are as strong as the murder-lust in the Land of Feuds. Its regeneration will come only through the introduction of outside influences, of people who will dominate not only intellectually but numerically.

When the law shall arise in the majesty that is its attribute and administer stern, inexorable justice, taking no account of family connections or blood vengeance, but only of crimes committed; when public opinion shall make it impossible for a chief magistrate to blacken his soul by pardoning a cowardly assassin for selfish political ends, then, and only then, will the Frankenstein of the Kentucky mountains receive its death thrust, and the Land of Feuds will cease to be a blot on the map of these United States.

SWORD, GO THROUGH THE LAND!

SWORD, go through the land and slay
Guile and Hate, Revenge, Dismay!
Now where is such a sword, you say?

Sword, go through the land, but spare
Love and Hope and Peace and Prayer!
Now who, you ask, that sword shall bear?

Sword, go through the land, and youth,
Prime, and age shall cry: "Forsooth,
How mighty is the sword called Truth!"

Clarence Urmy.



"I WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT FOOTBALL—THAT IS, UNLESS YOU'RE OCCUPIED WITH MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS."

The Girl and the Butcher.

THE SECRET OF THE PRINCEHAVEN FOOTBALL TEAM'S SUCCESS.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

THE Princehaven football eleven was a powerful piece of mechanism, but the machinery creaked somewhere. It was creaking particularly badly on the afternoon when Endicot came on the field to see the practise against the scrubs.

"Who's the big robber in the slouch

hat?" asked an assistant substitute quarter-back on the side-lines.

"'Tis old Endicot, Butcher Endicot," said Pat Hennessey, shouting a welcome. "He was cap'n of the forty-to-nothin' team, ten years ago," added the grizzled trainer, "and the king of 'em all!"

Endicot's name and fame fluttered the row of observant substitutes. He was a very tall and beefy-built man, and

his long arms jutted outward clumsily from the ponderous blocks of his shoulders. As he waved a response to Pat Hennessey, somebody booted the ball, and the familiar thud brought Endicot's elbows back with a twitch. He had not heard the sound in ten years, for they don't have footballs in the Montana mining country.

After the final scrimmage, a leather-bound player emerged from the human tangle and greeted the visitor doubtfully.

"I presume this is Mr.——"

"Endicot, '89. You're Milton Bell, aren't you?"

"Mighty glad you've come on," said Bell, captain of the eleven. "Do you know Lloyd and Jim Trimble?" He indicated the gloomy group of coaches.

"Guess you're all since my time," said Butcher Endicot, shaking hands.

"There's my auto over there," went on the captain. "Let me take you to the gymnasium."

Endicot paired with Lloyd on the rear seat of the machine.

"Well, this is pretty high-toned for football players," laughed the Butcher, as they puffed out of the field. "Don't you use the bus any more?"

"Yes, the squad goes in the bus," said Lloyd. "Bell likes his automobile better."

"He does, does he?" Endicot frowned thoughtfully. "In my day, a Princehaven captain traveled with his men."

Lloyd was vaguely aware that a change of subject was desirable.

"What do you think of the eleven?" he asked.

"All right, except for a kicker. Without a punter we'll be licked, sure. You haven't a back who can drive the ball."

"That's just what is keeping us all awake nights," said Lloyd. "And the worst of it is that there's a big freshman in college who can outkick anybody in New England. His name is Graham."

"He wasn't out this afternoon, I reckon," Endicot replied.

The younger coach shifted uneasily on the seat.

"Graham never comes out," said he. "We can't get him out. He isn't trying for the team."

As he spoke, Lloyd shifted again under the Butcher's speechless glare of astonishment. In order to escape it he poked his head forward between Bell and Trimble.

"Milton," he faltered, "I was telling Mr. Endicot about that young bear of a Graham."

"Graham is hopeless," said the captain over his shoulder. "He played a star game for a week, and quit for no reason at all. He lives like a hermit—doesn't seem to know anybody. I went to call on him. He sent back my card—said he didn't care to talk."

"Your card?" blurted Endicot. "Your calling card, eh?" and then he growled to himself.

Lloyd began to feel decidedly uncomfortable, and was glad when they left this surly celebrity at the hotel.

II.

THE Butcher took supper at the training quarters. He modestly passed by the seats of dignity at the head of the long table and squeezed in among the humble substitutes.

"Fellows, my name is Endicot, '89," he said quietly, by way of introduction, and before long he was relating lurid football anecdotes of the Homeric age. The substitutes began to giggle sheepishly at the great man's bluff humor.

"And look here, when we cracked into that center rush on the third down, he sang out, 'This isn't football, you brutes, it's prize-fighting, you'—eh?"

Endicot's neighbor had given his coat-sleeve a surreptitious tug. The Westerner looked up and saw a pair of ladies taking places at the other end of the table with Milton Bell.

"Who's that?" grunted Endicot behind his napkin.

"Mr. Bell's mother and sister."

"Mother and—well, in the name of common sense!"

He bolted his meal, slipped from a side door, and encountered the veteran trainer perched on the gymnasium steps in the twilight.

"Hennessey," said Endicot, "is this a dancing class, or what? I'd love to see a pink-and-white girl flirting around with a team of mine. It's a mistering,



"LET'S SHAKE HANDS ON THAT, MISS BELL. I HOPE YOU'LL COME TO HELP NEXT YEAR."

pink-and-white dancing class! They'll surely be whipped unless—how about this fellow Graham?"

"The huskiest youngster I've had since you was a kid yourself, Butcher. Puts me in mind of you, too. Gruff and tough, and nobody can get next him. He's proud—a regular queer one."

Endicot hammered the stone step viciously.

"If he's like me, Pat, I don't wonder that dude of a Bell can't get on with him. But the team must have a kicker. What Graham needs is a little old-fashioned rough treatment to make him play, and I'm the man who can give it to him."

"Do you mean to line up against him on the field in a practise game?" said Hennessey, grinning at the Butcher's enormous muscles.

"That's exactly what I mean. Oh, I'm not too stiff yet for a canvas jacket. If I can work his mad up to-night—what is the chap's address? And there won't be any calling card nonsense, either!"

III.

ENDICOT walked confidently to the freshman's lodgings. Hennessey's description of Graham's temperament had made the situation clear as print. The house stood on an obscure side street, and a woman in an unpleasant dressing-gown answered Endicot's ring. Yes, Mr. Graham had the second floor back. Would the gentleman wait down here in the sitting-room? The gentleman would not; he pounded up the oil-clothed stairs and knocked on Graham's door.

There was a scuffle of feet inside, and a shrill girlish whimper. Endicot knocked again, and opened the door at the same time. The air of the shabby room was close and sickening. On the table, under the cone of murky lamp-light, was an absurd array of pasteboard dolls.

Graham straightened up, his cheeks livid.

"What do you mean by pushing in like this?" he gasped. "Get out, before I——"

The Butcher interrupted with his name and business.

"I want to see you about football," said Endicot, staring at the fluffy doll crunched between Graham's thick fingers. "That is, unless you're occupied with more important matters."

The boy looked down and smoothed out the tissue paper with something of defiance. The ridiculous situation grated visibly on Endicot's temper.

"I can't care anything about football," Graham said.

"You don't care!" echoed Endicot hotly. "You have a chance of playing on the Princehaven eleven—and you don't care! Did you ever think of all our thousands of graduates, from Cuba to the Klondike, praying for a score on the day of the big game? Do you know how they'd pile in, if they could, to help advance that ball? And you who have the chance—you don't care whether we win or lose! You'd rather nurse dolls in a hot room with the landlady's sniveling brat! Haven't you any stuff in you?"

Endicot realized that his wrath had run away with him, but he noted with satisfaction the angry tightening of Graham's lips. He planted an awkward hand on the brawn of the freshman's shoulder.

"Now, you're all right, my son, once you get this thing straight," Endicot hesitated; he must not ruffle discipline, and yet—"Bell's all right, too," he added. "He isn't your style and he isn't mine, but we'll stay by him. To-morrow you and I'll show 'em a sample of hard practise that'll make 'em all wheeze. Be sure you show up at the field. Good-night!"

Graham was shamefacedly reticent. They mumbled a few commonplaces and shook hands bashfully.

On the following afternoon the spectators at the field cheered when they saw Butcher Endicot stalk over the grid-iron, formidable and uncouth in football armor. He spoke confidentially to Trimble.

"I'm going to play tackle for the scrubs. Last night I fixed Graham. Shift him up into the line opposite me, and you'll see sights."

"Graham's not here," said Trimble.

Endicot vented his rage upon an unfortunate left guard and ripped tragic holes in the 'varsity rush line. The poor

left guard, who ventured to think privately that the famous Mr. Endicot was an ugly bully, did not know that by the grind of each onslaught the giant was working off his indignation at a certain obstinate freshman. Butcher Endicot was not one to take defeat easily, large or small.

Graham, in the mean time, was rolling peacefully over a country road in an open carriage with a little lame girl enthroned on the seat beside him.

IV.

WHEN her brother Ned went away to college, Christina Graham went with him, because there was no one else to take care of her, and she couldn't take care of herself on account of her queer back. Once a week Ned took her riding in Mr. Rouse's carriage. Christina always wrapped herself up in the big shawl when they went out. She told Ned she did it on account of her cough, but really it was to hide the queer back. Christina had seen Ned look awfully mad when people stared at her.

They were out beyond the reservoir that afternoon when a wheel of the hack came off, and Mr. Rouse slid down from the box. Ned scolded Mr. Rouse in words Christina could not understand. She advised Mr. Rouse not to cry, and both the men chuckled instead.

"No, I won't wait," said her brother. "I'll carry you in, Christina."

Ned's arms were cushioned and springy, and Christina loved to ride in them. She began to tell him a funny story about an ogre as a mark of her approval.

But suddenly the little girl was struck dumb when a yellow-wheeled carriage stopped abreast of them in the road. A beautiful lady was swinging a long whip over the horse, which pranced more than Mr. Rouse's horses and wore jingly yellow harness to match the wheels.

"Won't you let me take you in?" called the lady, although the seat beside her was already occupied by a gentleman.

Christina's brother slipped off his hat. She felt sure that he looked mad. The lady had on the loveliest blue dress you ever saw.

"We passed the break-down, Mr. Graham. I don't believe we've been introduced. I'm Eleanor Bell. Can't I give you a lift?" and she held out her hand over the dashboard.

"Oh, no, thank you," said he.

"But why not? Please let me. I want to. Was the poor child hurt? Who is she?"

Ned didn't answer, which was impolite, and his sister was rather ashamed of him.

"I'm Christina Graham," she explained courteously. "Yes'm, and Ned wouldn't let me get hurted. You see I never learned to—to walk much."

"Oh!"

Miss Bell had violet eyes. She opened them wide and tilted her chin in a peculiar way. The gentleman beside her seemed to know what this meant, for he had his foot on the step even before she whispered to him.

"You are to tumble up here directly, Mr. Graham," she continued. "This is my cousin, Mr. Brown-Taylor. My cousin has decided to return to town on the trolley, because he is in a great hurry. I shall be left alone, and really you can't decently refuse!"

It seemed as if Ned could not say a word as he climbed into the carriage with Christina. Miss Bell snapped her whip, and the horse pranced. Christina had to do the talking, but the lady was easy to talk to, and she told so many jokes that Christina laughed nearly all the time. When the jokes finally gave the crippled child a bad coughing spell, Miss Bell's violet eyes turned soft and shivery, and she looked sideways at Ned Graham.

"You must let me help take care of her," Christina heard her say. "I know it's a secret. I'll keep the secret, and you shall let me help."

Ned shook his head, but Miss Bell tilted her chin again, the way she did before when the other gentleman obeyed her. Then she stopped the horse in front of Christina's boarding-house.

Leaning against the fence, as if he were waiting for them, was a tremendous man in a black slouch hat. He reminded Christina of an ogre. Ned lifted her out of the carriage and marched by the man without speaking. The ogre

growled, pulled down his hat over his eyebrows, and walked off. Christina feared that he was angry.

V.

BUTCHER ENDICOT was so angry, in fact, that he would tell nobody the reason.

"I am off to Washington to engineer a copper bill through Congress," he informed Bell in the hotel corridor. "I'm no good at football any more."

"But you'll help us next year, I hope?" said the surprised captain.

The Butcher exploded.

"Not for a thousand dollars!" he said. "Bell, we used to speak out, in the old days, and I'm going to speak out now. You're spoiling the team."

"I—spoiling it?"

"Molly-coddling it," went on Endicot doggedly. "Oh, this petticoat business is what I mean, for one thing. That handsome sister of yours would look fine at a pink-and-white afternoon tea, but when it comes to making football players—that's man's work, Bell. You'll excuse me, I know, but I want you to remember what I say."

With this parting shot he went to the railroad station, and on the way he passed Miss Eleanor Bell coming out of a toy store. Under her arm protruded the woolly head of a wax doll. Miss Bell knew Endicot only by sight, but she nodded cordially, and the Butcher jumped on the platform of a street-car with such violence as to set it rocking.

Endicot had a comparatively easy week in Washington with a hostile Congressional committee, and he caught the train for Princehaven the day before the championship game. At the field he disembarked in time for the wind-up of the final practise. This is secret and mysterious work, done behind locked gates. Endicot had to be identified by Lloyd before the guardian of the wicket would admit him.

"We're obliged to be careful," apologized Lloyd. "None but old players are allowed in."

"So I see," said the Westerner curtly, observing with disgust a pair of feminine figures in a yellow-wheeled dog-cart.

On the side lines Endicot found the burly Governor of the State, who used to kick goals for the Butcher in '88. There was a tumultuous greeting, but a voice barked a string of numbers on the field, and the two old players forgot everything else and leaned over eagerly. Like a gigantic plow the 'varsity eleven tore through the fifteen stubborn scrubs, and landed the leather twenty yards beyond.

"Look at 'em—oh, look at 'em!" cried the magistrate fiercely.

Endicot rubbed his forehead.

"Who's that giving the signals?" he asked.

"Graham, the freshman," said the Governor. "He's the salvation of the team. They tell me you put that fight into him, Butcher. Look at 'em—oh, look at 'em!"

The squad smashed over the goal-line and trotted to the center of the gridiron. Here there is a Princehaven custom of celebrating the end of the last practise with a bonfire of discarded scraps of football rigging. The eleven circle the fire clapping their hands criss-cross, as Scotsmen do for the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne."

It is not a graceful ceremony. The participants please neither the eye nor ear; but the hoarse battle-song bites, the hoarse yell cracks a defiance. These earnest youngsters to-morrow must try out their worth in a great test. They scowl hard and grip hard, hand to hand—eleven square-jawed boys chosen to carry the honored college colors of their fathers.

"Three times three for Princehaven!" called Milton Bell, his face tense and haggard with the pull of training, and the eleven pairs of lumpy shoulders lifted rapidly in unison.

Graham bent forward and brandished his grimy fist as if he wanted to punch it through a plank.

"And now nine more for Captain Bell!" he roared.

Bell dropped his glance at the crashing refrain.

"That'll do for to-day," said he, bidding farewell to the captain's formula, and the group drifted regretfully toward the gate.

Endicot strolled away in vague per-

plexity. A girl's voice made him look up. He had nearly run into the yellow-wheeled trap.

"Mr. Endicot," said Miss Bell, "I've been telling Christina that she shall see the greatest football player we have ever had at Princehaven. Ned Graham's sister, you know."

The Butcher muttered unintelligibly. A gleam of the truth flickered in his mind.

"We're going to the game together, Christina and I," pursued Miss Bell, "to watch our brothers win. I take care of Christina so that Ned can have time to play on Milton's eleven."

"It's a good eleven," said Endicot, "and I reckon there are others who've done lots more for it than I have. Let's

shake hands on that, Miss Bell. I hope you'll come to help next year."

"Of course," she laughed. "Shall I meet you here?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Butcher Endicot shamelessly, and he held Eleanor Bell's hand longer than could have been actually necessary.

The next night they had a football banquet to celebrate Princehaven's victory. Endicot made a speech in honor of Captain Bell. This speech consisted of twenty-three words—which was a long oration for the old Butcher. It made everybody shout and the Governor perform a war-dance.

But the Butcher was thinking all the time of two kind violet eyes which had succeeded where he had failed.

A DWELLER WITH THE PAST.

ALONE in the sunken doorway
She stands while the teams go by;
Herself and her low-roofed hovel
Sunk deep in the fields of rye.

The frugal meal on the table
She shares, in her thoughts, with him
Who dropped from the minds of the passers
Far back where their youth lies dim.

She keeps a song of her crooning,
And the mother-smile she wore;
For the feet of the dear ghost-children
Go in and out of the door.

In a nameless row in the churchyard
Long years have they been asleep;
But here, on her bed, the pillows
The prints of the wee heads keep.

She sees, with the day's work ended,
A group on the low door-stone;
We see but an old, old woman,
Who lives in her hut alone.

Cora A. Matson Dolson.

IMPORTANT—Next month's issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, the Christmas number, will contain the first instalment of a serial by Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues." The appearance of Mr. Hope's new novel is a literary event of importance. It is called "Double Harness," and its principal motif has to do with the greatest of all the problems of modern life—the marriage question. It will be the most widely discussed story of the year.

R. Bowers, Poet.

THE STORY OF ROBERT BOWERS, LITERARY GENIUS, AND HIS WIFE REBECCA.

BY GRACE McELROY IURS.

I.

THE inherent talent of the Bowers family was generally recognized in Bowerstown. Ezra Bowers had received grants for valuable service during the Revolutionary War, and each succeeding Bowers had brought himself and his brains into more or less prominence in neighborhood affairs. Few had turned the traditional talent to any such pecuniary profit as the first of the name, but only carping observers dwelt on this fact. Most people were content to recognize the existence of the "Bowers brains" as a patent fact, without inquiring too closely into the measure of their harvest.

Robert Bowers, fifth in the line, gave early evidence of a just inheritance from his fathers. He was not political, like the first Bowers, nor oratorical, like most of those who followed; but while still in knickerbockers he showed promise of being literary. Other boys toilsomely described the qualities of the horse as a noble animal, of the cow as a useful one; but young Robert toyed with the school encyclopedia, looked thoughtfully at the farm beasts thronging the main street on market day, and brought forth blossoms of fanciful imagery in which the equine subject of the hour "champed his bit" in lurid battle scenes, or reigned monarch of some distant plain.

School-day honors multiplied themselves naturally, culminating fitly when, as valedictorian, he stepped forth on the seminary stage to tell a roomful of eager auditors that life is strenuous, and stern and unrelenting the beckoning hand of duty, which calls forth true men to do men's work. The boy's glowing phrases struck conviction to the hearts of his hearers, and many wise heads wagged prophecies of future greatness.

The study of law followed naturally,

nothing less than a learned profession being possible for a Bowers ambition. Running through the dusty realm of legal lore, Robert beheld before him always the shining road of literature, strewn with possibilities. He went on writing; in fact, he wrote rather more than he studied, especially after love took to lighting the torch of his fancy.

He married early, as soon as his admission to the bar was accomplished. His choice excited much wonder and some criticism, for Rebecca Phillips was a farmer's daughter, and village loyalty, conceding his right to "the best there was," had anticipated a more brilliant match. True, the Phillips farm was a fine one, and Rebecca, being the only child to inherit, would one day be rich, as country riches go. True, too, a doting father had given her precisely the same education as Robert himself. She had stood beside him on commencement day, and read her graduation essay immediately before his eloquent valedictory. But she was a quiet girl, wearing her hair drawn back plainly from her brow; seldom dancing at parties, though always ready to go to the kitchen and help with the refreshments; wandering apart from the others at picnics, and in general leaving unchallenged all the undefinable honors of belledom.

"He ought to 'a' had a doin' wife," was the unanimous verdict; "one that would 'a' stirred things up for him, and finally got him in Congress or som'eres, like as he belongs."

But though Rebecca was not of the "doing" kind, she fulfilled all requirements for her lover, both as sweetheart and wife; ministering to him so gently and admiring him so truly that he felt the wings of mighty possibility stirring within him more strongly than ever. He longed for some sphere above and beyond the petty confines of a country law-office. With his pen, rightly used, he

might come to be numbered among the world's teachers. Rebecca believed it all no less than he. From the days when she had listened wonderingly to his flowing descriptions of things never seen by Bowerstown eyes, she had regarded him as a giant among men; and when she became his wife, it was with a feeling that destiny had called her to serve at the footstool of genius.

Drawing inspiration from this tender faith, Robert's dreams waxed great. The winter after their marriage, when one of the magazines offered a prize for amateur writers, he set himself to work without delay on a poem which should prove his right of entrance to the enchanted land on whose outskirts he had been dwelling. The theme he chose was a lofty one—touching on the great ideas of human existence, the social brotherhood of man, the intricate problems of civilization, to whose solution this ardent neophyte brought confidently the fruits of his years of dreaming.

Rebecca, too, was dwelling, at this time, in the castle of expectation. Her interest in the great social question, even when expounded in her husband's most enthusiastic moments, stood confessedly second to a white-lined cradle in the spare chamber—where she stole sometimes to indulge in dreams which creased the tiny pillow suggestively.

"We will make a thinker of him," Robert would say, as they sat hand in hand, talking softly of budding possibilities; but she thought of the clasp of little hands, the soft touch of baby lips, far more than of the hereditary rules whose workings he explained to her.

During the winter, as the outlines of his great work grew plain in his mind, Robert withdrew more and more from his law-practise, to devote himself to writing.

"We could save a little in our expenses, couldn't we, dear?" he asked his wife.

She lovingly assented, sending home the little maid who had been her sole helper, and undertaking the work of her nest alone. Robert protested at this, but she assured him brightly that the exercise would do her good; and in truth it seemed so, for her brown cheeks began to glow with a rose they had never

known before, and her eyes became so bright that they sometimes startled her when she saw them beaming from her mirror.

It was about this time that she, too, began to write—little sketchy fancies caught at random from the glistening maze of her dreams. She did it without premeditation, and when an unwonted power of expression showed itself in her phrases she contemplated it with something like awe, deeming it an influence outside her simple self. Once or twice she read some of her pages to her husband; but he, absorbed in the seething mass of human effort which his imagination pictured, found time for scarcely more than a glance at her ideas, so light and airy that they seemed like butterflies, poising themselves for a mere moment in the sun, to flit away ere one had really caught the shimmer of their wings.

"Do you like it, Rob?" she asked shyly, after reading him a fanciful sketch of an apple-orchard into which all the good thoughts of a generation had been gathered to dwell in readiness for those who might seek inspiration in its cool haunts.

"It is a poetic thought," he answered, rumpling her hair caressingly, as she leaned over his chair; "but it is too slender to really take hold of the mind. You are my darling good fairy," he added, as a shadow of disappointment crept into her eyes. "Just tell these pretty fancies to me; I love them because they are yours, no matter what their value."

"But I thought if I could write—little things—I might have them published some day, and—and help you," she whispered, almost frightened at this bold expression of a thought which had only half formed in her own mind.

Robert laughed merrily.

"Published! Why, my precious child, no publisher would look at these unformed things. They are very pretty, but the world does not want pretty things. It wants—and needs—strong words, sledge-hammer blows; and sturdy writers are needed, not frail little dreamers like you."

Rebecca said no more, but slipped away and sat down, to bend over the

sewing, which had to be done at night since the little maid had gone.

Robert looked at her smooth brown head with vague pleasure. It brought to his mind the sweet idealism of womanhood which all ages of the world have held in common. From those soft eyes, he knew, no tenant save unselfish virtue would ever look. The busy little fingers were deft in love's duties, though incapable of any of the world's great work. The gentle smile would never fail him. Altogether it was a blessed thing to be married!

II.

THE winter days, whose unaccustomed duties sometimes weighed heavily on Rebecca's slender shoulders, sped by swiftly, until December came. The maid was brought back then, of necessity, and a little later Rebecca's mother was installed in vigorous charge of everything. Robert's poem was completed, so quickly had the long-prepared stream flowed when once released.

When Christmas dawned, the brown house was filled with hope. After the early dinner, Robert, laughingly predicting a good influence from the date, took his manuscript to mail. As soon as he had gone, Rebecca and her mother went to the spare chamber—the sacred shrine wherein was the tribute prepared for the coming king. The two women were bending over the open drawer, fingering the snowy things lovingly, and talking softly of the nearing joy, when a sudden movement dislodged a heap of flannels, and a bulky envelope slipped out. Mrs. Phillips seized it.

"That is only some of my writing," said Rebecca when she saw it. "I did some scraps this year."

"Are you going to send it to the publishers?" asked her mother eagerly, looking at the first sheet—the sketch of the apple-orchard.

Rebecca flushed a little.

"I did think a little of it," she said, "but Robert thought they wouldn't be accepted, so I didn't waste the stamps."

"I don't think it would be so sure a waste, if they're half as good as them you used to write," remarked her mother. "Husbands are apt to think

their wives can't do much, just because they *are* their wives. I guess yours ain't different from the rest."

"Oh, yes, mother," protested the loyal lips. "He says they are good enough for just us two, but the world wouldn't care for them."

"I'd rather hear the world's own say to that," said Mrs. Phillips a little grimly.

She had always resented the unspoken opinion that Robert Bowers had stooped in wooing her gentle Rebecca. During the afternoon, when Robert exultingly spoke his hopes of success, and painted his glowing pictures of possibilities, an unspoken design was forming in her mind. Late that night, when the house was darkened, she stole softly to the sweet-smelling drawer and took out the envelope of manuscript.

"There's no harm done, anyhow," she said to herself, as she addressed it to the same publishers before whom Robert's poem had been passed for review. "If it's returned, there won't be anything lost, and if it's accepted—well, people will see that Rob Bowers didn't make such a mistake when he got his wife."

Fearing lest Rebecca should reproach her, she crept about quietly next day, avoiding the hitherto attractive room lest the loss should be discovered. Ere night came all thoughts and fears were merged into one; all effort was concentrated on striving to keep out the angel of death, who, nevertheless, entered with the next dawn, to bear away the wee blossom so tenderly hoped for, so lovingly received.

For weeks Rebecca lay hovering sorrowfully near the shadow which had swallowed her babe, and in those anxious days manuscripts were not thought of by her mother. Robert had begun another poem, writing carefully at stated times, not allowing, he told himself and his haggard mother-in-law, his private sorrows to interfere with the good of those to whom he might speak messages of truth.

Mrs. Phillips did not reproach him. She only wondered at the strength which could turn its force to the contemplation of lives and loves in ancient Rome, when the most precious life on

earth was still overshadowed by dread possibility. But his anxiety about the first work—the prize poem—jarred on her sensibilities.

It hurt Rebecca a little, too, that her husband talked so much of his writing in those days—and so little of that tiny grave on the hillside. As her convalescence progressed with painful slowness, she found it more and more difficult to glow over the political systems of the ancient republics, or the germs of a world-wide communism indicated in the joint ownership of the village grazing-ground. She wanted to sit and look out at the snow, thinking of it as a blanket for the sleeping flowers—and the sleeping babes.

One day while she was sitting at the window, gazing at the wind-blown clouds, she saw her husband hastening down the street to the house. His hat was pushed back, his cheeks were glowing, and as he waved a bunch of envelopes excitedly at her she leaned back, her hand on her heart, feeling that something new and strange had entered into their lives.

"I've won it; I've won the prize!" he cried exultingly, bursting into the room. "They say that it shows genius, that the author is a real poet! Think of that, Becky! Look, here it is—R. Bowers, Poet!"

He held the page open for her to see. There it was unmistakably, in large letters at the head of the article. Her head swam as she took the magazine in her trembling hands to read, while her mother hurried from the kitchen and stood looking over her shoulder.

"Rarely delicate fancies, embodied in phrases of crystal simplicity!" she read, while Robert began happily to sort out the envelopes. He was reading the first letter—from the publishers—with a puzzled frown, when a gasp from his wife made him turn. She was looking at him, pale and breathless, over the top of the magazine.

"What title did you give your poem, Robert?" she asked, and he said slowly, the chill of a great fear creeping over his heart:

"The Legacy of the Ancients.' I—I'm afraid there's some mistake. It doesn't seem to be my poem at all.

They've mixed the addresses; some other Bowers——"

He choked into silence, the throb of his disappointment seeming more than he could bear.

"It's no mistake," said Mrs. Phillips, her voice trembling with the exultation which welled up in her heart. "They didn't mix the addresses. This is R. Bowers, all right—it's Rebecca!"

"Rebecca!" Robert's eyes flashed to his wife, who shrank at the utter incredulity in his tone. The movement, slight as it was, did not escape her mother.

"I guess it's never struck you, Rob Bowers, that some one else in the world has brains as well as you! You always thought Rebecca was just made to wait on you and hear *your* fine thoughts, without ever havin' any of her own; but you were mistaken."

"Let me see!" said Robert, holding out his hand for the magazine.

His eye caught some of the sentences of the prize announcement, quotations of the fragmentary thoughts which had sprung to life in Rebecca's mind, under the influence of the scented drawer and the white-draped cradle. Mere wild flowers of the heart they were, but containing all the rare, tender beauty of forest-born blossoms; and as their meaning faced his understanding—stripped now of the trappings of his own self-contemplation—a light of realization flashed across him.

He read on silently, while Rebecca lay back gently tearful, and Mrs. Phillips smoothed her hair with passionate tenderness. The printed words were only a portion of what he saw. An echo of woman's age-long plaint at her exclusion from her share in the great emotions was sounding in his ears, though it had been unuttered even in the depths of his wife's loyal heart. The tragedies of forum and amphitheater suddenly dimmed before the crushing of the tender hope which breathed in every line of the young mother's fancies. Rome with its loves, its splendors, its politics, was very far away—and the reality of his own love and happiness very present.

He lifted his eyes from the page, and met Rebecca's, brimming with tears. Then the truth in his own soul moved

him to action, and in an instant he was on his knees beside her.

"Darling—my little singing bird—can you ever forgive me?" he whispered. "I've been a blind, conceited fool, but I know now—I know now!"

Rebecca's loving arms were about his neck in an instant.

Thus the Bowers brains vindicated their superiority, and even Mrs. Phillips could not but be satisfied with the reverence with which Robert henceforth—having again taken up his law practise in earnest—enshrined the dainty volume containing his wife's poetry.

The Diplomacy of Jane.

THE STORY OF TWO YOUNG PEOPLE WHO MET IN FAIRY-LAND.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

I.

THE last room in the long east wing had an occupant. Mrs. Flournoy, the thin landlady, took on an added breadth of smile and, one might almost have thought, a certain roundness of outline. For the first time, her venture was beginning to succeed. The Beach House was full of summer boarders.

True, the Beach House was only a modest hostelry, but the landlady knew how to appreciate the day of small things. Perhaps this was why she was just as cordial to the young lady who had taken the last room in the east wing as she had been a few days before to the young gentleman who had taken the parlor bedroom, and that without even asking the price.

"Jane," said Mrs. Flournoy, "fetch up some fresh water, and see if the young lady needs anything else. And then tell the west front that dinner 'll be ready in about half an hour, and help Mrs. Myring down-stairs with her crutch, and tell that old lady down the hall to please stop ringing her bell, for the boy'll be there soon as he gets back from the depot—and attend to everything, now, Jane."

Jane attended to but one thing. She took a pitcher of water to the last room in the east wing; and the young lady, who was unpacking her trunk, said with a smile:

"Thank you, Jane."

Jane stood still, and grinned foolishly, flushing to the roots of her hair.

"That ain't nothin'," she said.

"It's a great deal when you have all those stairs to climb," said the young lady, standing on tiptoe to hang dresses in the tall armoire.

She was quite unconscious that at that moment she had entered into her kingdom and was absolute monarch and sovereign lady of a loyal nation. Even though that nation were made up of only one, and that one only Jane, it was not a thing to be utterly despised.

"You've got a mighty lot o' pretty waists," said Jane wistfully. The girl heard the wistful note in the voice.

"Yes, I'm a regular shirt-waist girl," she said cheerfully. "You see, I've been teaching school, and I'm out for a holiday—my first real holiday in three long years! Don't you think I'll enjoy it, Jane?"

Jane stood there and had a vision of a hot schoolroom with a tired teacher confronting fifty abandoned imps of children, twenty-five of whom, with pins between their bare toes, were prodding the legs of the twenty-five in front of them. It was a vision out of Jane's youth, before the Flournoy days began.

"You shan't teach no more!" she declared so hotly that the young lady's eyes opened wider.

"Why, of course I must teach," she said so gaily that it was quite brave. "Who would keep the pot boiling if I didn't, Jane? And you know this is a world where a great deal depends on the boiling of the pot."

"Ja-a-ane! You Jane!" called a

voice, so far off that it might have seemed the mere ghost of a voice if it had not been unmistakably that of Mrs. Flournoy; and Jane stumbled out of the room with a conscience-stricken—

"Laws-a-massy! I clean forgot!"

The landlady, being gifted with mere mortal vision, saw only a freckled girl in a checked gingham dress, with a pair of shoes chronically run down at the heels. How was Mrs. Flournoy to know that concealed by the freckled face and the gingham dress was a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions?

"My, if the help ain't a nuisance!" proclaimed Mrs. Flournoy to the guests at her table. "How on earth anybody's got the grit to go to work keepin' boarders, with the help they have to put up with, beats my time!"

No, Mrs. Flournoy could not possibly know that the dreamer, concealed beneath Jane's prosaic exterior, was soaring aloft on shining wings of self-abnegation; that she had surrendered the beautiful creature in the parlor bedroom, that she had given him up to the young lady in the last room in the east wing. What things she had dreamed about him—what scenes they had passed through—she bereft of freckles and transformed into a radiant being, such as might be worthy of him, walking proudly by his side! And now she had voluntarily given the place to a girl who had only smiled at her as she hung up dresses in the armoire.

The young gentleman in the parlor suite had noticed that there was a new face at the table, but only casually, as befitted an athletic young man to whom girls were a mere incident. He had enjoyment left for a postprandial cigar and a magazine; and the smoke was arising from the one and the leaves of the other were being cut when he became conscious that the skirt of a gingham dress was visible at the crack of the door. Following it up, he was further conscious of a freckled face and an embarrassed grin.

"Say," remarked Jane, "you was a talkin' about the view from here—you jest oughter see the view from the winder at the end of the east wing!"

"That so?" asked the young man in surprise. "What is there to see?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell ye in a year," said the girl. "Jest you come along down an' see!"

He laid aside his magazine and followed her, looking a little puzzled. He had not noticed anything unusual in the scenery at the back of the house.

"You call that a view?" he asked, standing at the east window. "I see a barn with a red roof, and further on is a factory—ice, I think—and that's all."

"But early in the mornin'," commented Jane eagerly, "when the sun gits into the smoke from that fact'ry, it's the prettiest thing you ever saw. You ask Miss Lettie." Jane was already at the door of the next room, knocking with purpose. "Come out here a minute, Miss Lettie!"

Her voice was unexpectedly loud, but it was a critical moment with Jane. The young lady came and stood in the door.

"This is Mr. Fernly, an' this is Miss Lettie Mortimer." It was Jane's first introduction. She seemed a little taller when it was over. "You tell him how the smoke looks when the sun gets in it," she said.

The young gentleman had lost interest in the smoke. The girl was very well worth looking at.

"I believe we are almost acquainted," he said. "I have heard Jack Fairbanks speak of you."

The amazed and haughty look her face had taken on disappeared in a charming smile.

"Oh, you must be Jack's friend Rudolph!" she cried, holding out her hand.

"What a pleasant surprise!" he replied. "You are here for the summer? Only two weeks? And I have been all this time finding you out! I must try to give you a pleasant time. I was afraid that I was going to be bored, and now—suppose you let me take you out in a boat?"

"Wait till I get my hat and gloves," she said with a happy little laugh. "How pleased Jack will be! He always wanted me to meet you."

"It's such perfect weather——"

"I have never been out in a boat!"

"It is just like being old friends, isn't it?"

Down the hall a freckled girl with a foolish grin began furiously dusting at the legs of a chair with a towel.

"The view from the east window was very fine, Jane," said the young man gravely.

And then they both walked off into fairy-land.

II.

As every one knows, things in fairy-land are vastly different from the prosaic happenings that come to pass in the every-day world. In the first place, the days are like minutes, and two weeks are as nothing. What is a leaky boat or a soiled dress or a sudden down-pour on one's best frock, to the dweller in fairy-land? Who shall tell what bliss there is in the gloomiest rainy day that ever dawned, when there are a book and a nook, and two who can look up from the printed page and smile more eloquently than the humdrum old author ever dreamed? And when they get in late for dinner, what joy it is to sit down together in the deserted dining-room, to laugh and blush over the homey feeling it gives one, and not even to know that the rolls are cold, and the meat soggy, and the ice melted! Blessed are those who dwell in fairy-land, even for a little space!

Mrs. Myring, the old lady with the crutch, looked after them as they walked away over the sands.

"I think those two 'll make a match of it," she said.

The old lady down the hall had never lived in fairy-land.

"I hope so," she said sourly. "She's making a dead set at him. If she don't get him there'll be trouble. For gracious' sake, what are you doing, Jane? Trying to pull my foot off? If you can't take my shoes off without all that, you can let 'em alone!"

"I like to look at them," sighed the old lady with the crutch. "It's good to think some are young and strong!"

And when she dropped her crutch Jane picked it up without being told.

"Have you ever noticed that girl?" said Rudolph, with an amused smile, as they walked down the long hall. "What a fortune she'd make on the stage as *Tilly Slowboy*!"

"Yes, I've noticed her—she introduced us," said the girl, with a flashing glance from under demure lashes. The glance stirred his heart.

"You are not going back on Thursday," he said earnestly. "That's simply absurd. You've had no vacation at all. Two weeks! What good will that do? Write back to them—whoever it is—that you can't possibly come."

She laughed a little sadly.

"It wouldn't do much good," she said. "I have taken some special pupils, to bridge over the summer, and I must go to them this week."

"But with the weather as hot as it is? You will die!"

"Oh, I've had three years of it, and I haven't died yet," she said, unpinning her hat. "Besides, I won't have such a bad time. Jack is in the city still, you know."

Jack's friend did not look pleased, as he should have done. Many things came up into his mind—things which it was manifestly impossible to say. Jane, whom no one ever noticed, raised her head and sniffed.

"There's goin' to be fish for dinner," she said. "I smell 'em a fryin'."

At which the young lady laughed and went to her room with a good-by nod over her shoulder. His reply was not really a growl, but neither was it a pleasant murmur.

Later that day, Mrs. Flournoy paused in the hall to mollify the old lady, who had been ringing her bell with brief intermissions for half an hour.

"I'm going to get a boy to attend to the bells," she said. "I thought at first maybe Jane could do it, but she's no more force than a tallowed rag. She's always hanging around where she can see Miss Mortimer—she's so taken up with her!"

"She's not the only one," said the old lady with a senile giggle. "The parlor boarder don't seem able to see anybody else when she's around."

"Well, it'll be a good thing, I reckon," said the landlady. "Goodness knows, you can't blame a girl. If I was her, I wouldn't teach school all my life, not if I could get a well-to-do young man."

"But to be so open and public about

being in love with him!" said the old lady. "Girls didn't do that way in my time. When I was a girl I wouldn't let any young man see I was in love with him—not if he'd been made out of gold!"

The scandalized wind here thoughtfully came in at the window and closed the door. A little later a young lady arose from a nook a few feet away, and walked steadily down the hall toward the end of the east wing. Her cheeks were crimson and her eyes flashed, but her head was high. Once shut up in the last room, the crimson faded out, and pale scorn took its place; and it was a long time before angry humiliation surged in and set her weeping, with her face buried in the pillows.

She had been suddenly turned out of fairy-land.

The young man in the parlor suite had his cap in his hand, and was ready for a sail. He had sent Jane to tell her that the wind was just right; but behold, it was Jane's heavy step that came back along the hall alone. Her eyes were wide, and she gasped.

"She says she don't keer to go out this evenin'," she said when she could get her breath.

He frowned. He might feel as he pleased, but there was no reason why Jane should look miserable. What had she to do with it?

"She must have misunderstood you," he said. "Tell her again that the wind is just right, and we'll go over to the point—we spoke of it this morning."

Jane's awkward feet pounded along the hall, and the sound died away. Then they pounded back again.

"She says she don't keer to go out this evenin'," she said.

The young man flung his cap at his head and went out alone, very swiftly.

III.

THE next morning, Jane went once more to the last room in the east wing. This time she was admitted, and saw a very proud young lady who stood at the window with her back toward Jane. No doubt she was looking at the smoke, which had the sun in it.

"He wants you to come, awful bad,"

said Jane, adding an involuntary touch of her own.

"I cannot go," said the girl. "I—I am not feeling very well. Tell him I am lying down—you see I am lying down. I shall not go out to-day."

She had thrown herself on the bed, with a round arm, from which the loose sleeve had fallen, over her face.

"Lord-a-massy!" whispered Jane to herself; which meant many things that Jane could in nowise express.

The message was duly delivered at the door of the parlor, and Jane remained there, staring at the young man and twitching her lips and the corners of her apron. He stood as if dazed for a moment; then all at once his lips set in a straight line. With that look on his face he had generally done what he set out to do.

"Wait," he said, and sat down to write.

He quite forgot that his handwriting was large, and that Jane was not far away. He gave her the letter, and with her heart beating hard, she set off. Her steps were so light that he could not hear them, and went to the door to see if she were really going.

"It's a love-letter!" said Jane to herself. "Now, s'posin' it was writ to me!"

For one lingering moment it was a letter to her, and she had received it and was reading it. Something in Jane's crippled being had arisen, and taken up its bed, and walked. Then she remembered, and it was only Jane who gave the letter into the hands of the young lady in the east room. Lettie sat up to read it, her face flushing. When she had read it her eyes were flashing again.

"Where is my pen?" she cried, tumbling the things on the table here and there. "Help me find my paper, Jane. I will soon answer it—and then I'll go home."

Jane gazed at her with jaw dropped. She was not—she was never—going to refuse?

Jane was almost pushed outside the door, and the key was turned behind her. Her steps pounded along the hall, as if an elephant in top-boots were coming. The young man was in the

door waiting for her, and he tore off the end of the envelope as soon as he had it in his hands. What did Jane matter?

There were not more than three lines, but it took him a long time to read them. Jane, staring at him, could see the pallor that settled down on his face, but when he spoke he was very quiet.

"Ask Mrs. Flournoy to send in my bill, Jane," he said. "I leave in the morning."

And then he went in and shut the door. Jane was outside. Jane was nothing to anybody. She stood out there alone, and wiped her eyes forlornly.

"I wisht I was some folks," she said with large meaning.

It was late that evening when the door of the parlor opened softly, and a long arm extended through the opening, holding out a letter in a somewhat grimy hand. After a pause the missive was taken, and swift steps scuttled away. The young man hesitated about opening the envelope, and looked at it with disfavor, for it was not of the cleanest; but that curiosity which makes up a good portion of every man and of a few women urged him on. He tore it open, and gazed with astonishment at the scrawl which met his eyes.

Deer Sir:

i am sory i rifused you this mornin an i have been Cryin all day i think if you askt me agin i mite say yes your frend
Miss Lette Mortmer.

It is a matter of history that Rudolph Fernly, attorney at law, frowned darkly at the offending missive and asked audibly what idiot had been interfering in his business. It is also of record that he determined to leave at once—that very evening—by the first train—and that he threw things into a telescope and trod upon it, tugging at the straps. Finding, when the last one was buckled, that he had left a letter lying on the floor, he took it up and read it again, laughing with gloomy irony.

Then all at once a new resolve went beating along his pulses. In another moment Mr. Fernly had kicked the telescope into the corner of the room,

and half a second later he had knocked at the door of the last room in the east wing, and had withdrawn a little to one side. He would try what could be done by stratagem.

The hall was still in darkness, because a red-eyed girl, who should have lighted it up, was skulking at the nearest corner and breathing hard. The young lady looked out of the room and saw no one.

"What is the matter? Is it you, Jane?" she asked, coming out a little further.

He had her hand in a moment, and was holding it so tight that there was no possibility of escape.

"It is not Jane," he said; and his lips were very straight. "I have come back to try again. You didn't think I would take that curt note as final? You do care for me a little, don't you?"

"No!" she cried defiantly; and then the overwrought nerves gave way, and she burst into tears with her hands over her face.

He took the hands away and asked nothing more.

IV.

"Do you know, Rudolph," she said, with a blushing hesitation that was quite adorable, for it was the first time she had called him by his name, "there is a girl here—couldn't we give her something to do about our—our house? I should like to make a good home for her—she introduced us, you know."

"Anything you like," he assented cheerfully. "I think she did more than introduce us—but I'll never tell what. No, miss, you shall never know. That is my Bluebeard closet. We will ask her to go with us, if you like."

And so they met her out on the beach in the early morning, bringing up fish from a boat, and they asked her. Jane ground the toe of one rundown shoe into the sand.

"I reckon I won't go," she said, looking away toward the east, where the smoke from the factory was all tangled up with the sun. "I'll stay here with Mis' Flournoy. It's where I b'long."

And up the beach went two, in fairyland, and behind them trudged Jane, carrying a string of fish.

An Episode of Teacup Canyon.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF SOME STROLLING ARTISTS IN THE WILD WEST.

BY FRANK SAVILE.

I.

"I BLUSH for them, *signor*, I blush for them! That a tarantella? Look at Tolomeo—look at Emmanuele! They pound their feet—they snap their thick fingers—they antic like bears on a pole—they bawl—they grin! Those poor *Americanos* watching there! They think it a spectacle!

"'Mark you,' say they, 'mark you! Note the astounding customs of the land!'

"When Tolomeo passes round that ribanded hat of his they will pour *centesimi* and even *lire* into it. They will smirk and cry '*brava!*' and so go their way, scribbling in their pocket-books, to tell their friends that they have seen the tarantella danced in its native home!

"The tarantella! They have seen the clumsy posturing of a dozen scoundrels—scoundrels who laugh in their sleeves while they smite tambourines to draw money from the pockets of fools. The tarantella! On a cooler day, and for the credit of my poor country alone, I vow, *signor*, that I would rise—I myself—and show them what dancing is!

"Aye, *signor*, I am angry. And I do well to be. Dancing? What do they know of it? What do I not know? Twenty years ago there were few I would have called my masters. I loved it. It was our amusement, not our market. Did we dance for pay? We would have stabbed the buffoon who suggested it! If a traveler—a noble cavalier, passing with due equipage and four horses, as cavaliers should—desired to see a tarantella, who so ready to oblige as we? But for pay? Nay, for courtesy—the courtesy due to strangers in our midst. If the gentleman would have us empty a few bottles at his expense, then 'twould have been ungracious to deny him. But to dance for the miserable *centesimi* of every little clerk and

tradesman, to permit our maidens to travesty grace into antics under their insufferable eyes—God knows we were poor, but above that, *signor*! We had our pride then. Few enough are the rags of it left to us!

"How old I feel, *signor*, how old! All are gone, or nearly all. Tommaso, Andrea, Tonio—they were dancers, if you will; supple, graceful, enthusiastic, filled with the fire, the ecstasy of motion—dancers indeed! And preeminent, standing out above them all, was Pietro, Pietro Vascari, the divinest, the supremest, a god among men, a poet, an artist of attitude and pose! Pietro, my comrade, my ceaseless friend, in those six years I suffered in a strange land before I earned my little competence.

"Never as professionals, you ask, *signor*? Aye, once, only once, and thereby hangs a tale. Nay, more than a tale—my life, *eccellenza*, my whole life! Tell it you? With pleasure. Slight it is, but with some tinge of humor about it—humor that was over grim in parts; but with interest, perhaps, to pass an idle hour. Let me think, *signor*, let me think.

"Twenty years it is, *eccellenza*, twenty years almost to the day, since Pietro, his wife Lucia, and I landed in New York. What? The *signor* does not know that I have been in America? Of a truth, though even to me at times it is no more than a dream. Six years I was there. What years they were! A lifetime in each of them—a lifetime of sorrow, toil, and ceaseless poverty. Yet the end came—in time the end came. Here am I, back again in Sorrento, eying the same blue bay, smoking the same strong *trabuco*, and chattering as if the days of labor had never been. A strong land, that one across the ocean—a great land, but never mine own. Harsh, hard, cold—I think of it now as the redeemed soul thinks of purgatory.

"What did we not attempt in our battle for mere bread? Ah, those Neapolitan emigration agents! Lies! Lies! Lies tripped from their tongues like water from the conduit. They spoke of gold, of jewels, of wondrous wages, of infinitesimal labor, of plenty, of victual without toil, of wine for the asking. We three, and scores like us, wandered down the streets the day after we landed, stooping, *signor*, stooping to find the gold that lay scattered in the roadway mud! Ah, the awakening! The struggles, the wanderings! Saints be thanked, *eccellenza*, that now I dwell upon them as one dwells on a frightening dream when dawn has come.

II.

"I WILL make a long tale short, *signor*. Five years after we landed, poverty stricken, ill clad, half starved, we had adventured our last little all to join a wagon train to the West. Stories from the gold mines were pouring in. With our own eyes we had seen compatriots who had gained riches that it made us gape to realize. We heard their tales, and set out to do as they had done—Pietro, Lucia, and I.

"We were drawing near our journey's end. Two days more, they told us, and we should be within fifty miles of San Francisco. Already we had passed a mining camp or two, and that night our team rested in a hut-built town. We were filled with hope—merry, even, at the near approach of our desire. Eight and forty hours more, and—El Dorado! Lucia smiled and showed her pretty teeth as she had not done in five years of disappointment and despair. Even I, pessimist that I am, was light of heart. As for Pietro, he was gay as a tomtit among the pine tops. As he climbed down from the wagon he sang, trilling like a nightingale. Crossing the filthy yard, he tossed a foot over a bending hostler's head, cut a pigeon-wing, and chuckled as the bystanders gaped and rubbed their drowsy eyes. A simple act of jollity? Dear saints, how that tiny jest influenced our fortunes, and how soon!

"A man was passing—a man fat, gross, thick in the neck, but with good-

humored smiles wrinkling his cheeks. He saw Pietro, stopped, stared, and walked up to him.

"'Do that again,' said he.

"Pietro's eyes grew narrow between the lids. Commands from a stranger? He turned his back upon him.

"The other drew off his hat and laughed.

"'Of your courtesy be pleased to repeat that maneuver,' he said, bowing, and smiling into Pietro's eyes.

"Pietro, light-hearted as ever, smiled back, cut a pigeon-wing again, kicked a horse collar off a peg seven feet from the ground, and caught it over his head as it fell. He grinned through it like a faun!

"The man clapped his hands. 'Come with me!' he shouted, and drove all three of us before him into a room in the inn. He ordered meat and drink for us without a word of explanation. Heavens, how we ate! A month of wagon food—is there a worse agony this side of the Pit, think you?

"When we had finished—and we lingered, I promise you—our fat friend began to talk. Could we all dance, asked he? Could we dance! Pietro hummed a stave, gave a little nod, and we took our places. Could we dance! We danced and we danced—dear saints, that fat *Americano* saw it then, if never before! He wagged his head, he thumped his heavy feet upon the floor, he clapped his hands. His enthusiasm was a tonic, and his wine—for he had given us champagne—was in our heads. Never was such a tarantella! The other guests heard and tried to enter. He drove them back, using curses, and locked the door upon them. Then to us he opened his project.

"He, it seemed, was *padrone* of a wine shop, whisky saloon, what you will. Here nightly he furnished entertainment to the miners—piano playing, rough conjuring, singing, and so forth; anything that drew men to see, to applaud, and, most of all, to drink. Would we dance before his guests? He offered us five dollars apiece, and swore that if we pleased those earnings would be trebled by free-will offerings from the audience.

"Pietro drew a breath and looked at

me. I could not stomach it. To buffet—for what could they know of the true inwardness of the thing?—before a rough crowd of desperadoes, to skip, to jig, to antic—we who had held the palm in every *ridotto* through Naples and the Sicilies! I shook my head.

"But we had reckoned without Lucia. She laid her hand on Pietro's arm.

"'Husband,' she said, 'we have nothing. We are in a strange land—we are starved. Is it much that is asked of us? Have we the right to be proud?'

"He looked down at her, hesitating. He saw her pleading eyes, and perchance the hollows in her cheeks. Starvation? For us men—nothing. But for her—for her? Had we the right to pass such a chance for our Lucia?

"He turned to our new friend, he agreed with him, he vowed that we would do our very best—kick, tumble, posture, as he pleased. 'If we do it at all,' said he, 'let us do it well,' and for an hour we practised steps as we had not done in five cheerless, joyless years.

"*Eccellenza*, that night Pietro excelled himself. At the theater, if one may call it such—it was no more than a barn—what things he did! He kicked tumblers of water from a six-foot pole to catch them unspilled. He flicked Lucia's hat from her head with one foot, to spin it upon the other. He posed, he winked, he grinned, till we others were carried away with the spirit of it all and joined him with all our hearts!

"And what dances! What tarantellas! The like has not been seen before or since. Shortly, *signor*, we triumphed. The applause was like the discharge of cannon—the hand-clapping like volleyed musketry. Not only did the *padrone* give us double what he had promised, but coins, bags of dust, even nuggets, rained upon the platform. We gleaned our harvest, and not one *lira* less than three hundred dollars did it touch. We met in the little anteroom with wild, amazed faces. An hour's buffetment, and we had gained more than we had saved in five desperate years! Lucia, poor child, broke down and wept from pure relief and happiness. We were like children escaped from school.

"We stayed a week—no more. At the

end of it Pietro's lips shut up like a vise. They were rough men, those miners, though for the most part good-hearted enough. But in the camp, as everywhere, were scoundrels, outcasts. What happened I cannot exactly say; but that some villain insulted Lucia I have no doubt. The *padrone* offered to double—to treble—our wages, but Pietro was adamant.

"'There are things beyond a question of price, *signor*,' was all he would say, though he thanked him cordially enough for all he had done. As for Lucia, she dropped tears upon his fat hands as she bade him farewell. And mark you, *eccellenza*, as a matter of business alone we were wise to go. If we had triumphed in a mining camp, what did the future not hold for us in the City of the Golden Gate? We took our places in the San Francisco coach—no more wagons now!—filled with anticipation. We had eighteen hundred dollars to start the new life. To us it seemed riches beyond belief.

III.

"THE *signor* has been in America? Has he been to San Jacinto? No? Ah, true enough; the railway passes it by. But then the main road of the Sierras ran through it by way of Teacup Canyon. What a gorge! It was like a great conduit through the heart of the hills. And the track wound up the sides of it, wreathing the precipices like the lash of a whip. A road, if you like—call it rather a step-ladder!

"There was but one other passenger, a good man, kindly, affable, and tenderly considerate of Lucia's comfort. In his manners to women, *signor*, who is the equal of an American gentleman? We were happy as birds, laughing, chattering, looking forward to an easy journey and a safe arrival.

"In the midst of our gaiety the coach pulled up with a jerk. When I thrust my head from the window, *eccellenza*, this is what I saw. We were rounding a huge bluff on the mountainside. The sunrise was crimson at the end of the gorge. Silhouetted against the radiance of the dawn stood a man in the center of the road, staring up at the guard and

conductor, who held their hands above their heads. And with good reason. The man held a revolver in each fist. The six mules panted, sweating and dust-grimed, on the track.

"The brigand turned his eyes to us.

"Descend, all of you, holding up your hands," he said.

"At the word I turned the handle to open the door, when our American friend thrust me back. He, too, had his revolver. Alas, the other was quicker than he. Two reports were tossed from echo to echo down the ravine. A flicker of dust on the cliff showed where one bullet struck. The other, entering our poor friend's forehead, tore the back from his skull. He sank against the door, burst it open, and fell an inert lump upon the gravel. Our hearts were stones within us at the sight!

"We stepped out. The assassin bade us line up against the cliff while he went through our pockets. He took the key of the boot from the guard, he rifled the dead man's pockets. He even made Lucia reverse her long sleeves and skirts. 'Ladies have pockets everywhere,' said he, while Pietro's veins swelled upon his forehead like cords.

"When he found nothing upon us but half a dozen notes and a little silver, his manner changed. He swore; he reviled us; he insisted that we should find him more. He had watched our performances, so he declared, and knew well enough what we must have gleaned. He threatened to strip us if we did not render up our earnings, and these he avowed could be no less than a thousand dollars.

"He was right, *signor*. We had more than that amount, but where he did not find it. Lucia had wound her hair over the notes, and we were confident of not being caught. We lied to him steadfastly.

"We explained that the money was being sent in remittance to the bank at San Francisco; that we were poor beyond belief, and had not a penny more than he found upon us. He cursed, he used shameful words, but he was deceived. He was none the less wrathful and bitter. He lifted his revolver and sent a bullet into the dust at Pietro's feet.

"'Curse you,' he cried, 'I will have something from you! Dance, ape of a Frenchman'—Frenchman, *signor!*—'dance before my next bullet teaches you how!'

"For one instant Pietro hesitated. His face was livid with anger, and my heart beat like a drum. I thought he would have flung himself upon the scoundrel, but at the sound of the sob that burst from Lucia's lips he checked himself. He turned gravely, bowed to us all, and beckoned me forward to partner him. We began a stately minuet.

"Was there ever such a dance? For audience, an assassin and those whose lives depended on our power to please. For theater, a rocky rift in the eternal hills. For applause, the revolver shots which the villain still rained round our feet. For limelight, the growing radiance of the dawn.

"We danced and we danced again. From minuet we went to saraband, from saraband to jig, from jig to tarantella, and then with wild abandon to a terrible cancan—a preposterous, furious display of leaping, kicking, posturing, till the bully, weak with laughter, ceased to shoot, and roared us on to wilder efforts, the echoes of the canyon multiplying his encouragements from crag to crag.

"How we sweated—how we panted! Yet through it all Pietro, while his limbs whirled over the dust like angry serpents, bore a face grave and impassive enough for mass. And the fellow drew nearer and nearer, his hand at his pistol hip, one palm beating out applause against his thigh, while he thundered blasphemies and oaths of admiration. And white, haggard, in breathless agonies of doubt, Lucia, the guard, the driver, still held their empty hands above their heads.

"Then through the dust cloud in one lightning glance I caught Pietro's eye. More by instinct than by anything else I gathered his meaning. We were to approach our tormentor; the circle around which we were footing our outrageous travesty of dance was to widen. Imperceptibly I drew away from him and he from me. Still circling, we passed each other, and passed again.

"The man was watching us with one



"WAS THERE EVER SUCH A DANCE? FOR APPLAUSE, THE REVOLVER SHOTS WHICH THE VILLAIN STILL RAINED ROUND OUR FEET."

loaded pistol still in his hand. The second he had returned to his pocket. The grins were wrinkling his face, and, as he howled us on, his teeth gleamed through

his gaping lips. Pietro turned within a yard of him. There was a thud—a frightful yell as my comrade's foot spun into the air. The revolver rushed up like a rocket to strike the cliff. There followed like a flash the shock of the left shoe upon the scoundrel's chest!

"He dropped to earth as if smitten by a cannon-ball. He writhed, he shrieked. As we two, the driver, and the guard flung ourselves upon him he bit, in his agony, like a rabid dog. For, *eccellenza*, both wrist and breast-bone were broken—splintered, smashed like match-wood!

IV.

"Ah, *signor*, what an entry we made into San Francisco that night! They telegraphed the news from the next halting-place, and when we swept into the town, seated on the coach top—for murdered and murderer kept each other company within—such a concourse came out to greet us as might have satisfied the President himself. Pietro's name—all our names—were flashed through the States on a thousand wires!

"Before the next morning we were celebrities. A dozen managers of music halls were begging themselves to obtain us—us the famous captors of a no less famous bandit—and for a month we were the heroes of the hour. A golden harvest in very truth it was, and our reaping five thousand dollars—not a *centesimo* less. And then Pietro said, 'Enough!'

"Enough it was, but even then our luck stood by us. A compatriot, a Naples captain, offered us passage direct home, and home we came, happy, content, and for us—for our simple wants—rich. That is twenty years ago, *signor*—twenty years almost to the day. Lucia? Aye, *signor*, dead, too—dead these fifteen years. For me, life is pleasant yet—I have my own enjoyments. There is my little competence, tobacco, friends, and now and again the company of cavaliers like the *eccellenza*. Thanks? What thanks are due for a simple tale? A glass of wine? What you will, *signor*, what you will. To your good health, and to all courteous cavaliers!"

THE COMING OF LOVE.

I HAVE sought Love all my days ;
Down the old world's weary ways
I have listened for his footsteps,
I have sung his praise.

I have offered in his name
Life and solitude and fame
On my spirit's secret altar—
But he never came !

Sometimes in the lonely night
I have felt the still delight
Of a presence ; but it vanished
With the morning light.

Till I wearied of the quest,
Of the hunger in my breast ;
And I whispered to my sad heart :
"Let us be at rest !

"Love's unsullied mystery
Is not meant for thee and me ;
We are too deep-stained with living—
It could never be !"

Then, before I was aware,
Came a breath upon my hair ;
While a stillness strange and reverent
Held the waiting air.

And my spirit, strong and sweet—
Rose the long-sought guest to greet ;
Rose—then bent to kiss the garment
Round his shining feet !

Elsa Barker.

AMERICAN GOLF IN 1903.

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.

TRAVIS' THIRD VICTORY IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT HAS CLEARLY ESTABLISHED HIS SUPREMACY AMONG AMATEUR GOLFERS—OTHER LEADING PLAYERS, AND THEIR RELATIVE RANK.

WHEN Walter J. Travis won the title of golf champion for the third time on the links of the Nassau Club, at Glen Cove, in September last, he established his right to rank as unquestionably the foremost amateur golfer of America. His claim to that distinction had been clouded by his ill success in the tournament of 1902, when he was put out in the third round by Eben M. Byers, who was in turn defeated by Louis N. James in the finals. This year's contest fully proved what most followers of the game had always believed—that both Travis' failure and James' victory were accidental, or at least exceptional, and could not be regarded as fairly representative of the true form of either player.

The 1902 championship, which was contested upon the links of



WALTER J. TRAVIS, OF GARDEN CITY, AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1900, 1901, AND 1903, AND UNQUESTIONABLY THE FOREMOST EXPONENT OF THE GAME IN AMERICA.

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pour of rain turned the picturesque Glenview course into a chain of miniature lakes, and the last two days of play were more like some new aquatic sport than the ancient and honorable game. The visiting players were not familiar with the ground under these conditions, and the winner had a great advantage in playing on his home links. Travis, however, was beaten by Byers before the elements interfered.

During the remainder of last year James appeared in but few matches, and had no great success in those that he played. In the autumn he came east to enter Princeton University. Entering for the Princeton championship, he shocked and surprised the whole

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LOUIS N. JAMES, OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY AND GLENVIEW, THE YOUNG WESTERN GOLFER WHO WON THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1902.

amateur golfing world by failing to qualify for match play in the college tournament.

Meanwhile Travis had been continually before the public. During last spring and the preceding autumn he met nearly all the leading golfers of the country, and invariably defeated them. In the open tournament, held at Garden City in October—an event to which less general interest attaches than to the amateur contest, as none but professionals are usually in the running for it—he tied for second place. He

did not happen to meet Byers, his conqueror at Glenview, until this year's tournament at Glen Cove, but his play was consistently such that he entered the lists for the 1903 championship a decided favorite among the one hundred and forty-five competitors in the field.

TRAVIS' GOLFING RECORD.

Indeed, Travis' record for the past four years is practically the history of



FINDLAY S. DOUGLAS, OF NASSAU, NATIONAL CHAMPION IN 1898, AND THIS YEAR'S METROPOLITAN CHAMPION, A PLAYER WHO STANDS SECOND ONLY TO TRAVIS AS A FIGURE IN THE PAST HALF DOZEN YEARS OF AMERICAN GOLF.

American amateur golf. He is not a native of the United States, having been born in Melbourne, Australia, forty-one years ago; but his golf was learned here, as he first played the game in 1886, six years after migrating to this country. His progress into the front rank of golfing talent was slow, his earliest prominent appearance being in the championship tournament of 1898, when he met Findlay Douglas in the semi-final round, and was rather severely defeated. In 1899 the same thing happened again, Douglas putting him out in the semi-finals, though by a narrower margin than before.

The following year, when the tournament came off on his home course at Garden City, Travis turned the tables, beating Douglas in the finals. In 1901, when he again won the championship, his hardest match was with his old antagonist in the semi-final round, Douglas holding him even for thirty-seven holes, and losing at the thirty-eighth. In the other half of the round Walter E. Egan, the young Western expert, beat C. H. Seeley; in the finals, Travis won easily from Egan.

And so it may fairly be said that this year's amateur tournament brought the Australian into his own again, and that he deserves the honors he won. The present holder of the coveted title is a champion in every sense of the word. He never refuses a match, no matter who the challenger. He believes that



BRUCE D. SMITH, OF YALE UNIVERSITY AND ONWENTSIA, A WESTERN PLAYER WHO DEFEATED DOUGLAS IN THIS YEAR'S CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT, BUT WAS BEATEN BY BYERS IN THE SEMI-FINALS.

the holding of the championship makes this a duty as well as a pleasure.

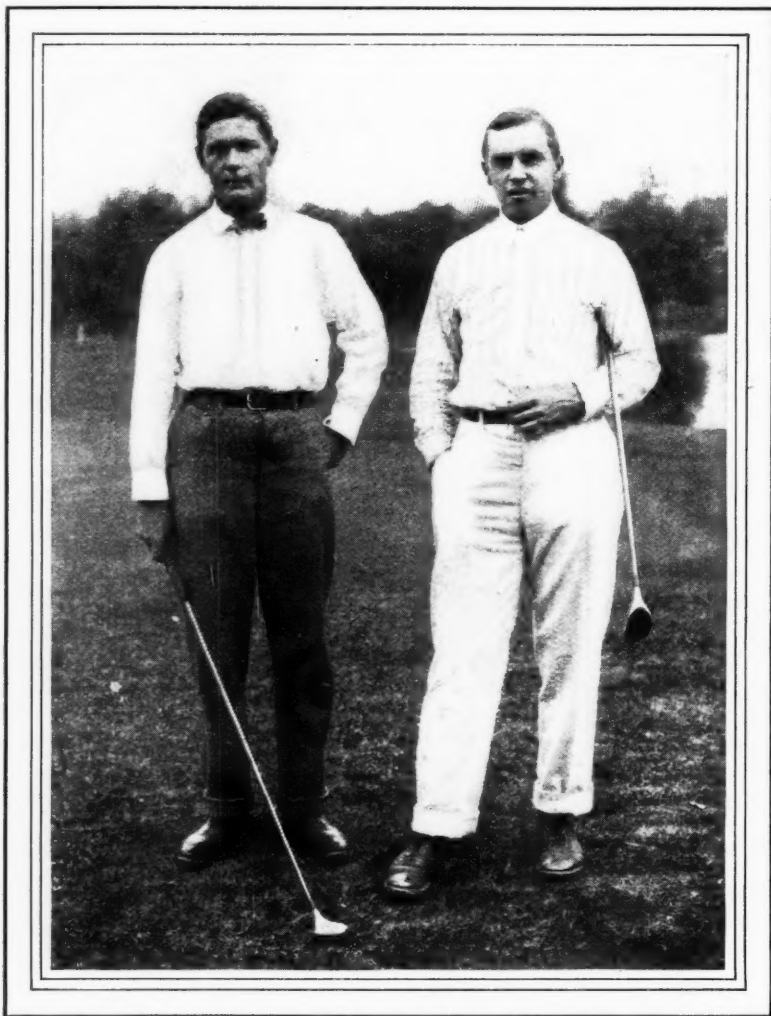
He plays in every important tournament, and in many comparatively unimportant ones. During the active golfing season—from April to November—he spends a large part of every week upon the links. This is doubtless one of the reasons why he has perfected his game to such a point that to-day he stands head and shoulders above the other amateur golfers of the country, and little below the best professionals.

IS GOLF IN ITS DECADENCE?

While averse to talking about himself, the champion is always willing to discuss his favorite pastime.

"There are pessimists nowadays," he recently said to the writer, "who declare that golf is in its decadence in this country. I do not agree with them. I believe that more people are playing

golf has ceased to be the fashionable fad. The faddists have seceded from the links, but the places of the desert-ers have been more than filled by real sportsmen, people who love and enjoy



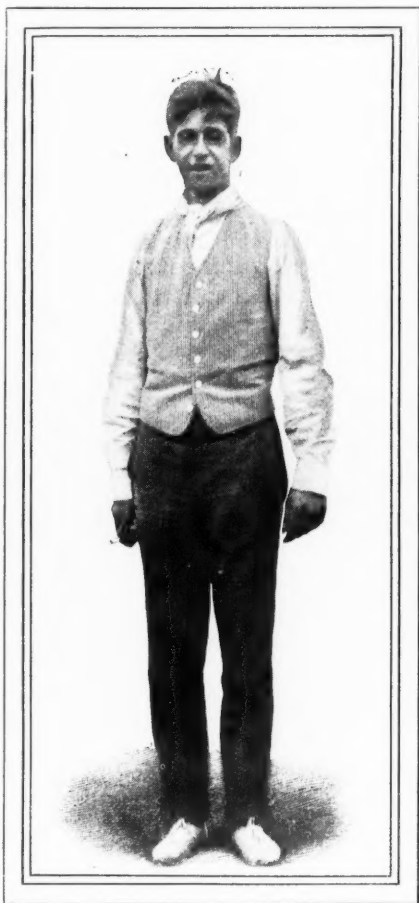
H. CHANDLER EGAN, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY AND EXMOOR, THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPION,
AND WALTER E. EGAN, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY AND LAKE GENEVA, THE WESTERN CHAMPION
—THESE TWO COUSINS, TWO OF THE STRONGEST OF THE WESTERN PLAYERS, WERE
DEFEATED IN THE THIRD ROUND OF THIS YEAR'S NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

the game to-day than ever before. The sale of clubs and balls was greater this year than in 1901 or 1902, in spite of the fact that so many thousand players were already supplied with their paraphernalia. It is true, no doubt, that

the game for what it is and what it stands for.

"The development of golf in the United States has certainly been marvellous. It is only about ten years since the public at large first became ac-

quainted with the game. With the keen perception that is characteristic of Americans, they speedily recognized its great possibilities, and took it up with enthusiasm. It came in as a stranger; it has become an institution. To-day, there are flourishing clubs in every State of the Union, and level-headed men of business are at the head of them. No sport has a finer national organization than the ruling body of golf, the U. S. G. A. State and district associations link together the golfers of various sections. Millions of dollars are represented in the chain of links and



FRANK O. REINHART, OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY AND BALTIMORE, WHO HAS BEATEN TRAVIS ONCE THIS YEAR, BUT LOST TO THE CHAMPION IN THE SEMI-FINALS OF THE NATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

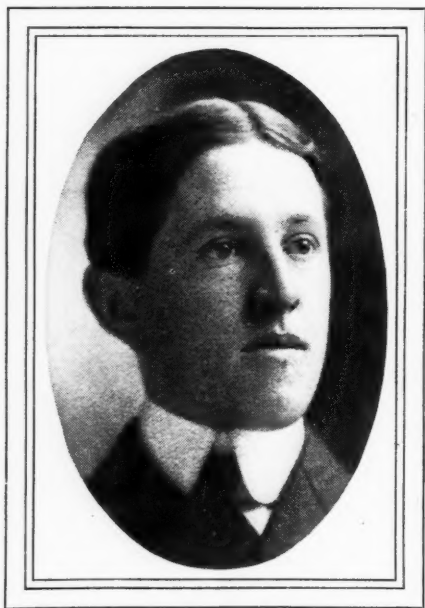
From a photograph by Sutton, New York.



GEORGE T. BROKAW, OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY AND DEAL, WHO IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT DEFEATED EGAN, THE WESTERN CHAMPION, AND GAVE TRAVIS HIS HARDEST MATCH.

club-houses that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

When asked whether he intended to do as some other champions have done, and retire from the quest for further honors now that he has won the title thrice, Mr. Travis smiled. "I am satisfied," he said, "with winning three championship tournaments. I had set my heart on doing that. Whether I ever win another I do not greatly care. I shall not retire; I love the game too much. I do not know whether I shall appear in next year's contest. That is



EBEN M. BYERS, OF THE ALLEGHENY COUNTRY CLUB, WHO DEFEATED TRAVIS IN LAST YEAR'S CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT, AND WAS THE RUNNER-UP BOTH IN 1902 AND IN 1903.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

looking too far ahead; but I shall not retire."

There have been rumors that the champion is not personally so popular in the golfing world as are some other leading players. At the time of the national tournament, at least one newspaper printed reports of unpleasantness between the winner and the authorities in charge of the play. These reports Mr. Travis contradicted.

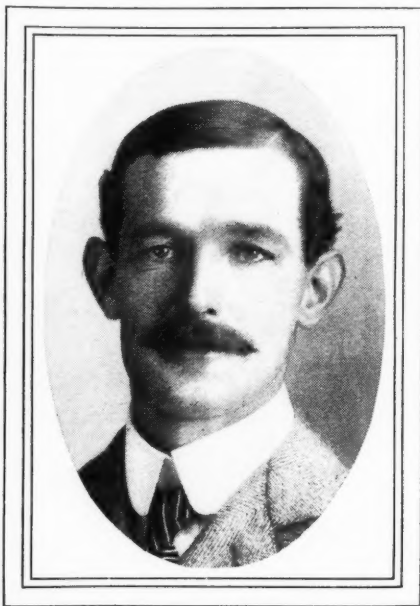
"I have never been discriminated against or unfairly treated in tournament play," he said. "I am glad of this opportunity to refute all such rumors. There have been occasions when delicate points have arisen, and at times the officials may have been over-zealous. In the tournament at Nassau, in fact, I was called to account for a supposed breach of the rules, of which I was not guilty. I showed the referee wherein he erred, and he admitted his mistake. My opponent, who happened to be Mr. Byers—it was in the final match—did not even question the point. Such little occurrences are an-

noying, of course, but I am sure that both officials and players always act in the best of faith."

OTHER PROMINENT AMATEURS.

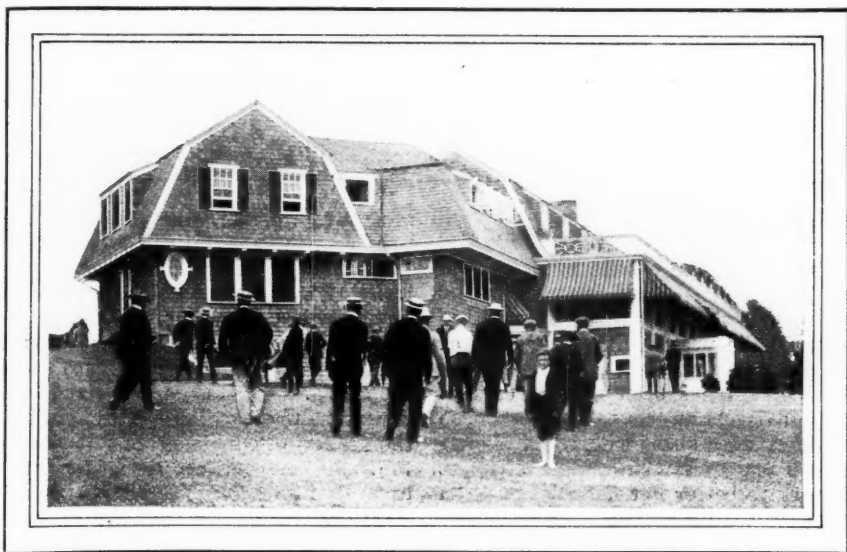
To attempt to classify our best amateur golfers, with the single exception of the champion, is an exceedingly difficult task, so evenly matched are ten or a dozen of the leading players. To Eben M. Byers, twice runner-up for the championship, belongs, perhaps, the second place of honor. It was Byers, as has been said, who defeated Travis at Glenview last year. This year, in the thirty-six-hole final round at Nassau, he was five down with four to play. Byers is a Pittsburg man, a recent graduate of Yale, and in tournaments he represents the Allegheny Country Club.

Perhaps the greatest feather in Byers' cap was his success in the recent invitation tournament on the Ekwanok links, at Manchester, Vermont. In the final round he won from Norman Hunter, one of the visiting English experts.



G. HERBERT WINDELER, OF BOSTON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES GOLF ASSOCIATION, WHO MANAGED THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT ON THE NASSAU LINKS.

From a photograph by Stokes, Boston.



CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NASSAU COUNTRY CLUB, NEAR GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND, WITH A GROUP OF PLAYERS, CADDIES, AND SPECTATORS RETURNING FROM THE GOLF LINKS.

who had defeated Travis earlier in the competition.

Findlay S. Douglas, who learned the game at the Scottish university of St. Andrews, is a player whose share in the golf history of the last half dozen years has been second only to that of Travis. At his best, indeed, Douglas is the champion's equal, but he is a far more uneven performer, and often puts up an indifferent game. The two men have fought out some of the greatest matches ever played in America, but it is some time since the Scotsman beat the Australian. Douglas won the national championship once, in 1898. This year his greatest success was his victory in the metropolitan tournament, which decides the championship of the New York district. Travis had been caught "off his game" and defeated by John M. Ward, once well-known as a baseball player.

As the Nassau links are Douglas' home ground, it was expected that he would make a strong bid for the 1903 championship; but he played disappointingly, going down in the first round, together with last year's victor, Louis N. James.

Last year the American golfing world hailed the rise of a new school of ex-

perts, the college players. Besides James, of Princeton, and Byers, of Yale, such men as the Egans, of Harvard, McFarland, of Pennsylvania, and Brokaw and Conklin, of Princeton, carried off most of the honors of the season, winning the national and Western championships and a large share of the minor tournaments. This year the younger men have not done quite so well; but it is still true that the future of golf rests with them. They have, speaking broadly, surpassed all the veterans of the game except Travis and Douglas.

Mention has been made of the English golfers whose visit to the United States was a pleasant and interesting feature of the season. They were Oxford and Cambridge men, mostly graduates, and they gave a very fine exhibition of skill, meeting the strongest American teams, and losing only one match of the ten they played. As Britain has many stronger golfers than these collegians, it would appear that our amateurs are scarcely equal to hers; but the question may be more clearly settled next year, when it is hoped that an American team will cross the Atlantic to try its fortune on the British links.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The Rehabilitation of Spain.

The fall of the Silvela ministry and the assumption of the premiership by Señor Villaverde mark an interesting point in the present-day movement of Spanish politics. During the past five years, Spain has been making earnest and creditable efforts to set her house in order. In a spirit with which Americans sincerely sympathize, she has set to work to better her financial position and to develop her internal resources. The loss of her oriental and West Indian colonies has changed her outlook upon the world, and she has had to reconsider the lines of her foreign policy.

It was Silvela's theory that his country should seek close relations with France, offering naval assistance in case

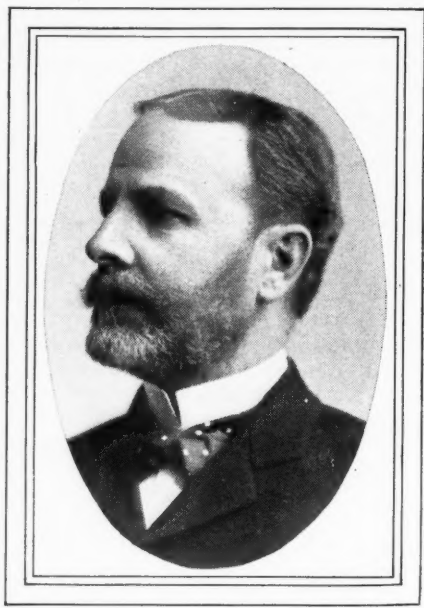
of a European war, and receiving in return French support in the one region that seems to offer Spain a chance of territorial expansion—Morocco and the northwestern corner of Africa. The Spanish navy, he held, must be rebuilt, in order to make such an alliance worth proposing. On the other hand, the liberal members of the Cortes held that the money which Señor Silvela wished to spend on battleships is far more urgently needed to promote agriculture and industry within the limits of the peninsular kingdom, and that Spain has no strength to waste in an adventurous external policy.

The question was decided when Señor Villaverde, one of the most influential members of the government party, rose against his former chief and issued a



SEÑOR VILLVERDE, THE NEW SPANISH PREMIER
(PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL).

From a photograph by Franzene, Madrid.



COUNT KUEN-HEDERVARY, THE NEW HUNGARIAN
PREMIER.

From a photograph by Koller, Budapest.

TWO MEN WHO HAVE LATELY RISEN TO POSITIONS OF IMPORTANCE IN EUROPEAN POLITICS.



REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, UNITED STATES NAVY, CAPTAIN OF THE BATTLESHIP MAINE AT THE TIME OF HER DESTRUCTION IN HAVANA HARBOR, AND RECENTLY PROMOTED TO FLAG RANK.

From his latest photograph by Hollinger, New York.

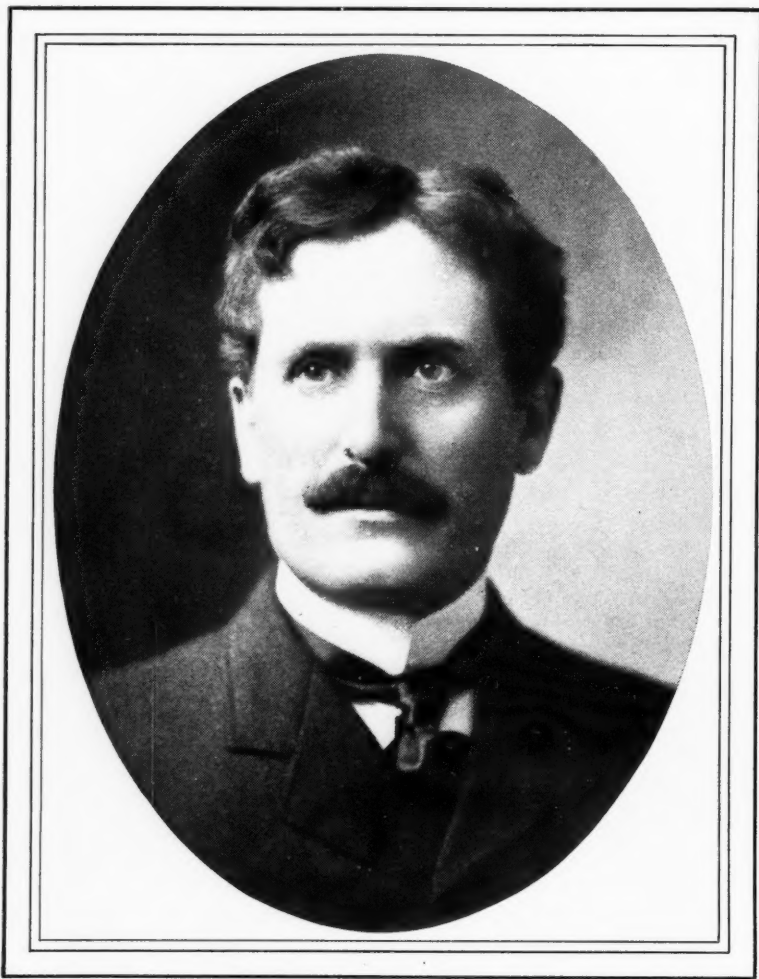
protest against the "impatient passion for naval power." The Silvela ministry fell, and the young king invited Villaverde to assume the reins of power.

In leading Spain toward a solution of her political problems, which are neither few nor small, the new premier, who is reputed a statesman and a patriot, will have no easy task. It is well

that he will be guided by prudence rather than ambition.

The Captain of the Maine.

"The great epochs in a naval officer's life," said Admiral Sigsbee the other day, "are when he leaves the academy, when he becomes first lieutenant of a



COLONEL MYRON T. HERRICK, WHO WILL BE GOVERNOR OF OHIO IF THE REPUBLICANS CARRY THE STATE AT THE NOVEMBER ELECTION.

From a photograph by Endean, Cleveland.

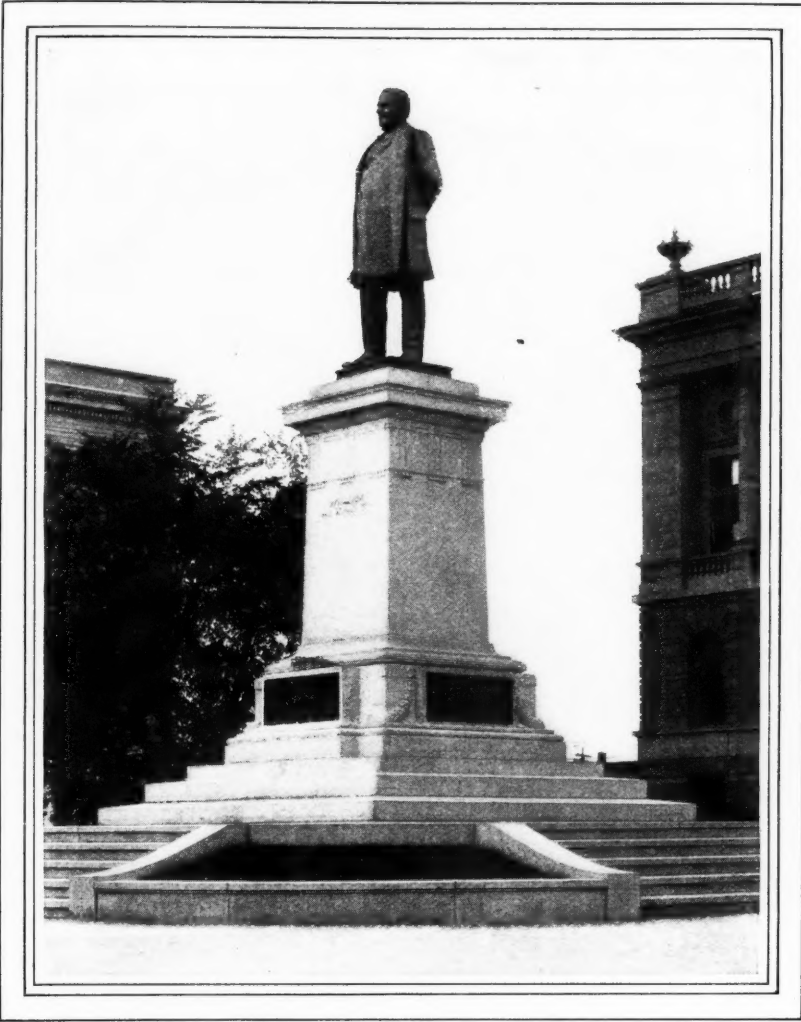
fine ship, when he is relieved from watch duty, when he commands a vessel of his own, and when he attains flag rank. But, after all," the newly appointed admiral added, "perhaps the most enviable position is to be captain of a battleship. You feel more independent, and get more real pleasure out of it, than can be described."

Scarcely any officer in the American navy is better known than Admiral Sigsbee, and none is better liked. It was an accident that first made his name a household word, but he

thoroughly deserves all the rewards that have come to him. On that terrible night in February, 1898, when the Maine was instantly destroyed and two hundred and sixty of her crew perished, the crisis revealed in her captain the same brave and steadfast qualities that he had shown when he fought under Farragut and Porter in the Civil War. He has done much other good service, both ashore and afloat. He has commanded nine ships, in war-time and in peace, and has been the head or a member of most of the naval boards. He

ranks as one of the world's foremost authorities on deep sea science, and has invented sounding instruments that are

these justly prized possessions went down with the Maine into the waters of Havana harbor, but were recovered by



ANOTHER MCKINLEY MONUMENT—THE STATUE BY ALBERT WEINERT, UNVEILED ON THE 14TH OF SEPTEMBER LAST, IN THE PARK IN FRONT OF THE COURT-HOUSE AT TOLEDO, OHIO.

From a photograph by Frost, Toledo.

used by all explorers of the ocean depths.

In recognition of his scientific work, Admiral Sigsbee has medals and diplomas from the British government, and decorations presented to him by Queen Victoria and William I of Germany. It is an interesting fact that

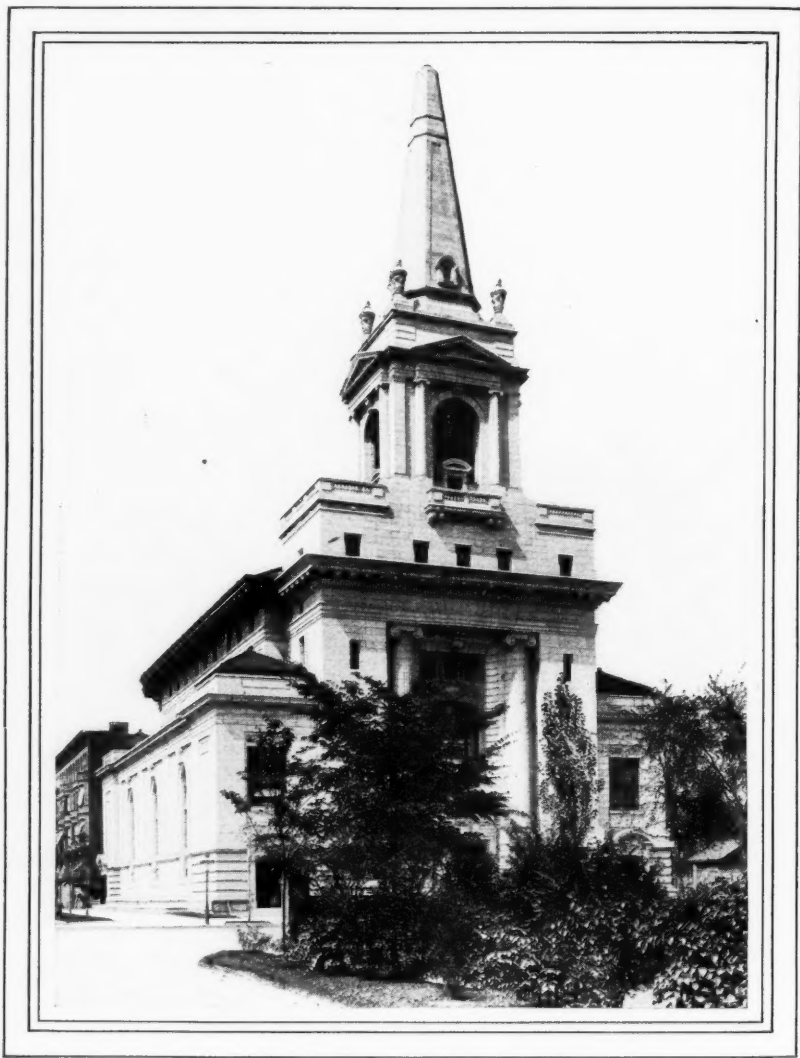
the divers who searched the wreck of the ill-fated vessel.

The Campaign in Ohio.

The most interesting State election in this "off year" of 1903 is that in Ohio, which will be decided a few days

after this magazine reaches the reader. General attention has been drawn to the Ohio campaign not only because the State ranks fourth in population, and higher than fourth in political in-

fluence, but also on account of the personalities of the competing candidates—Colonel Myron T. Herrick, Republican, and Tom L. Johnson, Democrat. Both came to the big city on Lake Erie, both amassed fortunes there, and both

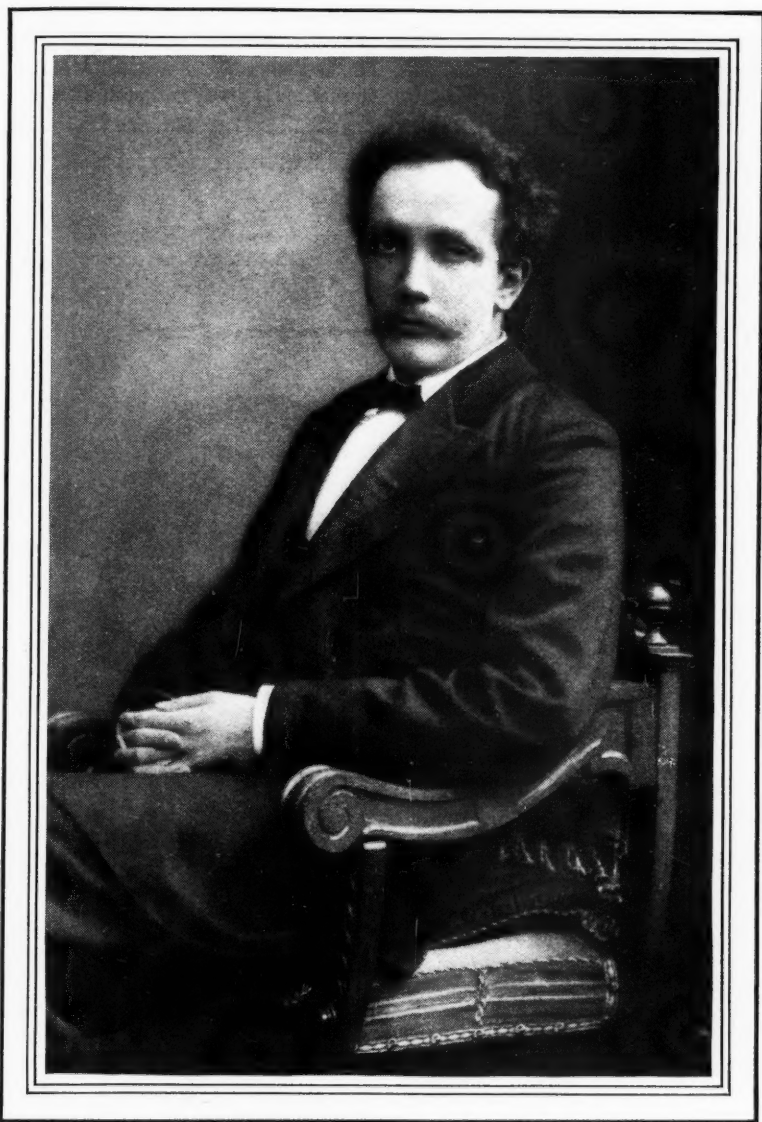


A COSTLY CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH—THE NEW FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST) AT CENTRAL PARK WEST AND NINETY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK, RECENTLY COMPLETED AT A COST OF THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION DOLLARS.

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Of Mr. Johnson a portrait appeared

in last month's magazine, in our gallery of Presidential possibilities. A good likeness of Colonel Herrick is printed on page 204 of the present issue. Both men were born in the year 1854, John-



RICHARD STRAUSS, THE YOUNG COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR WHO IS HAILED AS THE GREATEST MUSICAL GENIUS THAT GERMANY HAS PRODUCED SINCE RICHARD WAGNER.

From a photograph by Meyer, Berlin.

have become figures in local and national politics. Both have made their own way in the world. Colonel Herrick's first money was earned by teaching a country school and selling dinner bells to farmers. Now he has very large interests in railroads, banks, office buildings, and industrial concerns. He

is a thoroughly up-to-date Napoleon of business, whose amusements are golf and automobiling, and who has one unusual outlet for his energies in the valuable and practical aid that he has given to the social reform work of the Salvation Army.

No election is decided until the votes

are counted, but under existing conditions a Democratic victory in Ohio would be a decided upset. If the expected occurs, and Colonel Herrick is

elected to the Governorship, it will be practically his first public office, though he has served in the Cleveland city council. He has also been a member of



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DENBIGH—LORD DENEIGH IS LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COMMANDING THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, THE HISTORIC ENGLISH MILITARY BODY WHICH RECENTLY VISITED BOSTON.

From a photograph by Gregory, London.

the national executive committee of his party, and was a close friend of the late President McKinley. He is a man with a future in politics.

Tom Johnson's career—he never uses his full name of Thomas Loftin Johnson—has been more spectacular than that of his present opponent. Of his rise from the newsboy ranks, where his active life began, to the more select company of millionaires, a brief sketch was given in this magazine some two years ago (June, 1901).

Toledo's Monument to McKinley.

Probably the most important memorial of the late President McKinley that has as yet been completed is the statue unveiled at Toledo, Ohio, on the 14th of September last. It is a heroic figure modeled by Albert Weinert, standing on a handsome pedestal erected in the small park in front of the Lucas County court-house. It represents the martyred President standing as he often stood when about to address an assemblage, erect and silent, as if waiting for the applause that greeted him to cease. Modern male costume does not lend itself to graceful statuary, but the pose is dignified and characteristic, and the likeness faithful.

The monument owes its existence to an association whose president and moving spirit was Colonel Joseph C. Bonner, a leading citizen of Toledo, and a member of a family that has figured in the history of Ohio for five generations. The necessary funds were raised in a unique and interesting way. In October, 1901, just three weeks after McKinley's death, the booths erected for the approaching election were open for the receipt of popular subscriptions in any sum, however small. There were more than a hundred booths, and no fewer than twenty-six thousand men, women, and children contributed according to their means. Large amounts were not desired or expected. Five gifts of a hundred dollars apiece were received, but most of the money came in sums of a dollar or less. There was no soliciting of contributions, and the collectors volunteered their services.

The same spirit characterized the

whole movement for the building of the memorial, which was almost as much a labor of love as of paid work. The whole amount of money handled by the treasurer was less than twenty thousand dollars, but Toledoans claim, and not unjustly, that few, if any, equally worthy and dignified monuments have been erected at twice the cost.

A Christian Science Church.

The new First Church of Christ (Scientist), at Central Park West and Ninety-Sixth Street, New York, which is to be dedicated about the middle of November, is in many respects a notable building. It is one of the most costly and gorgeous churches in the United States. It is a large structure, of an architecture that is striking rather than beautiful, and its decorations, which are not yet completed, are extremely elaborate. Tinted marbles, fresco paintings, gilt metal work, and stained glass are lavishly used to produce the richest effects.

Its internal arrangements differ from those of the conventional house of worship. A highly modern novelty is the introduction of elevators, which will carry members of the congregation to the galleries of the main auditorium and to the rooms on the upper floor, some of which latter are assigned to Christian Science "healers." The auditorium itself is a spacious hall with a flat-domed ceiling, and with seats for an audience of thirty-five hundred people. "The acoustic properties," says an official description of the building, "are excellent, and the relation of the galleries to the main floor is of such a nature as to fulfil the needs of a Christian Science church, wherein a speaker should be able to make himself heard from every part of the auditorium."

Fully three-quarters of a million dollars has been spent on the building, and it is said that all the necessary funds were raised before the corner-stone was laid. Evidently the cause of Christian Science does not lack for moneyed supporters. In New York, Mrs. Eddy's much-discussed communion now possesses two of the finest churches in the city, both overlooking Central Park.

Milady of the Mercenaries.*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

THIS the fourth instalment of the story opens with all the principal characters on board the ship *Miranda J.*, which is taking a cargo of the munitions of war down to the little South American republic of Anahuac, for the use of a band of conspirators, also on board, who are planning a revolution. The conspirators are a Mr. Arthur, the real leader of the enterprise; his sister, Mrs. Lorrimer; General Lazard, and one Fetter, and with them they have Norah Malone, the daughter of the president they are planning to overthrow, and whom they are holding to force her father to come to terms. They also have another prisoner, Daniel Haigh, who has become mixed up in the affair quite innocently, but whom they have mistaken for a spy and cruelly maltreated. There is another man on board, whose presence has been unlooked-for by the conspirators—Jimmy Curtice, a newspaper man, who is a friend of Haigh and an old enemy of Lazard. Curtice has sought an interview on behalf of his paper with the captain of the ship, Hendry, who is an old friend; but he discloses such knowledge of the plans of the revolutionists that Hendry deems it advisable to drug him and carry him off. When some way out, the rest of the passengers are transferred to the *Miranda J.* from another vessel, whereupon Curtice, by a clever trick, releases Haigh and forces Arthur and his friends to agree not to molest either the *Señorita Malone*, Haigh, or himself during the voyage. The conspirators are compelled by the captain to live up to their agreement, but Fetter seeks to stir up a mutiny among the crew, in which he is secretly abetted by the mate, Tompkins.

XII.

CONSIDER the actions of a snake. When relieved by the captain at eight bells, Mr. Tompkins went below and to his room. Here he remained quiet for a space. Gradually the clatter of the breakfast things being removed by the steward subsided in the saloon. Mr. Tompkins opened his door slightly and gently, and looked out. Haigh, who sat at table, smoking, looked up quickly. His eyes met the mate's frankly, and he gave him a pleasant good-morning.

Mr. Tompkins was disconcerted; he had hoped and expected to find the cabin deserted. He dissimulated his emotion, and answered with heartiness, producing a cigar and requesting a light.

"I don't feel sleepy at all," he explained, "and I always like a smoke when I'm reading."

"Yes?" Haigh smiled. "Nothing unusual about that, is there? So do I."

Mr. Tompkins favored the young man with a sharp look and retired, shutting his door with unnecessary vigor. He seated himself on the edge of his berth and smoked more rapidly than is well if one would appreciate the worth of a cigar. There was a tense, speculative

look about his eyes, and he inclined his ear at an angle that would indicate that he was listening intently. He twisted long, lean fingers together impatiently.

Outside, Mr. Haigh was whistling cheerfully—and keeping the corner of his eye on the mate's door. Mr. Arthur came out from his room, stopped at the water-cooler, and then, nodding to Mr. Haigh, went upon deck. Daniel's whistle trilled *diminuendo* and subsided as Arthur's footsteps ceased to sound upon the companionway. Silence reigned in the cabin.

Haigh noiselessly changed his seat.

The ruse was successful. Mr. Tompkins reopened his door and peered out cautiously, then stepped forth, his footfalls making no sound. He had removed his shoes.

Haigh grinned and pursed his lips. Mr. Tompkins slid across the cabin, assisted by a quick lurch of the ship, bringing up against the door of Captain Hendry's room. His hand closed about the knob and turned it softly. It was locked.

At this instant Daniel's whistle broke forth with renewed vigor. Mr. Tompkins swore blackly—this was genuine—and rubbed his shoulder, making a grimace of pain, which was affected.

*Copyright, 1903, by Louis Joseph Vance—This story began in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"Making up quite a sea," he observed cheerfully. "Flung me right across the cabin."

"So it did, Mr. Tompkins, so it did! Looking for another light?" Daniel inquired with concern.

"Yes. I got interested in my book and let the thing go out."

"Too bad; that always spoils a good smoke. Here's a match." Haigh offered one, and then commented ingenuously: "But you've forgotten to bring your cigar. How careless!"

Tompkins accepted the match with silent wrath, and turned on his heel.

"Better take a couple more," suggested Daniel. "Then you won't have to come out again."

Mr. Tompkins slammed his door abruptly.

"Impolite devil!" said Daniel. "Hello!"

Norah came to the companion. "Won't you come on deck, Mr. Haigh? You should not mope below on such a glorious morning."

The invitation was not to be lightly disregarded.

"That fellow is up to some mischief," he thought sagaciously, "but I suppose I've got to go. I'll tell Curtice. Certainly, *Señorita Malone*," he added aloud. "Coming, and coming gladly!" He ran up the steps. "The top of the morning to you, *señorita*. You've brought the sun out with you, you see. How are you?"

This time Mr. Tompkins delayed not. He assured himself that the saloon was indeed empty. The voices of Norah and Daniel had died away. The mate carried a bunch of keys in his hand, which were greasy; for the keys were well, if hastily, oiled.

By a singular coincidence the ship lurched again, and again Mr. Tompkins bumped his shoulder upon the partition near the captain's room. With remarkable speed he tried two or three of the keys; one fitted. He slipped into the room and closed the door.

With something of the slick ability of a professional he searched that state-room thoroughly. His hands explored the berth and its bedding—now disordered—even going so far as to raise the mattress, that he might see what was

beneath it. So far he had his pains for his trouble. He dived into the small desk, missing nothing, disturbing not a paper, but found not what he desired. He picked the lock of the captain's trunk, and discovered there another disappointment; his search appeared likely to prove fruitless.

In other quarters he was equally at a loss. There remained—what that he had overlooked? Nothing! Mr. Tompkins scowled. Ah! An oilskin cutty-bag swayed upon the wall; ordinarily it was used by Hendry for his soiled clothes; but now it seemed to hang quite heavily from the hook. Mr. Tompkins lifted it down with a little hiss of triumph.

When he emerged, his pockets bulged suspiciously, as did his eyes. Beyond doubt, however, he was unobserved. The next room was Lazard's and Fetter's. He made for it; it was not locked. Mr. Tompkins hid two revolvers and a bowie beneath the pillows, and passed on to the berth of Mr. Arthur, where he left another gun. The snake allowed himself a smile of approbation; what a clever traitor he was, to be sure!

Next he returned toward his own room; but before he could reach it, Curtice appeared upon the stairs, pipe in mouth. He was humming a little tune which grated on Mr. Tompkins' nerves:

"They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark
'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look
'im in the face."

XIII.

THE day wore tensely to its close.

Mr. Tompkins, well knowing the captain's determination to remain on deck, watch in and watch out, until evening, pleaded an indisposition, and readily enough obtained the old man's permission to keep to his berth during his next, the afternoon watch. This he did with a deep purpose, resting and communing with the evil that was in him, reasoning that within the next few hours he would have need for his reserve strength. Moreover, with the captain constantly on deck, he was practically assured that the theft of the weapons would not be discovered until the second dog watch, at six o'clock, if then. And

Mr. Tompkins flattered himself that he had thrown that fat little fool, Haigh, and his fellow, Curtice, well off the scent; if they had shown suspicion in the morning, he had succeeded in allaying it with no great trouble.

Curtice! The mate snarled and rejoiced. "Scoundrel," the young man had called him; well, a scoundrel he was, perhaps—according to that milk-and-watery prig's lights. If so, Mr. Tompkins assured himself, he was satisfied; and full and overflowing would be the cup of his vengeance for those true words!

At noon that day, while they sat at table, Lazard and Mr. Arthur had found a way to let Tompkins know that they had found the revolvers. There was, moreover, a glint of approbation in Arthur's look which had given much pleasure to the mate. He valued the greater scoundrel's good opinion as better men value their superiors'. But greater than that, and above all, was the toothsome thought of his approaching triumph. Hendry should be deposed—and put out of the way, if the mate had anything to say about it, and he rather fancied that he would. The Miranda J. should have a new and better commander.

He gloated over the downfall of Curtice and the captain! What fools they would look when he had them in irons and the lazaret! Hendry was unfit to be captain, anyway; any man who had such danger pointed out to him and refused to see it was a doddering old idiot.

Besides, the captain was losing his nerve. He had never, in many years at sea, been much better than a pirate; so much Mr. Tompkins knew. And here he was showing the white feather, weakening and proving false to his employers, simply because he was scrupulous about his friends. Was that a man? The mate fancied not; he himself, well he knew, would stick at no such silly trifle as a friendship if it stood in the path of his future, of his desires.

Thus Mr. Tompkins, during a long afternoon which was spent by the man against whom he conspired in anxiously pacing the deck and keeping a wary eye upon the binnacle and the horizon. If Captain Hendry feared pursuit by gov-

ernment ships, no less did he fear treachery on board his own vessel. To be sure, he trusted his mate, and believed his trust justified. The man had hitherto proved loyal to his captain's interests, and Hendry could conceive no reason why he should now turn traitor. It was the temper of his mongrel crew that the captain feared, as much as the animosity of the Junta. Since they were weaponless, and the key to his stateroom was in the captain's pocket, the conspirators could do no great harm beyond brewing trouble with his men; but ten toughs, drunk with the black rancor of mutiny, were a formidable force against the few, the three or four, on whom the captain could count. Hendry had weathered many a mutiny, besides heading one or two, in the years gone by, and his eyes, if blind to the defection of his first officer, were yet sharp to see signs of disaffection before the mast.

So Captain Hendry trod the deck with heavy feet and a heart no lighter, rubbing his nose until that organ shone with an unnatural brilliancy. He was half minded to take counsel with Curtice and Haigh, but for the fact that he had little upon which to base his misgivings, beyond a sulky crew and Lazard's pertinacity in demanding that the captain should go beyond the terms of his contract and change the course for some undisclosed purpose. And Hendry was not inclined to alarm his friends needlessly; the more so since he knew them to be ever ready for what might come, as uncertain of their own safety and as solicitous for the *señorita's* as he himself could be.

At four bells in the evening, then, Mr. Tompkins came on deck, already swollen with anticipated power. His step betrayed high spirits, his mood and his manner were jubilant. He found that his watch had already been called, a new man being at the wheel. In the bow he made out Arthur, thoughtfully gazing out over the darkling waters. The figure showed black against the paling sky, and for the moment Mr. Tompkins was impressed by the self-reliant bearing of the solitary man. The very pose of his shoulders was impressive with the effect of conscious, if undeveloped, force.

In the stern Haigh and Curtice at-

tended the pleasure of the *señorita* and vied with each other for her favor. Fetter lounged, listlessly invertebrate, near Captain Hendry, who now approached the wheel-house. As Tompkins appeared, Curtice abruptly cut off a sentence and strolled forward. The mate saluted his captain carelessly; without attention the captain addressed the helmsman.

"How is she?"

"South a quarter east, sir."

"Hold her so."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"You don't intend to change to-night, then, sir?" Tompkins interjected.

The captain wheeled upon him, his face working.

"Change, Mr. Tompkins? Change? Certainly not, sir!"

"Oh, I beg pardon," returned the man insolently.

"What's that?" the captain demanded sharply. "Why should I change the course, if you please? Tell me that, Mr. Tompkins!"

"Oh, I didn't know but what you might——"

"Might what? Out with it, sir!"

"I merely fancied you might have reason to change, sir."

The captain held silence for a minute or two. Tompkins impudently inspected the binnacle, turning his back in order to do so. The storm burst.

"By God, sir! What do you mean? Who are you, Mr. Mate, to question me? You fancied, did you? Damn your eyes, you're not hired to fancy!"

"Have a care, cap'n!"

The mate stepped back, an ugly look upon his distempered countenance. He clenched his fists, then jammed them into the pockets of his jacket. To Curtice the action seemed significant. He came still nearer the two. Fetter, too, shuffled within hearing, and Mr. Arthur had left his place in the bows and was coming aft. The man at the wheel grinned sarcastically.

"Have a care, is it? Have a care for yourself, Mr. Tompkins! Such language to me goes beyond bounds—understand that! I'll not have it!"

"Softly, cap'n!"

Curtice laid his hand upon Hendry's

other shoulder, but the captain shook him off.

"I'll have a care, I'll fancy you, sir! Go below and keep to your room, Mr. Tompkins. I find I can't trust even you." The mate sheered off, sneering, and the captain turned to the little group. "Now, one thing you may as well know once and for all—you, Mr. Arthur—and you, Fetter, can carry this message to Lazard: I command here; I am captain, and he who disputes my authority mutinies and will pay the penalty. I'll shape the course for this ship and keep it what I please—and that'll be due south till we strike the Mona Passage. And the man who interferes or suggests"—Hendry hesitated—"will find it mighty darn unhealthy for him!" he finished.

Mr. Arthur laughed and lounged forward. Fetter vacillated, then followed Tompkins down the companionway. The captain, breathing fast, glared after their retreating forms, then turned to the helmsman.

"Now, my man, tell me again what's the course?"

"South a quarter east, sir," he growled.

"Then see that you keep it so, or you'll regret it!" He noticed Curtice. "I believe, Jimmy, that you were right; that fellow Tompkins is not trustworthy."

"I hardly think so, cap'n."

"Well, son, you keep your weather eye peeled, and if you hear something drop you'll know it's me settling Tompkins."

"Go slow, cap'n," Curtice counseled him. "I'm thinking the situation is mighty ticklish just now."

"You bet it is, an' Ephraim Hendry's just the man to clear it up, right here an' now. There ain't goin' to be no more funny business on board the *Miranda J.*, not if I know it!"

Hendry strode wrathfully away and went below, muttering to himself. Jimmy, disturbed beyond measure, joined Haigh.

"The devil!" he said. "I thought matters had come to a head for keeps that time. If ever I read murder in a man's eyes, it was just now in Tompkins'."

"I was worried myself," Daniel admitted. "We've a hard row to hoe before we win to San Diego, I fear, Curtice."

"No mistake about that. Where's the *señorita*?"

"Gone to her room. I got her to do so, fearing trouble."

"That's right, Haigh. We must keep her from harm, old man."

"We must." The little man sighed and fumbled nervously with his cigarette case. "She didn't want to go for a red cent," he went on. "I don't think she knows what fear is, Curtice. Have a smoke?"

Jimmy accepted; the yellow flare of his match apprised him that night had fallen upon the ocean—a fact of which he had been but dimly aware in his excitement and perturbation. He held the light to Haigh's cigarette; it illumined the little man's face, showing up deep lines of care.

Acquaintances may be many, but few of them ripen to more than that simple state of passive friendliness, to more than a knowledge of another's identity. We meet a man, take his hand politely, express an indifferent pleasure in learning his name; subsequently we "know" him—know him well enough to smile and bow when we meet, well enough to inquire after his health and to ignore his answer. Conventionally, he is our friend—probably in view of the fact that he is not avowedly our enemy.

We may see him a dozen times a day for years, we may drink with him, eat with him, accept his invitation to call and be courteously bored. We may attain to knowledge of the skeleton in his family cupboard, the amount of his income, and why he can get no more; we may even learn his age and his wife's, and her maiden name, and how she came to make so poor a match—as reported by *our* wife. And still he is not our friend, although men term him so; still we handle his name gingerly with a trite "Mr."—as if fearful of burning our tongues with the naked word.

We may know him to be a good fellow, may admire him, or look down upon him; he may have our respect, but it will require an emotion common to both to force us through the barbed wire of con-

ventionality into the pasture of fellowship, to drop the "Mr." and use boy-names—"Jim," "Dan," or what not. Take two men above the average in intelligence, above the sordid struggle for existence, and put them in the same house; make them live together for six months, allowing them their other customary liberties. At the end of that time they will still be flinging into each other's faces the well-bred "Mr." or "sir." But put them together on a desert island, make them fight shoulder to shoulder for their bread, or for their lives; in a day they will be familiarly Jim and Dan, and, barring a quarrel, will so continue ever after. The brotherhood of mutual feeling is a sure leveler of social bars.

This psychological moment had arrived in the friendship of Haigh and Curtice. Hitherto, Curtice had liked his fellow voyager, had imagined that he might come, perhaps, to a still greater liking; but the little man's superficial bearing had been—and it continued to be—light, somewhat frivolous. Haigh jested with danger in a manner that made Jimmy almost believe that he did not comprehend it; he had antics at his command, verbal capers to cut, that were mirth-provoking; briefly, he seemed careless, living more for the moment's enjoyment than for the higher joy of living. Jimmy had experienced some difficulty in taking him seriously. Now the sight of his careworn face went straight to Curtice's heart.

He put out his hand and gripped the little man's arm.

"Don't worry, Dan," he said with warmth; "we'll bring her through this—this scrape all right, never fear!"

Daniel caught the hand and shook it.

"That's the only thing I care about," he confessed. "Myself, I'm rather a useless ornament; won't make much difference if they should snuff me out. But she!"

The swift intake of his breath was his concluding eloquence. Jimmy tossed his cigarette over the rail and faced the sea. The infinity of eternal stars mirrored their restless, transient reflections in its eternal bosom. As he looked, a crescent of white brilliance rose above

the horizon and shivered the waters with pure, frigid silver, outlining with gentle radiance the masts and rigging of the ship, bathing its funnels, its decks and sides, in limpid light.

Curtice, too, caught his breath; the beauty of the night touched him no less than had the beauty of the woman whom he loved unwittingly, knowing not, as yet, that he loved. He ran his fingers through his hair and spoke aloud.

"What a woman!" he mused, as much to himself as to Haigh. "Lord, Lord, man, I've covered a deal of the earth in my few years, and my eyes have been open at that. I've seen women—all kinds and complexions; I've known 'em, and drunk my fill of their beauty. Some were bad to the core and glad of it; but mostly, I hope and believe, good at heart and pure and true. If I didn't believe that, I'd be mighty sorry for myself. Yes, I've seen beauty, and lots of it, but nothing that could compare with this girl. Like as not, one or both of us will get potted before we break with this outfit, but it'll be worth while, so long as we're trying to help her out of her trouble."

He broke off suddenly, and a trifle sheepishly, surprised at his own vehemence. Haigh regarded him with a strained attention.

"Did you ever love any of them, Jim?" he asked quietly.

"A few."

"And—and did they love you, old man?"

"I think so; perhaps one or two really did. I lay no claim to broken hearts, you know, but——"

"I understand," Haigh interrupted quickly. "You're lucky beyond most men, I think. I've been about a little myself; I've seen beauties, and, with rare exceptions, I've loved them all. But never a word of love for me from one woman I ever knew—barring my mother." His eyes wandered to the waste of spangled waters. When he spoke again there was a catch in his tone. "I tell you, Jim, you're lucky. I guess you've seen that I love her, haven't you?"

"You do? No, it's news to me. I wish you all success, Dan."

"Don't; it's only a waste of good

wishes. I stand no show. Don't you know that?"

"Why?"

Curtice was unfeignedly puzzled; Haigh appreciated that.

"Oh, the reason is not far to seek, as you literary chaps say. She loves you."

"The deuce she does!"

There was a ring of deep conviction in Curtice's amazement.

"Yes," Haigh went on; "and the beauty of it is that you love her. Didn't you know it?"

"I don't know it now, Dan!"

"Think a bit, man."

Curtice thought, and thought deeply, looking into his own heart searchingly.

"It seems to be a sort of confessional for us both, this night," he laughed without mirth. "I'm afraid you're right—about me."

"And about her."

"What?"

"Oh, I've been through it all—only it was always one-sided with me; and I've watched others, envying them with this empty, lonesome, envious heart of mine; I should know the signs by this time."

Curtice sighed; the hollow ring of sadness in the cheery little man's voice brought a film of moisture to his eyes.

"Maybe you're right, Dan; I don't know. Believe me, I hope not—yet. I'd like a fair field and no favor for us two. Let us call it that, Dan."

"Call it that, if you will; but it's no use." He gulped once, and then he chuckled. "Ain't we sentimental, Jim? I'm going forward to talk to Mr. Arthur. He looks melancholy. I'll e'en beard him in his maiden meditation!"

He patted the other lightly on the back, and made his way forward through the black shadows and the coils of rope upon the deck.

Curtice produced a cigar, and carefully cut the end with his pen-knife. Haigh's parting words had brought him back to the actuality of his situation. This was no time for love-mooning; were he not mistaken, there would be action for him before long. He listened attentively to the sounds from the cabin—the captain's voice muttering angrily, and Lazard's conciliatory replies.

As he waited there with his unlit

cigar still untasted, the companion-doors swung open and Norah came to him. One hand she held stiffly by her side, and when she returned his greeting she raised this, bringing from the folds of her dress the revolver which the captain had given her.

"Mr. Curtice," she pleaded, and he saw that her eyes were wide, though unterrified, that her lips were whitened, though steady—"take the revolver, if you please. They are quarreling dreadfully in the cabin. I fear there may be trouble—and you may need this!"

* * * *

As is not uncommon with men of his build, Haigh's footsteps were gentle, making slight noise. He came upon Mr. Arthur almost without that gentleman's being aware of the fact; if he noticed the approaching form he probably thought it to be one of the sailors. He did not move, at any rate, but stood idly blowing little trails of smoke over the side, watching them shred and vanish in the breeze. Haigh stopped and lit another cigarette. This caused Mr. Arthur to turn.

"Ah! Good-evening, Mr. Haigh," he said easily.

Haigh smiled quizzically.

"Ah! Good-evening—ah—Mrs. Lorrimer," he replied.

Mr. Arthur's face took on a livid hue.

"What!" he cried.

"Oh, I'm Little Bright-Eyes," Daniel responded waggishly.

"You're insane!"

"Deed I am not, Mrs. Lorrimer!"

A shot resounded through the ship—a dull, muffled tocsin. It was closely followed by another. Before the echo of the first had died, Mr. Arthur roughly pushed Daniel from his path and ran swiftly aft. Haigh, treading upon his heels, saw Curtice take a flying leap through the companion-doors.

XIV.

THE air was warm and soothing, yet dank and somber as if tainted with the melancholy of its vicinage, with something of the oppressive, heavy fragrance of the hot-house. Rank vegetation luxuriated on every hand in a certain ordered profusion. Wheresoever the eye

might wander it was rested by the rich green of broad-leaved tropical plants, of giant fronds of ferns, and of pines. This was relieved by masses of curiously beautiful purple and white buds, by the flame of the passion-flower, by the intangible iridescence of rare orchids. Here and there slender brown boles reared their graceful length high above the lesser foliage to burst, far aloft, into mop-like plumes of great leaves—the manacca palm. Through interstices in the riot of color the eye might catch glimpses of white mausolean cornices and façades.

In the foreground a broad, graveled path led to brazen gates guarding a small enclosure wherein a simple tomb of marble had been built—severe and imposing in its simplicity. Facing it was a marble bench, and upon this sat a man, his head bowed forward, his eyes staring fixedly into the vacancy of the past.

Here was a man in his prime, his frame massive, shoulders broad and square, hips narrow, legs long and muscular. His face was bold and sensitive, prepossessing, the features firmly limned, of the type of the Irish gentleman, of the old type of the Emmets, the Sheridans—imaginative, intellectual, entirely fearless. His height was great and noticeable, as was the fact that he was clean-shaven in a land where the flowing mustachios are favored. He was bronzed by sun and wind, and his darkness of skin was made the more conspicuous by the native color of his hair—red, uncompromisingly red.

This was Barry Ney Malone, president (for which read dictator) of the Republic of Anahuac.

Behind him some ten paces on the path lounged and chatted a group of men of his own race, careless, courageous, laughing, square-built; out-spoken adventurers, loyal fighters to the last man, true as the steel of their clanking sabers. These were the body-guard of the president—his Bulldogs, as they were called.

The murmur of their conversation came to Malone's ears, but he heeded it not until a burst of subdued laughter roused him from his reverie. Then he raised his head, looking toward the magnet that drew him upon this daily pilgrimage—the tomb. He arose and

stepped slowly to the gates of brass, there to halt and gaze wistfully upon the bronze lettering above the door of this house of death.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
DELICIA,
BELOVED WIFE OF
BARRY NEY MALONE.

He was dry-eyed, for years had cicatrized the wound; but beneath the scar the pain was yet, and he yearned inexpressibly for his dead wife, for the rare old days when both had been penniless in purse but rich in love. Ah, how sweet she had been, how trustful of her tall husband from over the seas, how confident of their happiness in the future, when she should have borne him a son—the son that proved to be not a son, but Norah! Had she lived, how proud she would have been of him as he was now! But then, had she not left him, would he have attained to his present position, the head of a nation? Was it not the loss of her, no less than the hot, roving, devil-may-care blood of the Malones, which had driven him out to seek death—and to find, not death, but high honor and the constant fear of death?

Eighteen years, the weary years wherein he had toiled and fought and striven and conspired and, at length, achieved—without forgetting! Would that she were with him now, to hearten him to face this slow, losing fight!

Passing his hand over his brow wearily, he turned away. This losing fight? Yes, his prestige was on the wane; he felt it, saw it, heard it, as he passed through the streets of his Guayana, nor did he seek to disguise to himself the imminence of his downfall. It was not that he feared exile, or the grave; from the one he would not shrink, when it should be a necessity, for he was very tired and lonely; the other he avoided only as one whose life is precious to another. It was defeat he feared, and the losing of that which he had gained by the right of might—he, Malone, who had never asked for quarter nor relinquished his grip upon aught that was his own! The thought that the conqueror might become the vanquished was insupportable to his proud spirit.

For nine years he had reigned supreme in Anahuac—nine years of peace, wherein the country had waxed to some importance, to prosperity, to material wealth, despite taxes which, he could not deny, were heavy. His eyes turned to the city of Guayana, his capital, below him upon the plateau.

The cemetery was set upon the rise of a little hill, but lately deluged with the perfervid rays of a declining sun, though now the shadow of the mountains clouded it, and the breeze gave cool promise of the sudden tropic night. The view gave upon a level, cultivated plain, lined with the roads that led to the capital; and in the center lay Guayana itself, a fair city of low buildings, light yellow and white and gray; of green parks, of broad plazas, of paved boulevards and wide, parked streets.

As the president looked, the swift-descending gloom was pierced and studded with the thousand pin-pricks of arc-lamps, and here and there about the plazas bright spots of color appeared as the gas illuminated the gay awnings of the cafés and restaurants. And then it was abruptly night.

Malone smiled; the city was his; he had made it, had built it, had paved its streets and given the electric plant to light them; he had made the roads that radiated from it, had caused the railroad connecting it with San Diego, its seaport, to be built. When he had taken it for his capital it was little more than a village of straggling mud huts thatched with straw. Now men called it the Paris of South America. If the profit had been his, his also had been the pains; his now should be the credit. Would the people forget? Indeed, they were very like to do so; they are fickle, short of memory, fond of change, lovers of excitement, those South Americans. He had been their idol, but he would not be dead or out of the country for one day before another would be set in his place.

One of his officers approached, with spurs rattling and saber clanking as he hurried toward the president.

"Your excellency!" He saluted.

Malone held out his hand.

"Late, is it, Kilrae? I hadn't noticed."

"Yes, your excellency."

The president clasped the other's hand warmly.

"Drop the title, will you, Kilrae? I'm that sick of it, and—and I'm lonely, old friend. Call me Barry once more, call me Malone. Are you thinking I'm happy, Kilrae? I've all to make me so, you'll agree—lands, money, position, power, eh? But what's left for me? Love, Kilrae; and where'll I be finding that?"

Colonel Kilrae, Anahuac's secretary of war and marine, fidgeted and pulled at his mustache. Loving this man as a soldier loves a victorious leader, loving and pitying him as a tried comrade and friend, he found no words wherewith to express these sentiments. A woman, and Kilrae would have found the way to console her; but man to man he could but have compassion. His hand sought the president's shoulder, and gripped it roughly in silent sympathy.

"Malone——" he said awkwardly.

But the president had almost forgotten him, and was barely conscious of his touch.

"There's me Norah," he thought aloud. "Aye, she would love me—God bless her sweet face! And thanks be to Him that she's north and safe! Let be; the bed's of me own making. But look, Kilrae!" he cried suddenly, sweeping his arm toward the city, with a gesture almost passionate in its intensity. "Look at her, the city I made—sitting so calm and stately and beautiful, the jade! She's proud, glittering with jewels like a courtesan—and as treacherous! Coquetting with me, making believe to please me, and plotting me death; thinking all the while she laughs and languishes what a brave sight I'll be making when I lie with a dagger betwixt me ribs! There be women like that city, Kilrae, but never did I think to see a city so like a woman. Have I not ruled wisely, Kilrae? It's a finer country now than when I got hold of it, for all we've taken. Aye, we've feathered our nests with down, me boy; we've taken what we thought we needed; but that was less nor others would have taken—less nor many another! And now she's weary of Malone,

is it? Let be; I've saddled the mare; out of self-respect I'll ride her till I'm thrown. Come. 'Tis late."

He passed his arm through Colonel Kilrae's, and in silence accompanied him to the gate. The group of officers separated, saluting respectfully, to allow the president and Kilrae to pass, then closed in behind the two and, with accouterments clanking bravely and cheerily, escorted them to the waiting carriage. Malone entered, and turned to his minister of war.

"Jump in, me boy," he ordered. "Give your horse to an orderly, and keep me company. I'm that lonely!"

Kilrae obeyed. A bugle sounded, and there was a hasty mounting. The Bulldogs formed a thin hollow square about the barouche, and then, to the clatter of hoofs, the creaking of leather, the rattle of bits and sabers, the cavalcade swept swiftly through the darkness, down the slope to the plain.

Presently, passing over a well-macadamized road, they entered the suburb where dwelt most of the wealthy of Guayana. Here speed was increased; with the horses at a rapid canter, they fairly flew through a mile or more of detached villas and *haciendas*, standing apart and at a distance from the roads, in spacious, well-groomed lawns. The houses glowed dimly with soft lights, giving the impression of richly-caparisoned comfort, of the solid luxury that became their owners. Malone regarded them with a cool, speculative interest, knowing well that here, no less than in the slums of San Diego, revolt flourished rampant, and stealthy, undermining intrigue bloomed by night. Leaving out of his consideration the neutral residences of the American and British consuls, there was not one house to which he could point confidently, saying:

"Here are friends of my government!"

Banishing this disquieting truth, he closed his eyes and rested his head upon the cushions, permitting the night air to caress his brow, to erase temporarily the furrows of his cares. A street urchin cheered him wildly—"Viva el presidente!"—and about Malone's mouth a sardonic smile wreathed itself. He

accurately rated the value of this passing, unsubstantiated enthusiasm.

The barouche entered the streets of Guayana, dashed across the Plaza, and at the bugle's call drew up before the city home of the president. His staff dismounted as a company of native soldiers filed out and formed in double line across the sidewalk, forcing back a crowd of inquisitive natives. The president alighted, and, with Kilrae at his elbow, hastily covered the distance between the carriage and the doors, his alert, nervous step betraying apprehension. The demeanor of the crowd was, however, apathetic; a few scattering, half-hearted *vivas* were followed by a quiet dispersal.

As the palace doors closed behind the president, the Plaza took up once more its artificial life. His arrival had caused hardly more than a momentary ripple of interest. The promenade of habitués was quietly resumed as from the band-stand the president's musicians hammered out a popular march. Beneath the café awnings the gas flared brightly, and the tables were filled with gay parties of brown, fiery-eyed young men and dark, slender *señoritas*, who sipped light wines and sangarees the while they chattered vivaciously, nodding significantly toward the palace as they exchanged the most recent jokes and squibs anent Malone—catchphrases of the street, savoring strongly of *lèse-majesté*.

Within, the president was saying to Kilrae:

"I'll take it kindly if you'll dine with me this evening—in me bomb-proof boudoir."

His tone was near to an entreaty; nevertheless, the request was a command.

The officer hurried away. Malone, clasping his hands behind his back and dropping his chin upon his breast, paced moodily through the long, silent, cheerless corridors which led to the steel extension of his palace. His mind had again reverted to his daughter. He struggled with his great desire to behold her once more, to have her with him, to hear the music of her voice—its deep-toned sweetness surpassing even her mother's; to know the velvet of her lips

upon his cheek, the satin of her palm upon his brow. The years were five since he had sent her from him. He wondered what changes time might have wrought with the girl, his only child and only kin, the sole being—barring Kilrae and, perhaps, certain others of his staff—to whom he was more than tyrant, man of blood and iron and ambition unlimited, ruthless despoiler of the land of his adoption.

He put the temptation from him quickly, fearing to dwell upon it lest he should yield and send for her to share his threatened peril, to comfort him in degradation. Beneath the hard, cruel exterior of this man, and the stern face that he showed his world to keep it trembling at his feet, there was the heart of a woman, crying aloud to be comforted in its sad estate, to be cared for and consoled.

His sins were heavy upon him. Much evil had he done lightly, and now it pursued him, and stalked him relentlessly, both waking and sleeping. The blood of men was on his hands, crying aloud for vengeance, and the sounding of it in his ears was never stilled. It mattered not that he had so transgressed the human laws in hot blood, in the delirium of battle, or in quick, blind rage roused by underhand attacks. Natheless he had sinned, and now the fear of God descended as a pall upon his soul. He shuddered and was afraid.

But if thus he pondered deeply as he paced the corridors of the palace, he was none the less alive to all that passed about him. His eyes were keen to see, his ears were sharp to hear, his brain was quick to move him to action. He saw the trembling of the portière as he passed a doorway; he heard the soft rustle of its folds as it was drawn back, and the shifty padding of feet upon the tessellated flooring. With a single movement he had leaped and swung about, a revolver in his hand.

A man who had been behind him paused for an instant, trembling, his face gray beneath the native dusk of his skin; a long knife wavered in his grip. Then, reading no hope of mercy in the wrath of his president, he flung himself forward, striking out wildly and at random, muttering to his patron saint

a prayer that his knife should reach its mark and save his worthless life. He failed. Malone fired and the assassin fell, shrieking with agony and dabbling the tiles with the stump of a shattered hand.

"You fool!" cried the president, standing over him, half-minded to settle matters with a final shot.

The wretch mowed and bowed in tormented appeal.

"Mercy!" he gasped.

Malone stayed his hand; the list of his slain was long, but he was no butcher, great as might be this provocation. He put away the smoking revolver.

The shot brought servants running, and guards and sentries. Kilrae hurried to the scene, haggard with fear.

"Who is this hound?" demanded Malone.

A dozen voices rose incoherently, protesting ignorance. They did not know—how should they? He had been seen lurking about the plaza, in a *pulqueria*.

"Take him away!" Malone thundered impatiently. "Take him to the Rotunda."

The naming of the dread prison wherein Malone had practically immolated many a would-be revolutionist, cartoonist, scribbler of scurrilous verse, or any who incurred his autocratic displeasure, brought fresh access of terror to the mind of the tortured man. He sprawled pitifully at the president's feet.

"Mercy! For the love of God, mercy!"

"Silence! Be thankful you are not already dead. To the Rotunda!"

"*Señor*," wailed the man in one last appeal, "I will confess—I will confess all!"

"You will, hound," said Malone grimly, "in the Rotunda!"

A file of soldiers took the man away. Blazing with exasperation, Malone's eye swept the frightened gathering, seeking for one whom he could hold to an accounting.

"Captain O'Mara!"

"Your excellency!" A young officer of the Bulldogs saluted composedly.

"You are officer of the day?"

"I am, your excellency—"

"Then, sir, tell me why you allowed my life to be put in danger?"

"Your excellency—"

"You will make strict investigation, sir, and report to me immediately—and answer to me with what excuse you may fabricate! Kilrae, come with me."

The minister of war, without replying, kept by his side until they came to the door of the president's apartments. Here Malone halted.

"By Heaven, Kilrae," he cried bitterly, "I think you are the only man whom I can trust!"

"Rather, you *know*, Barry."

"True. But, old friend, I know not whom to trust. O'Mara—"

"I'll answer for O'Mara," Kilrae interrupted.

"I'm thinking he'll be needing a sponsor."

He led the way into the apartment. Built as a refuge from both assassins and earthquakes, Malone's fortified retreat was joined to the rear of the mansion. Its walls, of rough-hewn stone, were of a thickness extraordinary, and were lined throughout, as were the ceiling and floor, with sheets of steel. Within, it consisted of a suite of three rooms—a dining-room, a library, and a bedroom, the former giving upon the corridor by way of a massive, steel-lined door. Here, attended solely by his body-servant, one Burke, the president ate, slept, and transacted most of his business—all that which did not call for his appearance in public.

In subdued silence, Malone seated himself at the head of the table, motioning Kilrae to a seat opposite. Burke stood behind his master's chair, a quiet, soft-spoken, obedient, unemotional, and faithful servant. He read trouble in the president's manner, and put a carafe of brandy in front of him. Malone helped himself to a stiffish drink; now that the affair was over and done with, he found himself terribly shaken, and strove vainly to control his nerves as the neck of the bottle chattered against the glass. Kilrae was moderate in his amount of liquor; he rose and drank, standing, to the president, who gulped his drink with feverish haste.

Neither spoke as Burke served the

meal. Malone, intent upon regaining his poise, swallowed his food hurriedly, without being conscious of its flavor. A generous claret warmed and strengthened him, and, the cloth being removed, he brooded over his wine and a cigar. Kilrae, aware of the workings of the other's mind, waited patiently for him to open the conversation.

Half unwittingly, being absorbed in introspection, and almost unconscious of his companion, his excellency drank overmuch. It is a failing of high-strung natures such as his—the excess that dulls the keen edge of sensitiveness, giving them respite from the mental strain of self-analysis and self-pity. He drank and drank yet more, retaining the clearness of his eye, regaining the steadiness of his hand; losing the use of none of his faculties, but rather spurring them to higher activity. He drank as strong men only are qualified to drink, and so doing forgot his desolation and the uncertainty of his days. He began to talk, jesting with Kilrae; he twinkled humor from his eyes, and dropped unconsciously into the broad patois of his youth. And Kilrae kept him company, bottle for bottle, not in the least unwilling to further the president's desires.

"Hippolyte——" he began, during a pause.

Malone's brows knitted.

"What of him?" he asked quickly. "Is he back?"

"This afternoon."

"An' th'—th' consignment, me boy?"

"Safe. The Grenada sailed at noon, bound direct for New York. Here's the purser's receipt."

He handed a slip of yellow paper to Malone, who glanced carelessly over it and stuck it in a pocket.

"Thot's twenty-foive thousand in gold," he said absently. "Thot makes ut down nigh th' mark I've set me." He drummed contentedly upon the table. "Ten millions av dollars, Kilrae, lad, an' ut's safe as ut were in th' Bank av England. Phwat do I care how things go, man? I'm rich; I'm thinkin' I'll be retirin' from th' business."

"That's a lot of money, Barry," commented Kilrae.

Malone laughed. "'Tis so, me boy. Well, I desarved ut. Look at this counthry—have I not made ut, eh? I have, and I'm but taking me reward. What's that?"

The door-knob turned weakly, the latch clicking. Malone rose, staring at it as if fascinated. He sobered suddenly, and drew forth his revolver. Kilrae, too, had risen, and now approached the door.

"What's that?" cried the president, a second time, in a sibilant whisper.

Kilrae paused. The latch clicked again. From without came a short gurgling sound, then something scratched upon the panels.

"Stand there, Kilrae! Burke, open that door!" The president raised his revolver and covered the opening that appeared when the servant stolidly obeyed, drawing the latch abruptly.

"O'Mara!" cried Malone, suddenly relieved, remembering his instructions to the young officer whose figure now appeared. "Good God! What devil's work is this?" he cried an instant later.

The captain of the Bulldogs reeled and lunged toward the man he served. His face was the color of fresh plaster; his head drooped low between his shoulders. The light-blue coat he wore was stained down the front a deep, wet black; but on the white-and-gold frogs the scarlet of his blood showed distinctly. In his hand he held his sword, snapped at the hilt. He struggled on, a dreadful, fearsome shape, until he faced his president. Then he raised his head, attempting to speak. A fresh deluge of blood spurted from his throat, and he fell, gasping and struggling. Presently he was still.

"O'Mara!" Malone was on his knees by the dead man's side. "To think that I mistrusted you! Me poor, poor lad!"

Kilrae, drawing his sword, ran out into the corridor. It was quite empty.

XV.

DANIEL HAIGH, with his heart in his mouth—and that dry with fear—pursuing the self-styled Mr. Arthur aft upon the deck of the *Miranda J.*, stumbled and all but fell upon the sa-

loon skylight. Recovering himself, he caught, through the opening, a glimpse of the interior of the cabin. He saw but half of a tableau; but it was a tableau sufficiently dramatic in its grouping to make Daniel pause and gaze, fascinated.

Prone across the center table lay the body of Captain Hendry, very still. The captain's outstretched arms ended in tightly-clenched fists. Beneath his head a little pool of blood formed thickly upon the polished wood, mingling with the liquor from a broken and overturned bottle. Facing him, lying limply with his head resting upon the cushion of the port transom, as if driven there by the force of a powerful blow—as, indeed, he had been—was General Lazard. He was, however, conscious, his narrow, pointed, olive-tinted face contorted with rage and pain. One hand he held pressed upon his left eye, while the other grasped the butt of an ominous revolver, from the muzzle of which threads of smoke trickled lazily upward.

Poised in indecision upon the steps of the companionway stood Jimmy Curtice. Behind him the doors were swinging to admit Mr. Arthur. Curtice carried a revolver, Arthur was in the act of drawing one, while, in that intense instant, Lazard raised his weapon and brought it to bear upon the head of Captain Hendry. Immediately Curtice covered him and drew trigger; the lock clicked sharply—no report followed. With a cry Jimmy threw himself, from the height of his position on the steps, upon the recumbent mercenary.

So much Haigh saw. Upon Curtice's action a shot rang out from the starboard side of the cabin; then total darkness drenched the scene. Daniel ran swiftly toward the companion, reaching it in time to intercept Norah. The watch on deck were close upon him; the men below, roused by the firing, came tumbling up from the forecastle. Haigh, beside himself with anxiety, seized the arm of the girl and threw her roughly to one side.

"Back, *señorita!*" he cried. "Back, for the love of God!"

Her white lips moved in agitated protest, but he had no time to heed her.

He saw Hentz, the engineer, rushing toward them, and called to him to detain the girl. The crew, growling and flourishing bare sheath-knives, obstructed the doorway, but he sprang upon them, elbowing his way to the front, with no thought of peril save that which threatened his friend, his sole object to join Curtice in the affray. The men seemed disposed to dispute his way, but gave him place sullenly, dismayed by his furious onslaught. Something scorched his arm, but he was barely conscious of it.

The saloon was still dark, its atmosphere dense and stifling with clouds of sulphurous smoke. Athwart the gloom red gleams flashed menacingly, and a fusillade of shots detonated in those narrow confines. A voice mouthed oaths, and another whimpered silly prayers vibrant with the fear of death.

As quickly as it had been begun the firing ceased, to be replaced with the sounds of a struggle—the trampling of feet, and hoarse, suppressed cries as men strained, fighting for physical supremacy. This, too, died out; and then the voice of Mr. Arthur rose in command:

"Tompkins, turn on that light. Fetter, you whelp, quit that whining!"

The mate obeying, the cabin was flooded with the rays of the electric light.

Daniel saw the captain as he had been, motionless upon the table. Lazard, too, was now unconscious; Curtice, falling, had all but driven the life from him. Jimmy himself lay helpless in the forward end of the cabin; blood from a cut in his head filled his eyes, blinding him; and Mr. Arthur's knee was upon Curtice's chest, while his fingers clutched the young man's throat. The mate stood with his hand upon the electric switch; he gasped painfully for breath, and held an empty, useless revolver. His eye falling upon Daniel, he suddenly attempted to load it. Daniel aimed for his head.

"Drop that gun!" he shouted. "Hands up!"

He was momentarily amazed at the expression upon the face of the mate, who regarded him with a look wherein amusement was joined to expectant

pleasure. Daniel heard Arthur cursing him as he peremptorily repeated his command; then a swift, stinging agony slipped in beneath his shoulder blade. He fired, puncturing the glass of the skylight. Without comprehension of what had happened, he felt his body slumping within his clothes, as if he was collapsing. He sat down, wondering stupidly why Tompkins had turned out the light; the roar of the sea in his ears became deafening. His body bumped slowly to the floor. Behind him, a grinning seaman wiped a bloody blade upon his own sleeve.

"How was that, Cap'n Tompkins?" He sought the approbation of the mate.

Before Tompkins could answer, a woman broke through the group in the doorway—a pale, wild-eyed, superbly enraged woman, Norah. She gripped the sailor by the arms and twisted him about until he faced her.

"You coward!" she flamed. "You infamous dastard! How dared you stab him in the back? You coward!"

Quite beyond self-control, her arm shot out, and the little fist caught the man sharply upon the mouth; her rings tore a ragged cut in his lips. He grappled, calling her a vile name. Tompkins, springing up the stairs, wrenched him away.

"Get on deck!" He thrust the fellow out bodily. "Get on deck, every mother's son of you! Go!"

The crew retired sullenly, grumbling aloud. Tompkins followed, and floored the man with a tremendous blow.

"You'll know how to speak to a lady," he observed, kicking him in the ribs. Then, as the man crawled away, "Henderson!" he called.

The man at the wheel answered.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How's her head?"

"South a quarter west, sir!"

"Make it sou'-west an' by west; three-quarters west an' nothin' to the so'thard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The vessel swung slowly to her new course. The mate returned to the saloon.

Norah had seated herself upon the floor, pillowing Daniel's head upon her knees; she wept silently as she loosened

his collar and removed his tie. Curtice was up, dazed, wiping blood from his eyes. Fetter had appeared, and stood guard over him with a revolver which shook dangerously in the coward's grasp. His face twitched spasmodically, and was of the hue of yeast where it was not blotched with dirty red—this although his prisoner was helpless. Lazard had come to consciousness, and sat brutishly blinking at Arthur, who was making an examination of the captain.

"Is he dead, *señor*?" he asked hopefully.

Mr. Arthur turned over the captain's body, and washed the wound in his scalp. He did not reply directly to the mercenary, but turned to Curtice as he ran his forefinger along the scalp, from the temple to a point above the ear.

"He will live; he's merely stunned. The bullet grazed his temple and cut a deep furrow here; but he'll come around all right."

As he spoke, Hendry opened his eyes and sat up with a severe effort. He attempted to stand, but was able to keep his feet only by clutching the table's edge. He passed his hand drowsily over his head; memory returned to him, but as yet he failed to appreciate the turn affairs had taken.

"Tompkins," he said slowly, pointing to the general, "bind that man and throw him in the lazaret. He shot me—that's mutiny, and I'll hang him for it."

"Go to thunder!" Tompkins replied contemptuously. "Don't waste your breath, old fool. You're no longer in command."

"What? By Heaven, if this is a mutiny, you'll swing with him! Do you hear me, sir? I order you to seize that man!"

Tompkins sneered and turned his back. Lazard laughed triumphantly.

"And I trusted you!" Reading complete defeat in the attitude of those about him, Hendry reeled to a chair and buried his face in his hands. "My ship, my ship!" he cried.

Ignoring him, Tompkins inquired of the leader of the Junta as to what disposition he should make of the vanquished.

"What safe place have you?"

"The lazaret."

"Very well, that will do."

The captain groaned. Hope left him; confinement in the lazaret would preclude all possibility of his regaining command of his vessel. Directly abaft the cabin and above the rudder is the lazaret, or "fan-tail." Access to it may be had by one small hatchway alone. Although, in some vessels, a space exists between the cabin trunk and the "skin" of the ship, through which a man might squeeze with difficulty, such was not the case with the *Miranda J.* Once immured therein, the captain knew well that they would be powerless to escape until such time as it might please the victors to release them.

"Is this necessary?" Curtice asked. "Won't you accept our parole, Mr. Arthur?"

"Decidedly not, sir."

"You are less generous——"

"Ah, but *we* broke faith with you, Mr. Curtice. Under the circumstances, we could hardly expect you to keep your word."

"Quite so. I had completely forgotten that you are not used to dealing with men of honor. Lead on, snake!" he added, to the mate.

Tompkins approached Daniel. Norah rose, facing him with eyes which blazed defiance.

"How about this fellow?" said the mate.

The girl answered for Mr. Arthur.

"You need not ask," she exclaimed indignantly. "I can tell you that you shall not touch him. He is seriously wounded—perhaps fatally. He needs care and attention, otherwise he may die. He can harm you in no conceivable way. You shall not put him in your prison. You shall not touch him, unless you have compassion in your degraded souls sufficient to make you carry him to his berth!"

The mate turned helplessly to Mr. Arthur; with his companions in crime, he was learning to look for guidance to this master of them all. Arthur inspected the injury in Haigh's back.

"You are right, *señorita*." The tone was grave but firm. "His condition is

serious. We will take him to his berth, and permit you to nurse him upon one condition only—that you will give your word to make no effort to release either of these men. And Mr. Haigh must not leave his berth upon any consideration whatsoever."

"He is little likely to," she responded bitterly. "He is worth more than all of you. Should he die—oh, if he dies!" She broke down, sobbing brokenly, so that her next words could hardly be distinguished. "I—I pray that God may—may visit his blood upon your guilty heads!"

Shuddering, Lazard piously crossed himself. Fetter sneered; since the crisis had passed, leaving the *Junta* victorious, he was trying to cloak his late cowardice with an assumption of airy, jaunty nonchalance.

"This is *so* touching——" he began.

Jimmy's hand fell heavily upon the foul mouth. "Be quiet!" he cried sternly.

"That," added Arthur, "is precisely what you deserved, Joseph."

The man's eyes filling with tears of weak, impotent anger, he slunk to his stateroom like a whipped cur.

Mr. Arthur was insistent.

"Your promise, *señorita*?"

"You have it."

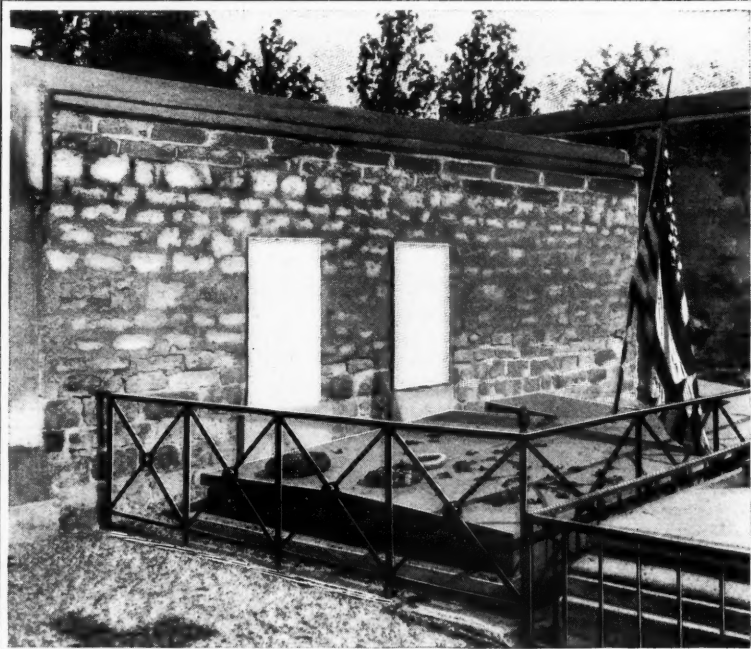
"Very well. Gentlemen"—he turned to Jimmy and the captain—"after you."

He saw the two men safely confined in the lazaret; then, with Lazard, went back to Norah and Mr. Haigh.

The young man had passed into a dangerous stupor. A cold dew stood out upon his forehead; he breathed infrequently and with much labor; extreme loss of blood had stilled his pulse to a mere flutter. Norah had done what little she might to help him, but that was of slight value. Despising and fearing the mercenaries as she did, she yet greeted them with relief, with a look of suppliant hope.

Mr. Arthur stooped and took the body in his arms with rare tenderness, and carried the young man to his berth. Despite his care, the motion caused the hemorrhage to break out with fresh violence.

(To be continued.)



THE GRAVE OF LAFAYETTE IN THE CEMETERY OF THE DAMES BLANCHES, ON THE RUE DE PICPUS, PARIS.

From a photograph by Pepper, La Garenne.

America's Tribute to Lafayette.

BY AUGUSTUS E. INGRAM,

DEPUTY CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES IN PARIS.

THE YEARLY HONORS RENDERED AT THE GRAVE OF THE GALLANT FRENCH SOLDIER, AND THE TWO MONUMENTS TO LAFAYETTE ERECTED IN PARIS UNDER AMERICAN AUSPICES.

WE are wont to picture Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, as the brilliant youth of eighteen, born to every courtly luxury, whose "heart was enlisted," to use his own words, when he "heard of American independence." It is natural and proper to think of him so, for at that crisis of our history his expedition, fitted out at his own expense, and his gallant services in the field, were of inestimable value. In view of certain recent criticisms of the young and gallant officer, it

is well to remember the positions of trust that were given him, and the words of praise that he won from Washington himself. "This noble soldier," said the great American leader of men, "combines all the military fire of youth with an unusual maturity of judgment."

We must also remember Lafayette as our able and constant friend and helper in Europe, cooperating with our diplomatic agents and rendering no small service to the rising young republic.

But when we visit his grave—not in

the Pantheon, not in the great cemetery of Père Lachaise, but in the remote and obscure little burying-ground of the Dames Blanches, in the eastern fringe of Paris—we are reminded of a different Lafayette. We see the sad, dark years that came later in his life, and the unpretentious tomb of his wife, close beside her husband's, reminds us of her heroic share in his sufferings.

THE LATER LIFE OF LAFAYETTE.

Soon after Lafayette's return to his native country, the French Revolution broke forth, and he took an active part in it. He was, however, too republican to please the aristocrats and too moderate to suit the revolutionists. Denounced by the Jacobins, he was obliged to flee from France, but was captured by the Austrians and confined in the damp, dark dungeons of Olmütz.

Meanwhile, in Paris, the Reign of Terror was running its course. Among its victims was Mme. Lafayette, who was thrown into prison, partly because she was the daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, and partly because she refused to disown her husband. Still more terrible was the fate of her mother and sister, Mme. and Mlle. Noailles, who perished under the guillotine. The scene of their execution—the Place du Trône, now the Place de la Nation—is not far from the convent of the Dames Blanches, where Lafayette is buried. Near it, also, was the deserted quarry into which the bodies of the dead were cast, with many others of the noblest of France.

After the downfall and death of Robespierre, Mme. de Lafayette was released, and soon succeeded in finding her husband's Austrian prison. Permission to see him was refused her unless she consented to share his captivity, and with heroic bravery she accepted these harsh terms. The damp, unwholesome dungeon soon seriously affected her health, but as she could only escape at the cost of separation from her husband, she declined to leave it, preferring to sacrifice her life. When the devoted pair had endured five years of imprisonment, Napoleon secured their release, but Mme. de Lafayette was liberated only just in time to die a free woman.

In 1815, Louis XVIII granted to the

families of the victims of the Revolution the right to be buried near their martyred relatives. Thus the little cemetery of the Rue de Picpus came into existence, and Mme. Lafayette's body was placed there. Later, the marquis—or General Lafayette, as he preferred to be called—was laid by her side; and their son, George Washington Lafayette, is also buried near them.

Close by Lafayette's tomb is an open iron gate, giving entrance to another small enclosure, the old quarry. Save for two or three tombstones, this spot of tragic memories is untouched and unornamented, the wild grass serving for nature's kindly covering. Over the gateway is the brief inscription that thirteen hundred and six persons executed during the Revolution lie buried within the enclosure. Many attempts have been made to have this painful record of those dark days in France's history eradicated, and the bodies removed to the cemetery of Père Lachaise; but the victims of the Reign of Terror still sleep in this quiet garden, whose tombstones bear the names of many of the greatest families of France. The convent grounds are secluded from the outer world by high stone walls, and the hush of evening seems to rest upon them perpetually. Victor Hugo made them the scene of one of the most striking incidents in "Les Misérables."

The chapel of the convent is on our way as we retrace our steps to the outer world, and we enter for a moment. Here, night and day, the good sisters offer up prayers for the souls of those lying within their precincts, and for forgiveness of the sins committed during the Revolution.

HONORS PAID TO LAFAYETTE.

It has often been said that republics are ungrateful, but America does not forget Lafayette. Each year, on Decoration Day, there is a pilgrimage to the little cemetery, flowers are placed upon the dead hero's tomb, and words of grateful appreciation are uttered. This year, General Stewart L. Woodford, formerly United States minister to Spain, was the orator, and among the many attendants was the Comte de Rochambeau, a descendant of the fa-



THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO LAFAYETTE IN THE GARDENS OF THE LOUVRE, ERECTED
WITH A FUND SUBSCRIBED BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF THE UNITED STATES—THE
STAFF MODEL USED FOR THE UNVEILING, WHICH TOOK PLACE JULY 4, 1900,
IS SHORTLY TO BE REPLACED WITH A BRONZE STATUE.

mous fellow-soldier of Lafayette. Wreaths of choice flowers were sent by the Lafayette Post, of New York, and by the Society of Colonial Dames. At an appropriate period in the ceremony, Colonel Clark, a member of the Lafayette Post, removed the faded and tattered Stars and Stripes that stood fluttering at the head of the grave and placed in its stead a bright, new flag.

Paris has other witnesses of America's gratitude to the gallant Frenchman who was her friend in her hour of need.

In the quiet, picturesque little Place des États Unis, under the shady chestnut-trees, stands a beautiful bronze group by Bartholdi, representing Lafayette and Washington hand in hand, with the flags of the two republics entwined, and an inscription reading:

*Hommage à la France, en reconnaissance de son
généreux concours dans la lutte du peuple des États
Unis pour l'indépendance et la liberté.*

Some years ago, some five million school children of America contributed

their pennies for the erection of another statue of Lafayette in Paris. The French government accorded a site in the gardens of the Louvre, and during the summer of the exposition of 1900 the unveiling was the occasion of a great manifestation of friendship between the sister republics. Paul Wayland Bartlett, the well-known American sculptor, was commissioned to design the statue; but as a good deal of time was necessary for the execution of the work, a temporary model in staff was erected for the unveiling ceremonies. Unfortunately, this is now fast crumbling away, but the permanent statue is soon to replace it. A particularly fine block of pink Tennessee marble, for the pedestal, is now on its way from the United States.

It is now hoped that the memorial will be completed by next July, when, with a renewed exchange of international greetings, the final dedication will take place.

THE SINGING BOUGH.

It was a youthful troubadour,
And he had made a vow
To make a quest at Song's behest
And find the Singing Bough.

His one desire it was to make
A lute whose heart had known
The melodies of birds and bees—
Whose voice was music's own.

Into the fragrant woods he went,
Nor rested till he found
The bough—a thing of joy and spring,
With leaf and blossom crowned.

Then fashioned he a graceful lute
With string and fret and key,
An instrument whose soul was blent
With breeze and bird and bee.

And happy was his youthful heart
When on the lute he played,
To learn how true it answered to
The music that he made.

Breeze, bird, and bee sang back to him
The songs he sang, and when
His heart was stirred somehow he heard
The Singing Bough again.

Never the woodland lute forgets
What gifts to it belong;
Unto the last shall it hold fast
To youth's remembered song.

It is an aged troubadour
Who plays upon it now,
Yet all you hear is youth's voice dear
Above the Singing Bough!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Foremost Jews of To-day.

BY FRITZ MORRIS.

THE LEADING REPRESENTATIVES OF THAT WONDERFUL RACE WHICH FOR NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS HAS PRESERVED ITS IDENTITY WITHOUT A COUNTRY OF ITS OWN, AND WHICH, IN SPITE OF PREJUDICE AND PERSECUTION, HAS ACHIEVED WEALTH AND POWER IN ALMOST ALL CIVILIZED LANDS.

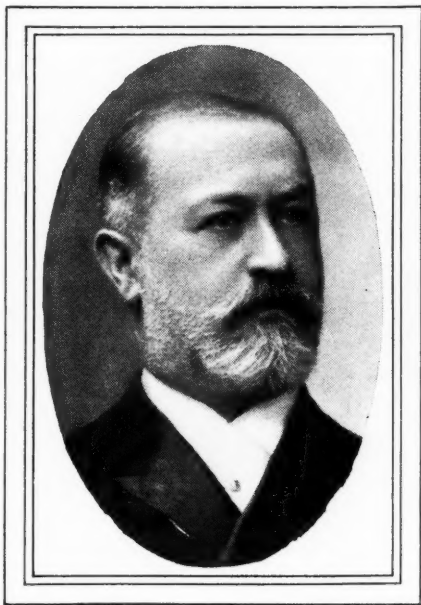
WHILE it is an indisputable fact that, go where one may, a certain prejudice will be found to obtain again the Jewish people, it is equally certain that in every country, and in every walk of life, men of Hebrew race stand preeminent in the front rank. This is not due to any favor shown them, but has been accomplished by pluck and perseverance, by brawn and brain.

A survey of present day instances may prove of value in pointing a lesson of

industry and endurance. In our own country there is not a State, and hardly a city of importance, whose Jewish citizens have not furnished their quota of public men. Long and honorable is the list of those who have served in the army and navy, in the diplomatic and civil services of our government.

PROMINENT AMERICAN HEBREWS.

There could be no better example of the Jew in public life than Oscar S. Straus, of New York. Mr. Straus was



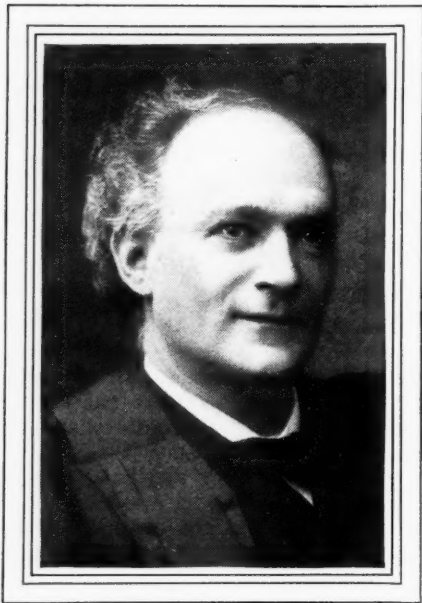
JACOB H. SCHIFF, NEW YORK BANKER AND PHILANTHROPIST.



OSCAR S. STRAUS, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY.

TWO REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN HEBREWS.

From photographs by Dupont, New York.



DAVID LEVENTRITT, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Fredricks, New York.

appointed United States minister to Turkey by President Cleveland, but he was more signally honored in being re-appointed by President McKinley, for it is seldom that a Democrat is allowed to retain so important a post under a Republican administration. Mr. Straus is a prominent business man and an author of ability, and is at present a representative of the United States upon the International Peace Tribunal.

A Hebrew precept says: "Thou shalt truly tithe all the increase of thy seed that the field bringeth forth year by year." There are wealthy Jews in New York, where wealthy Jews are many, who live up to the letter of the law. A typical representative of this class is Jacob H. Schiff, whose name is as famous in the charitable world as in that of finance. It is said that Mr. Schiff is a contributor to every local Hebrew charity, besides aiding many non-sectarian societies, and that the total amount of his gifts is more than a hundred thousand dollars annually; but most of his benefactions are anonymous.

Some thirty years ago there was a young business man in the shoe-manu-

facturing town of Lynn, Massachusetts, whose neighbors used to see him, in the early morning, and again when the day's work was done, walking up and down his garden with a book in his hand. That was how David Leventritt learned the law. Giving up his business in Lynn, he came to New York, was admitted to the bar, and became noted as one of the ablest pleaders practising in the courts of the metropolis. As a justice of the State Supreme Court, he has



COLONEL A. E. W. GOLDSMID, A PROMINENT JEWISH OFFICER IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

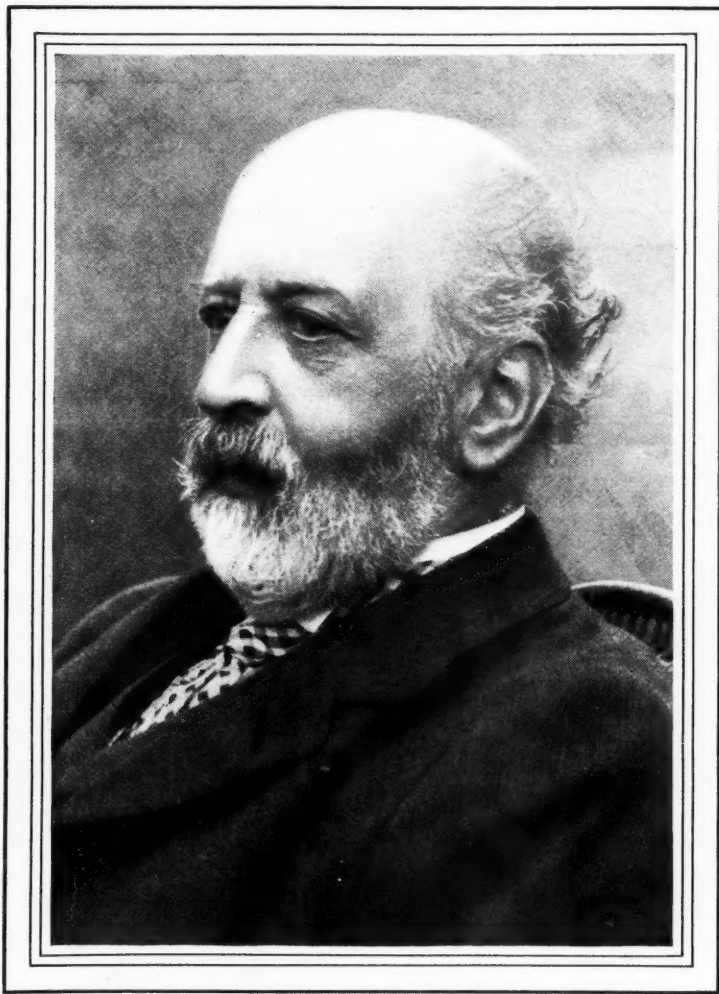
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

made an equally high reputation on the bench during the past five years.

BRITISH JEWS IN HIGH PLACES.

In mediæval England Jews suffered terrible persecutions, but the England

and literature, as well as in finance and commerce. The name of the late Lord Beaconsfield will at once suggest itself. The most brilliant of England's premiers since the days of Pitt had no lack of bitter political foes, who were ready



NATHAN MEYER, BARON ROTHSCHILD, HEAD OF THE FAMOUS ROTHSCHILD BANKING HOUSE, AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST MEN OF ENGLAND.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

of to-day is a land where the rights and liberties of the individual are carefully respected, and where the members of the ancient race suffer from no discrimination against them. Many of them have risen to foremost places in British public life, and in society, art,

to use almost any weapon against him; but when they asked "Can a Jew be a patriot?" there was no doubt as to the answer given by the voters of Britain.

English Jews are to be found in the House of Lords, in the House of Commons, and in the privy council. Most



SIR MARCUS SAMUEL, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,
THE FIFTH OF HIS RACE TO HOLD THAT
HISTORIC OFFICE.

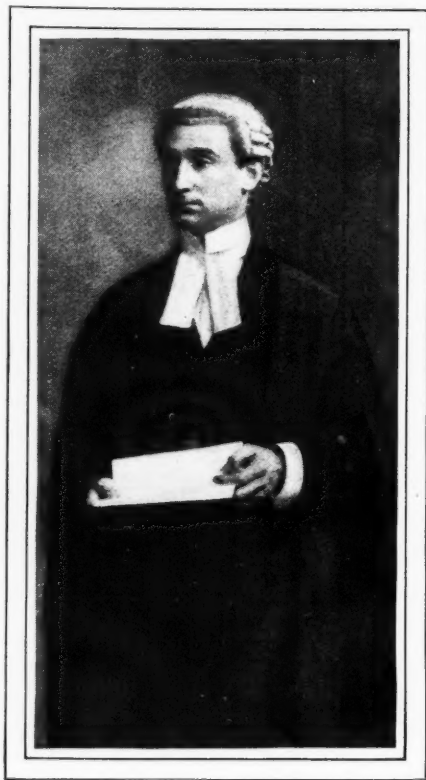
From a photograph.

widely known of them all, probably, is Lord Rothschild, a man of vast wealth and many charities, a personal friend of the king's, and the head of the greatest private banking-house in the world. The name of the Rothschilds is a proverbial synonym for financial solidity and conservatism. In London, a city of old-established firms, there are few who have occupied their premises longer than the famous Jewish bankers. The founder of the English branch made St. Swithin's Lane his home, as well as his office, for many years, and when he died abroad his body was brought there to lie in state. His grandsons have great mansions in the West End, and splendid country estates outside of London; but they zealously maintain the traditions of their business house. Its attendants are men who have the intensely respectable air of old and trusted retainers, open fires burn in the comfortable waiting-rooms, and there is a particularly rigorous rule against smoking anywhere except in the private offices of the heads of the firm.

The prominence and influence of the

Hebrew element in the business world of London may be gaged by the fact that within the past half century the English capital has had five Jewish lord mayors—Sir David Salomons, Sir Benjamin Phillips, Sir Henry Isaacs, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, and the present tenant of the Mansion House, Sir Marcus Samuel. Of these five, the two last-named have been specially distinguished. Both of them hold the rank of baronet, making their titles hereditary. Sir George Faudel-Phillips held office in the year of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, and took a prominent part in that historic function. He also received one of the highest Indian decorations, the G. C. I. E., in acknowledgment of his services in raising the famine fund of 1897.

Sir Marcus Samuel's tenure, now



RUFUS ISAACS, K. C., A JEWISH BARRISTER WHO
IS REGARDED AS THE CLEVEREST COM-
MERCIAL LAWYER IN LONDON.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



SIR EDWARD LEVY-LAWSON, RECENTLY RAISED TO THE PEERAGE AS LORD BURNHAM, PRINCIPAL OWNER OF THE LONDON "DAILY TELEGRAPH," AND ONE OF THE MANY HEBREWS WHO ARE POWERS IN THE WORLD OF JOURNALISM.

From a photograph by Barrand, London.

drawing to a close, has been no less active and brilliant. An English newspaper, in recording the fact that he recently entertained King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and that he was shortly to receive official calls from President Loubet of France and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, observed: "What a pity that the Czar will not visit England during the Jewish lord mayor's term of office!"

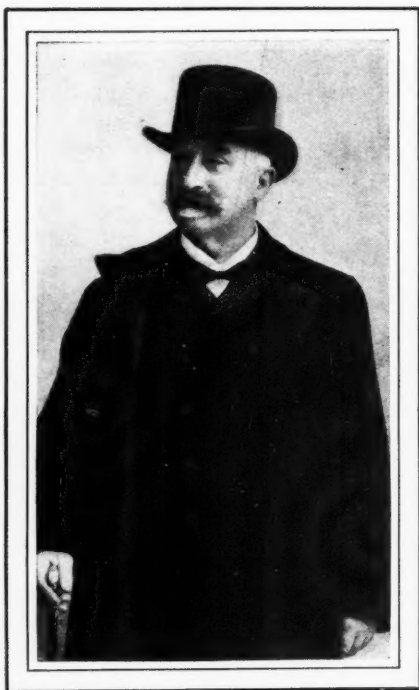
Besides the lord mayor, the present mayor of the most important of the London boroughs, that of Westminster, is a Jew—Captain Herbert Jessel, who sits in the House of Commons as mem-

ber for St. Pancras. Another typical Jew among the rising men of the day in England is Rufus Isaacs, who is one of the youngest wearers of the coveted silken gown of the "K. C.," and is regarded as the cleverest commercial lawyer in London.

British Jews are well represented in the army. There are about three hundred who figure in the official returns of the line and the militia as being of the ancient faith; and this alone, without including the volunteers, and without reckoning those who return themselves as belonging to other churches, is a very fair percentage of the English-born He-

brew community, which is not estimated at more than eighty thousand souls. Lord Roberts, some months ago, attended a military service held in the London Central Synagogue, and afterwards expressed his gratification that he had thus been able "to associate himself with the soldiers of the Jewish faith, who share with their comrades of other creeds the spirit of loyalty and patriotism."

The most prominent Jewish officer in the British forces is probably Colonel A. E. W. Goldsmid, who



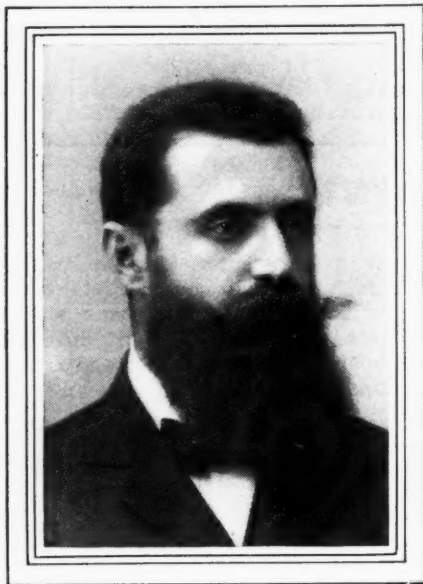
GENERAL OTTOLENGHI, ITALIAN MINISTER OF WAR.

From a photograph by Rossi, Genoa.

held important staff commands during the war in South Africa, and who has a long record of service in India and at home.

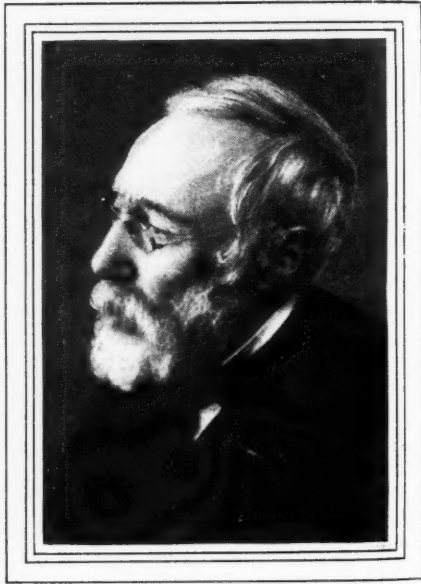
THE JEWS OF ITALY AND FRANCE.

Next to England, the European country that accords its Jewish citizens the most complete measure of legal and social equality, and the most honorable share in the national life, is Italy. Not long ago, when King Victor Emmanuel was in Florence, he gave half an hour's audience to the chief rabbi of the local synagogue, Dr. S.



DR. THEODORE HERZL, LEADER OF THE SO-CALLED ZIONIST MOVEMENT.

From a photograph by Löwy, Vienna.

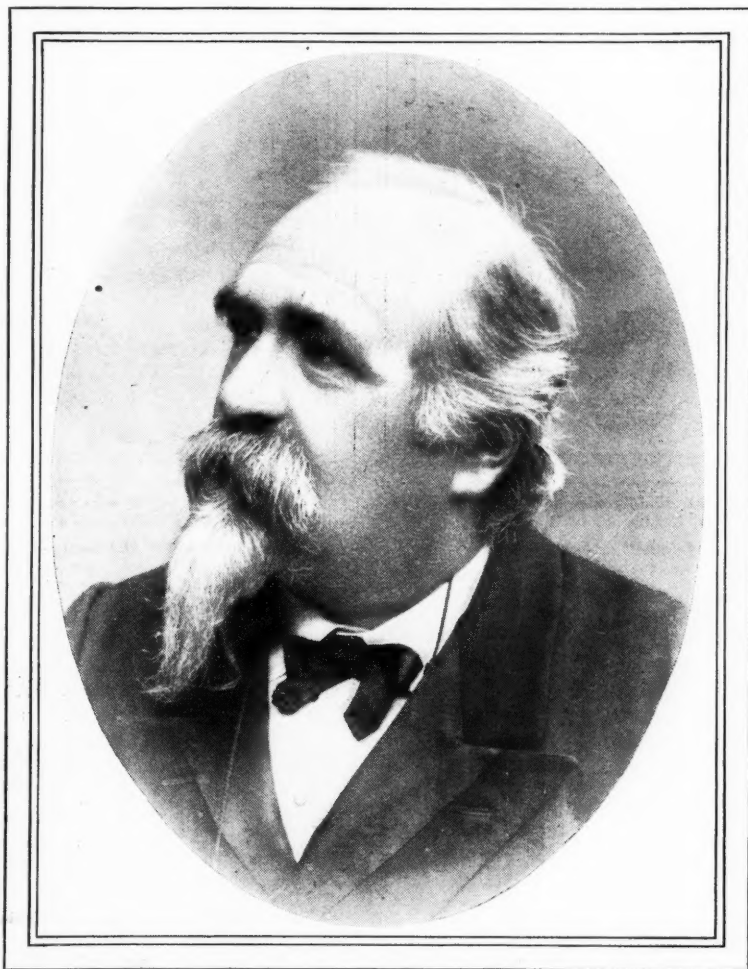


JOSEF ISRAELS, THE FAMOUS DUTCH LANDSCAPE AND FIGURE PAINTER.

From a photograph.

H. Margulies. The learned divine and the scholarly young sovereign talked of the latter's visit to Palestine, discussed Hebrew literature, and spoke of the

a favorite aide-de-camp of the late King Humbert, and was for a time military governor to his son, the present sovereign. Equally high political rank was



LUIGI LUZZATTI, AN ITALIAN JEW WHO IS FAMOUS AS AN ECONOMIST, AND WHO DID MUCH FOR HIS COUNTRY'S FINANCES AS MINISTER OF THE TREASURY.

From a photograph by Garutti, Treviso.

position held by the rabbi's coreligionists in various countries. Both agreed that nowhere is their standing higher than in Italy, and the king expressed his earnest wish that such might always be the case.

General Ottolenghi, the Italian minister of war, is a Jew both by birth and by faith, and the only Hebrew now holding a cabinet office in Europe. He was

held a few years ago by Luigi Luzzatti, who did much for Italy's finances during his tenure of her treasury portfolio. Signor Luzzatti was one of the delegates who negotiated the very important treaty of commerce with France—a service for which President Loubet granted him the grand cross of the Legion of Honor; and when King Victor Emmanuel established the Order of Labor,



LUDWIG MAX GOLDBERGER, ROYAL PRIVY COUN-
CILLOR OF COMMERCE.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.



PROFESSOR ALBERT FRAENKEL, A LEADER IN
GERMAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

From a photograph by Häffert, Berlin.

he was one of its first recipients, in recognition of his work as a founder of people's banks and cooperative societies. At the time of writing, it is announced that he will come to America to attend the international press congress in St. Louis.

France, too, has a former cabinet official of Jewish blood — Edouard Millaud, who has twice served as minister of public works. There is a certain amount of so-called anti-Semitism among some classes of Frenchmen, but Jews are promi-

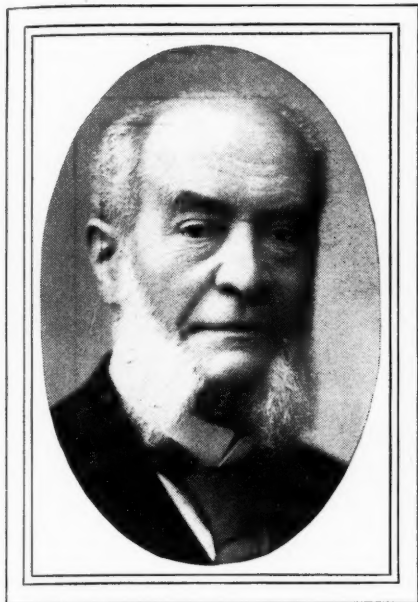


LUDWIG FULDA, THE WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT
AND LITTÉRATEUR.

From a photograph.

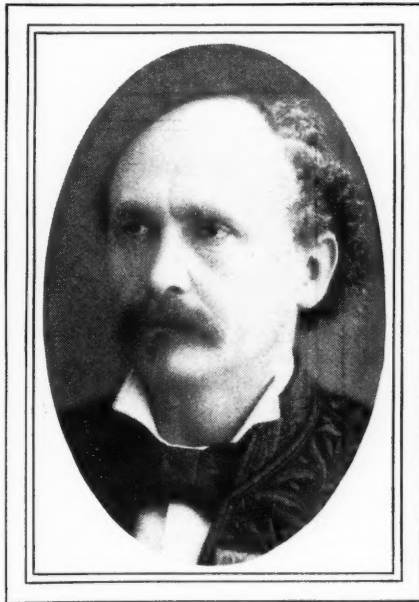
nent in almost every field of activity in Paris. There is one, Fernande Alphandery, on the bench of the supreme tribunal of the republic, the Cour de Cassation. Another, Maurice Loewy, a famous scientist and inventor, is director of the Paris Observatory. Dreyfus was hounded by haters of his race, but there are in the French army some three hundred avowed Jews holding commissions, among them colonels and a brigadier-general. No Jew

THREE PROMINENT HEBREWS OF GERMANY.



FERNANDE ALPHAUDERY, A JUDGE OF THE COUR DE CASSATION.

From a photograph by Petit, Paris.



MAURICE LOEWY, DIRECTOR OF THE OBSERVATORY OF PARIS.

From a photograph.

has penetrated the sanctuary of the diplomatic service; but everywhere else they are to be found in prominent places. It is worth remembering that Gambetta was a Jew; so was Baron Haussmann, the rebuilder of Paris.

GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN HEBREWS.

East of the Rhine, the position of the Hebrew becomes less favorable. In Germany, Jews are rigidly excluded from the commissioned ranks of both army and navy. In civil life, however, they



ÉDOUARD MILLAUD, FORMERLY MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

From a photograph by Piron, Paris.

have won remarkable success in many lines. There may be cited, as instances, Alfred Ballin, director-general of the Hamburg - American steamship company, whom the Kaiser regards as his right-hand man in pushing his ambitious schemes of colonial and commercial expansion; in finance, Carl Furstenberg, Ludwig Max Goldberger, and Baron Bleichroder; in medicine, Professor Albert Fraenkel; in art, Max von Liebermann; in literature, Ludwig Fulda.

THREE PROMINENT HEBREWS OF FRANCE.

It is strange that in Austria, where anti-Semitism is a much stronger political force than in Germany, Jews should

sonally pinned on the general's coat the medal that is the most prized of the many he wears. "For conspicuous and



ALFRED BALLIN, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY, A HEBREW WHO IS THE FRIEND AND POLITICAL ALLY OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

From a photograph by Van Bosch, Wiesbaden.

be well represented in the army, even in its highest ranks. It is said that there are no less than two thousand Jewish officers in the Emperor Francis Joseph's forces. Most distinguished of them, probably, is General von Eis, a veteran of half a dozen campaigns, and an intimate of the Austrian Kaiser, who per-

extraordinary valor on the battlefield" is the inscription upon it.

The dual empire has produced at least two other Jews whose names are known all over the world. One is Adolf von Sonnenthal, who is the foremost actor of the German-speaking stage, and who was recently ennobled by a special

imperial grant. Another is the clever physician and journalist known as Max Nordau, author of "Degeneration," a book that had a deep influence on modern thought. Dr. Nordau has lived in Paris for twenty years as the representative of a German newspaper, and he has been ranked with Heine and the late Henri de Blowitz—both of them Jews, by the way—as one of the most celebrated foreign correspondents in Parisian journalism, but he was

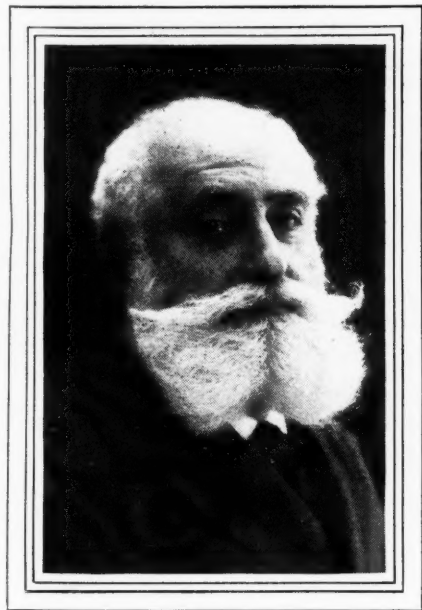


ADOLF VON SONNENTHAL, THE FOREMOST ACTOR
OF THE GERMAN-SPEAKING STAGE.

From a photograph by Szekely, Vienna.

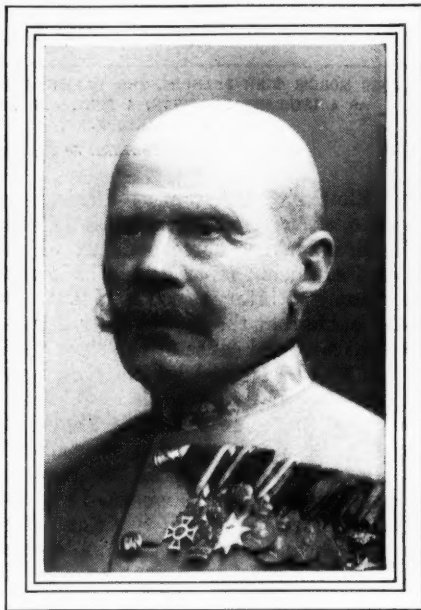
born in Budapest, the son of a rabbi, Dr. Gabriel Südfeld.

It may be observed here that the Hebrew element is extremely strong in the newspaper world—so strong that it has been said, and with a certain measure of truth, that the Jewish race controls the press of Europe. Lord Rothschild is believed to be the largest stockholder in the London *Times*, and of late years many of that famous journal's leading employees, besides M. de Blowitz, have been Jews.



DR. MAX SIMON NORDAU, PHYSICIAN, JOURNALIST,
AND AUTHOR.

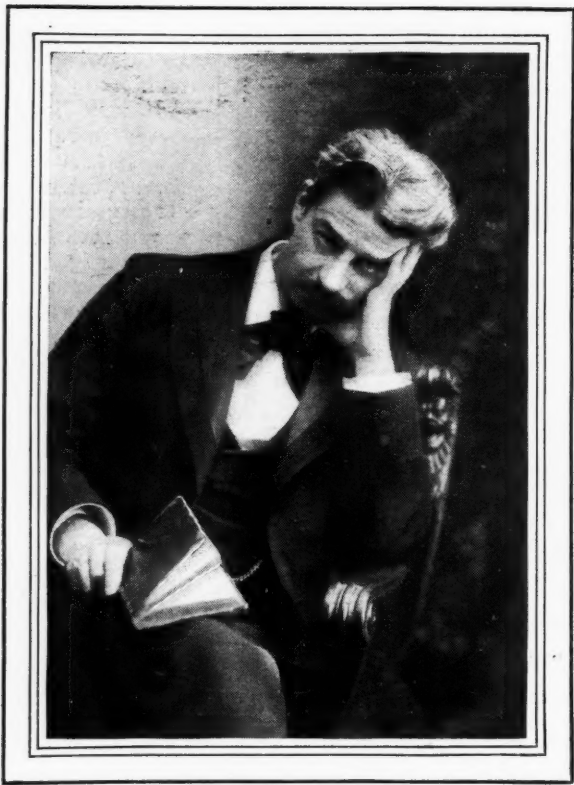
From a photograph by Gerschel, Paris.



GENERAL VON EIS, A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER OF
THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

From a photograph by Pietzner, Vienna.

THREE WELL-KNOWN AUSTRIAN HEBREWS.



GEORG MORRIS COHN BRANDES, THE DANISH JEW WHO IS FAMOUS AS A LITERARY HISTORIAN, A POET, AND AN AUTHORITY ON SHAKESPEARE.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

De Blowitz' successor at Paris, Mr. Lavino, is one of these; another is Mr. Braham, the correspondent whose recent expulsion from Russia bade fair to become an international incident. It is probable that the fact of his race was at least a partial cause of the rigor with which he was treated by the Muscovite authorities. The *Daily Telegraph*, which perhaps stands next to the *Times* in prestige among the London newspapers, is mainly the property of Sir Edward Levy-Lawson, whose name was Levy before he added its present suffix, and who has just been created a peer under the style and title of Lord Burnham. On the European continent, the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* is one of many prominent journals controlled by Jewish owners. And the Hebrew influence is equally in evidence in New York, where the *World*

and the *Times*, two of the three leading daily newspapers, are owned by members of the ancient race.

A DARK SPOT ON THE JEWISH MAP.

The position of the Jews in Russia is so sore a subject that the less we speak of it the better. Suffice it to say that the Muscovite government's attitude toward its Hebrew subjects is practically that which the western nations abandoned when they emerged from the darkness of medievalism into the light of modernity. Responsibility for this condition of things does not rest with the Czar; the fact that it exists is one of many proofs that his supposed autocratic power is paralyzed by the reactionary bureaucracy that stands between him and the reforms he would fain inaugurate. There are Jews who have found high favor with him—such as M. Warshavski,

the banker, Dr. Drabkin, and especially Baron Günsberg, the financier and philanthropist.

Baron Günsberg's career is a proof of the fact that the most severe repression cannot wholly prevent the Jew from finding his way to the front. He is a Hebrew of the strictest and most orthodox type, who has made no concession to Russian prejudice. His home is a truly Jewish one of the old type, where not only are Sabbaths and festivals scrupulously observed, but even the smallest rites and customs are faithfully kept up. The baron was formerly a member of the city council of St. Petersburg, but lost his seat under a new regulation excluding Jews from municipal office. He has served, however, on several government commissions, and heads of bureaus have consulted him as

an unofficial representative of his race. When he celebrated his seventieth birthday, last January, several of the Czar's ministers called upon him in person, and the emperor sent an aide-de-camp to offer congratulations.

LEADING JEWS OF OTHER LANDS.

Turkey is not regarded as an enlightened country, but the position of the Jew is better in the Sultan's dominions than in those of the Czar. Among the Turkish Hebrews who hold high positions in various fields are Isaac Bey, an admiral in the navy; Elias Pasha, oculist to the Sultan; and Castro Bey, a leading physician.

Three famous Jews who have not as yet been mentioned are George Brandes, the Danish scholar and historian, whose book on Shakespeare is probably the best summary of all that we know of the great Elizabethan dramatist; Josef Israels, the Dutch landscape and figure painter, a veteran who stands in the very first rank of European artists, and Dr. Herzl, of Vienna, the leader of the so-called Zionist movement, which aims to colonize Palestine with Hebrew settlers.

In conclusion, I will give three quotations which are significant of the position held by the Jews in America two centuries ago and the place they have gained to-day. One is from the records

of a meeting of the New York common council, in September, 1685:

The petition of Saul Browne recommended by the governor was read, and the Council's opinion indorsed thereupon was that no Jew ought to sell by retails within this Citty, but may by whole sale if the Governor think fit to permit the same.

The second is from a recent utterance of a well-known New Yorker—not a Jew himself:

The Jew crowds to the front in everything. I, for one, am a firm believer in the immigran Jew and his boy. Ignorant they are, but with a thirst for knowledge that surmounts any barrier. The boy takes all the prizes in the school. His comrades sneer that he will not fight. Neither will he, when there is nothing to be gained by it; yet in defense of his rights there is in all the world no such fighter as he. Literally, he will die fighting by inches. Witness his strikes! I believe that should the time come when the country needs fighting men, the son of the despised Jew will resurrect on American soil—the first that bade him welcome—the old Maccabee type, and set an example for all the rest of us to follow.

And in support of this I will quote a couple of sentences from one of President Roosevelt's speeches:

At Santiago one of the best officers in the regular regiments who fought beside me was a Hebrew. One of the commanders of the ships that did so well in the blockade of the Cuban coast was a Hebrew.

It may be of interest to add that the officers referred to were Major Ebstein, of the Nineteenth Infantry, and Commander Adolph Marix, United States Navy.

A MAN AND A WOMAN.

I.—HE.

I SAILED the silver lake with her to-day—
Her that is famed for riches of the earth;
But I, who love her, hid my love away,
And hushed my yearning with a careless mirth.

I conned the ease and comfort of her life;
Her beauty, could it bear the storms with me?
Dear heart, I dare not claim thee bride and wife,
For I am wedded unto poverty!

II.—SHE.

I sailed the silver lake with him to-day—
Him that is famed for gallantry and truth;
I saw his manly muscles lift and play,
Tanned by the sun, and lean and strong with youth.

I measured out the riches of his life—
A heart content, and youth and strength and health;
Oh, love, be quick to claim me bride and wife,
And let me share the bounty of thy wealth!

Aloysius Coll.

A Daughter of the States.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

JESSIE GOLDING, the daughter of a wealthy American, is a passenger on the *Winona*, chaperoned by her aunt, and bound for England, where she is to marry Lord Eastry, when she meets Murray West, who interests her, despite the fact that his somewhat unprepossessing appearance has made him known to the other passengers as the Rogue. In conversation with her, West cheerfully owns up to being a man "with a past," and then angers the girl by characterizing her approaching marriage as the selling of her birth-right for a castle and three generations of blackguardism. But later there is an accident on board the steamer, and West is instrumental in saving a number of lives; whereupon he is restored to favor. Jessie tells Murray of her grief at the death of her brother, who was shot during a fracas at Jackson City, and she bitterly denounces his slayer. Murray acknowledges having witnessed the shooting of Lionel Golding, and tells the girl that he was not murdered, but refuses to give her any further details of the affair. This causes another rupture in their friendly intercourse, but it is resumed later when they are thrown together during the confusion resulting from another bad accident which happens to the steamer. She has broken her propeller shaft, and while she is helplessly adrift on the ocean a fog arises, during which another vessel runs into her and sinks her. Murray and Jessie escape on a small life-raft, and are espied some hours later by the lookout on the *Royal Scot*, a tramp steamer carrying arms to the Venezuelan revolutionists, and picked up. But their condition is not much improved, for the captain of the ship, Tod Keen, is a low ruffian, and the crew—with the exception of the mate, Fenton, and one or two others—are no better. It is not long before Murray incurs the enmity of Captain Keen, and the latter tries to murder him. But West is watching, and the scene culminates in a furious attack made on Murray and Fenton by the captain, backed up by the crew, with the result that Keen is accidentally slain by one of his own men, and the crew temporarily subdued. Not long afterward, the *Royal Scot* is pursued by a Venezuelan gunboat, and while striving to escape, their course leads them within the zone of the death-dealing volcano Mount Pelée. Murray and Jessie are among the few survivors when they are finally rescued by an American battleship. Some weeks later they reach London, where, owing to the death of a relative, Murray West comes into the title of Lord Woodridge. A reporter who comes to interview him tells him that many of the *Winona's* passengers were rescued, including Miss Golding's aunt.

XVIII (Continued).

"AND you, my lord," the talkative reporter went on; "have you any plans?"

"Plans?" returned Murray. "What do you mean by plans?"

"Well, I mean—that is, do you know what you are going to do now?"

"My dear sir, does any man with ideas know what he is going to do now?"

"Yes, my lord, but about the future."

"Oh, the future! Well, I am going to lunch at one o'clock and to take the afternoon train to London. Permit me to wish you good morning—and thank you, I shall not want a copy of your paper."

The young man gathered his papers together with nervous haste and bowed himself out of the room as quickly as he could. In the hall below he confessed to the porter that he would sooner have entered a lion's den.

"You are right," he said. "He looks into your chest and out at your back. I shan't feel safe until I am back in the office."

Murray waited until there was no possibility of the interviewer returning, and then he dressed himself with some haste and his customary indifference. This was the first time that any one had addressed him by that title which the accident of birth and death had made his. Seven months ago his uncle, the Earl of Woodridge, had died very suddenly at the old house in Suffolk; and while two sons stood between Murray and the title when he went to America to seek his fortunes and to forget, the Natal campaign contrived this singular volte-face and made him the new earl.

In so far as it terminated his immediate difficulties, and gave him the right once more to stand *par inter pares* he was grateful to fortune; but he did not believe himself to be possessed of those somewhat commonplace qualities which are necessary to a peerage. Democratic America had taught him a good contempt for those empty sounds which would catalogue the whole order of men and pronounce these the socially elect and those the socially damned. He would not admit

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that he could ever hear himself called "Lord Woodridge" without a sense of the ridiculous. His tastes, his ways of thought, his hard life, had robbed him of the primitive British respect for classes; and there was no article of his faith which endowed him with the smallest reverence for state or condition. Nevertheless, he understood that he must pay some penalty to riches, and there was enough of the born aristocrat in him to prevent any false step which would have been a scandal to his fellows. Indeed, nature had gifted him with many true traits of a nobility not always found among nobles; and this inborn dignity of manner was not a little responsible for his unfailing influence with women.

He dressed hastily, we say, and with a preoccupation which was but one of the many witnesses to mental unrest and very real anxieties. Destiny had set him at last side by side upon an English shore with the woman he loved; and the first act he contemplated was separation, complete and final, from the gentle companion of his misfortunes.

Two reasons, each uncontrovertible in his opinion, were the justification of a course so difficult and in some ways so inexplicable. Jessie, he said, was not a free agent, nor was England likely to make her one. The betrothed of another, he, Murray, would sooner have cut off his right hand than have asked her to be his wife. Even had there been no engagement, and had the name of Gerald, Baron Eastry, been erased from the peerage, he would still have kept silent and let her go. The suspicion which rogues had cast upon him must remain to blight his life and to seal his lips.

He knew that he would be unwise among fools to marry Jessie until he could go to her and say: "Thus Lionel died—there is the hand which killed him." And such a confession might never be made. He had pledged his word to one who, for all he knew, was among the dead whom the sea had claimed. Certain news he had none; but the telegrams said nothing of Herbert Laidlaw, nor was that name in any list which had come to him from the shipping offices. He believed that his friend was dead, and in death had inflicted this great wrong upon him—that he could win nothing now of life nor set any hope upon his future. How much the resolution cost him even Jessie would never learn. His hand trembled, his face was that of an old man, when he left his room at last to say farewell to her.

How hard it was! She had never looked so girlish as she looked that morning, half sitting, half lying, upon a heavy couch, and wearing a gown of so faint a shade of pink that rose-leaves might have stood for its warp and threads of silver for its woof. Twenty days of dreamy life upon a lazy ship had endowed her with new gifts of health and vivacity; and as she reclined there, with the sunshine upon her flaxen hair, and the animation of youth in every gesture, she might well have stood for the fairest type of America's daughters, of their beauty and their energies.

Jessie was animated by strange uncertainties, and her abounding vivacity owed not a little to that vague pleasure of the unknown which surpasses so surely any happiness of realization. She knew—what woman ever remains in ignorance?—that she had won a brave man's love, and she imagined that such an accident could not fail to bear its early consequences. To-day or to-morrow—what mattered it which?—the silent companion of her Odyssey would forget his silence and claim her answer.

She had determined already that she would let her own heart and circumstances guide her. She knew nothing whatever of Murray West, save that he was a nomad who had spent ten wild years in America; but she anticipated that he would tell her all, the best and the worst, dispelling the darkness of the mystery. Jessie believed that she could love Murray with all her heart and soul; but that love would not be wholly given until he had spoken and her patient trust had been rewarded. And she made sure that he would speak to-day; for if he did not speak, the silence would be forever.

She met him with a bright smile and stood up at once as he entered, offering him her hand and pointing to a vase of great white roses which was the chief ornament of her table. For an instant their fingers were interlocked, and both their hearts beat more quickly at that mutual touch.

"Why can't I live without roses, Murray? How good of you it was, though!"

"Oh, nonsense! Flowers were made for women's hearts. I want to speak to you, Jessie—a real straight talk between two dear friends. Have you time for that?"

He let her hand drop and set a chair close by the sofa. Something in his manner checked the freshest of her welcome, and she sought to hide the intensity of her own feelings by a meaningless babble of common talk.

"If I have time! Why, what should I

do if I wasn't talking, Murray? Do you know that I've had half the dressmakers in Liverpool here this morning? You must think I am going to Buckingham Palace. But it's good of you—and I could cry when I remember all you've done for me."

"It will be my turn to cry if you so much as mention it. How do I know that you are not going to Buckingham Palace? As the wife of a—well, a somewhat notorious peer, I should say your destination is assured. Let us talk of something else. When do you expect your father here?"

The tears had welled up in Jessie's eyes when he spoke of Lord Eastry and her marriage; but the discreet question saved her from the impulse which would have cast her in unwomanly humility at his feet, that she might sob her confession there and say: "I love you—take me, Murray, do with me what you will!"

Her eyes were averted when she answered him.

"The cable says that my father will take the first steamer. To-day is Tuesday, so he will be here on Thursday week."

"You will wait for him in London, Jessie—I think it is wiser. The telegram that I sent to Lord Eastry at Monkton is not answered. I presume he is in town, but a few hours will tell us. Now, do not look at me like that, for I am acting for the best. I want you to go to London to your friends there. In the interval of waiting, you will have much to do, but chiefly this, to live apart and ask yourself if the step you contemplate taking is really one which will make you happy as I wish you to be. Ask yourself if this great position which you have the opportunity of filling is to be lightly refused or abandoned for that which, after all, may not be a true intuition. I shall not seek either to advise or counsel you, because I want this to be your own decision, uninfluenced either by gratitude or friendship. But you will know—yes, Jessie, you will know that my heart is near you; and if any trouble should come, any need, any misfortune, a telegram to the Savoy Hotel will bring me to your side as fast as human agency will allow me. I think that is all. God bless and keep you, little girl—God bless and keep you!"

He stood up, knowing that his resolution was failing him, and understanding that one weak word, one tremor of his voice, might undo all. Jessie, in her turn, perceived that he was leaving her—the truest friend, the bravest heart she had

ever known. He was going away into the unknown, far from her; and yet her womanhood forbade the word which would keep him back. He was going, and she could not speak it.

"Murray—God bless you, Murray!"

"You will know where to send for me."

"Yes, yes—I know that, Murray."

"I shall never cease to remember this day, Jessie. Good-by again—my little friend, good-by."

"Good-by, Murray, if it must be—good-by!"

He was going; she saw his figure turning at the door. A low cry escaped her lips. She tottered forward and held out her hands.

It was too late. The door was shut. He neither saw nor heard her.

XIX.

MURRAY had told the reporter from the *Liverpool Standard* that he had no plans, but this was a mere fashion of speaking, for he knew very well what the next few days would find him doing. If he had thought it better that his parting from Jessie should be abrupt almost to the point of mystery, he had no intention whatever of leaving her unwatched and unguarded in London, and his first act was to telegraph to town that a suite of rooms might be kept for him in an old-world hotel by Trafalgar Square.

Thither he went by an early train upon the afternoon of her departure, and so it befell that just at the moment when she believed herself to be without a friend in the city, Murray kept himself informed of all her movements, and knew almost to the minute when she left her hotel and when she returned to it again. For himself, he saw no one, nor did he desire the company of any man. It was greatly to his annoyance when, upon the morning of the tenth day, no less a person than our old friend Bertram Sedgwick gained access to his rooms, and introduced himself without any sort of apology whatever.

Bertram Sedgwick had not changed, nor had tragedy left a mark upon him. His crimson, drink-dyed face was no less crimson or drink-dyed than it had been on the Winona. He wore a gray suit of summer clothes, and a panama hat, which latter he tossed upon the table with the air of one who had the right to this intrusion. Murray observed at a glance that his errand was not a pacific one; for in spite of his assurance, he quailed a little upon the threshold, and followed the valet somewhat nervously.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"A what?" cried Murray, looking Sedgwick up and down as if he had been some strange animal. "What did you say he was?"

The valet discreetly shut the door, while Sedgwick, not waiting to be asked, seated himself in a low armchair.

"Guess you're a bit down on an old pal, aren't you?" said he. "That's a funny welcome, anyway! Look here, Mr. West, I don't call myself any names, so you needn't skin a man so. I came up to have a bit of a friendly talk with you."

He was plainly ill at ease and anxious. He watched his friend very closely, while his hand instinctively touched something in his pocket, and lingered there as if to reassure him. Murray, however, appeared to be quite indifferent; he took a big briar pipe from the mantelshelf and filled it grain by grain.

"Where's Marx?" he asked presently. "What have you done with him?"

"Oh, Marx is all right. He's waiting for me down at my hotel. He'll be pretty glad to hear of this, for he liked you, did Dicky Marx, notwithstanding his persuasion."

Murray struck a match, and his black eyes shone like lamps above the wavering flame.

"Ah," he said dryly, "that's strange! When I saw Marx last we were not on speaking terms."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He was dead—that is all."

Sedgwick shifted uneasily in his chair, and tried to look as if he were contemplating the fountains outside with a lively and child-like interest.

"Do you mean to tell me that you know it?" he asked after a pause.

"Know it, man! I sent him under with my own hands. I can see his black beard now, washing about his dirty ears. He died badly, but I would not have saved him if I could."

For a little while Sedgwick thought about it with an uncomfortable feeling that this was a bad beginning. Such a man, however, cares nothing for mistakes. He was droning away again presently, as if all his happiness in life had depended upon Marx.

"You always were a heartless devil," he exclaimed in a tone he meant to be flattering. "I'm sorry for poor Marx, though; he was my pal, you know. Twenty-four times we crossed the pond together. Think of that—twenty-four times, and now I must turn the game up. My figure-head is too well known, I

guess. You'll have to do something for me, West. That's what brought me here this morning. I'm pretty low down, one way and the other, and, of course, I look to my friends. What's the good of calling a man a pal if he turns his back on you directly you are down? You are not the one to do that, I know. If I could get two or three hundred pounds together, I'd go out to South Africa and try my luck. There should be work on the mines when Kitchener comes home, and perhaps good things to be picked up. You've got plenty of money now—the papers say so. Pay me five hundred pounds, and I give you my word you shall never see me again. That's between gentlemen, for I might put it another way if I chose."

He sat up in the chair, as if he expected that his proposal would provoke some violent outbreak. Murray, however, might have been a figure of stone for all the notice that he took. He had his back to the mantelshelf; his arms were folded; the smoke rolled about him in wreathing clouds.

"Sedgwick," he exclaimed presently, "you'll never get your living as a black-mailer. There's too much of the mother's meeting about you. Man, why don't you leave that pistol alone? If it went off, it would shoot you through the thigh. Take your hand out of your pocket!"

Taken by surprise, Sedgwick withdrew his hand from his pocket, as if he were fingering hot irons.

"How did you know I had a pistol?"

"Oh, that was obvious. You came up by the lift, and you didn't wish to go down through the window. Sedgwick, be careful. It's a long drop."

There was a pause. Neither moved. Murray's pipe still glowed like a furnace; Sedgwick fingered the brim of his dirty straw hat as if feeling for an idea there.

"Five hundred," he remarked presently, just like a man adding up a total. "Why, look at the property you own in Ipswich! I always said you were somebody, though Marx laughed; but I can't get this 'lord' into my mouth, for it makes me sick to insult a pal so. Come, you are a clever chap. Pay me five hundred and see the back of me. I'm cheap at that—by thunder I am!"

"Why should I pay you five hundred. Sedgwick? What for?"

"To keep my tongue still. That tongue's cost me a fortune in my lifetime, but that's no reason why it shouldn't make me a bit now. Five hundred pounds—what is it? As much as you'll pay for a couple of horses or a stinking runabout."

"The runabouts that I shall buy will not stink. Your ignorance of motor-cars is no less extraordinary than your ignorance of me, Sedgwick. If you have any redeeming feature, it is that you are a somewhat excellent liar. You were immense about Marx. I suppose you have inherited his personal property—two packs of cards and a blackmailing story? Well, I shall not kick you out just yet. I am curious. I want to hear the rest of it. It might be worth the money, you know."

Sedgwick detected a note of hesitation in his voice, and he jumped at what he believed to be surrender.

"Yes," he said, "it's worth that. Now, to begin with, Laidlaw's in London."

Murray knitted his brows and emptied the ash from his pipe into the fire behind him. He had not expected this.

"Go on," he said. "It's not a bad beginning."

"Ah, I knew you'd think that. Poor young chap! In a bad way, too. Lying low in a shanty off the Tottenham Court Road, and frightened to go out because of the police. You see, old Golding heard he'd sailed for Europe, and the 'tees were waiting for him this side. He was picked up by the tramp, but he reshipped and got through with my help. I've been a father to that young man, and precious bad he treats me. There's not a day this week I haven't looked in at 24 Margaret Street—"

"Ah," exclaimed Murray, interrupting him, "that's clumsy, Sedgwick. I would have paid you five hundred for that."

Sedgwick's jaw fell several inches.

"What does it matter?" he exclaimed. "How will that help you? Do you suppose you are strong enough to save him, Murray West? It's like your conceit to say so."

"Possibly. We shall see. Don't get angry, Sedgwick; you are only half way through yet. Please go on, my man; I have an appointment at twelve o'clock."

"Yes, you would have. With Jessie Golding, I'll bet. I was going on there myself by and by. Seems to me that she ought to know something, and there'll be time to trot down to Scotland Yard afterwards. Shall we say seven hundred and fifty, my boy? I'm cheap at that, eh?"

"Absolutely a bargain, my dear Sedgwick. If I were collecting bric-à-brac at the present moment, I would put you in my chamber of horrors with the greatest pleasure. As it is—"

He broke off and took a stride toward

his writing-table in the window. There he opened a drawer, and took from it a bundle of papers. He was about to speak again when he found himself looking down the muzzle of Sedgwick's pistol.

Murray did not move a muscle of his face. His inflection was unchanged when he continued:

"As it is, there is a little story here of a person sometime known as Bert Sedgwick, but once familiar as Roger Daw, a safe thief, which I think will be highly interesting to the police. Now, Sedgwick, don't be an ass. If you fire that pistol you will certainly hang."

"I'm aware of it. There's a point where a man doesn't care a dime either way. I'm going to have seven hundred and fifty pounds out of you, Murray West, or I'm going to swing for it. Now, then, will you pay? I will give you three seconds."

"Unnecessary. I will write you a check."

Sedgwick was too utterly astonished for the moment to utter a single word. He still covered his quarry with the revolver; his face was crimson with the excitement of success, and the extended arm trembled visibly.

"That's right," he cried, "that's sensible! I don't mean you any mischief if you treat me fair. When a man's driven, he's got to look after himself. Write a check, and we'll send out and cash it. I'll give you my oath you shall never see me again."

Murray crushed the papers in his hand, and then turned and sat at his writing-table. He knew that the barrel of the pistol was within an inch of his ear as he wrote, and there was a moment when he wondered whether those nerveless fingers might not pull the trigger through sheer excitement. But he signed the check without a tremor, and offered it to Sedgwick with no more concern than if it had been a postcard.

"An open check," he remarked quietly. "I will either ring for a messenger to go to the bank, or you shall cash it for yourself. It is over yonder at Charing Cross. Which will you do, Sedgwick?"

The question perplexed the eager man. For one instant, just one, he let the barrel of the pistol drop while he stretched out his left hand for the inviting green paper. The action was fatal to him. Before he could move or cry out, long fingers were about his throat, a grip of iron upon his wrist. Not a cry could he utter, not a sound escaped him; but the rushing blood buzzed in his ears, and all the room swam before his eyes. When Murray released

him he lay prone upon the rug and his face was black.

"Oh, my God," he cried, "give me air, let me breathe!"

He lay there moaning for many minutes, while Murray busied himself about the room as if unconscious of his presence. The pistol had fallen to the ground in the struggle, and rested almost within reach of Sedgwick's hand; but the chambers were empty, and Murray had the cartridges in his pocket. The first act in the drama of blackmail was over, and that which was to come would be in some measure comedy.

When Murray had finished his preparations, gathered his papers, and changed his coat, he ordered the prone man to get up in the tone of a slave-driver who has the whip ready.

"Now, then—no nonsense! If you are not on your legs in half a minute, I shall lift you; and my hands hurt, Sedgwick. They are clumsy and a little hard. Come, will you get up?"

"I must have some brandy, West. You've twisted my windpipe. Give me some drink if you don't want my death on your hands!"

"Oh, get up, get up, Sedgwick. Now, that's it—I told you that my hands hurt. If you squeal like that, you'll bring the police here. You don't want to see the police, do you, Sedgwick?"

"Just as little as your friend Laidlaw does—my God, you've hands like a vise! I'm black and blue."

"A pretty combination—at Dartmoor. I understand, they favor browns. Come, Sedgwick, what an escape you had! Think, man, you might have hanged for me."

"I'll do it yet! You call yourself clever, don't you? Well, we'll see. I've a card to play, my man, and it's a high one."

"Something out of your beat, eh? Now, see here, Sedgwick, I'm going to send for a cab and drive you to Margaret Street. If you as much as open your mouth by the way, I'll give you in charge. I mean that. You know me by this time, and when I mean a thing, it's done. Come along now, and behave yourself. You shall earn a passage to South Africa out of me if you are sensible."

"A passage and a hundred to land with?"

"Perhaps. I'll tell you when I have seen Laidlaw."

They drove without another word to Margaret Street. Stopping there before a shabby house, Sedgwick admitted that it was their destination, and went up to the

first floor with the ready confidence bred of familiarity. Here, in a poor bedroom rarely visited even by a transient gleam of sunshine, a room whose old mahogany bedstead and thrice cracked glass spoke of the dregs of auction sales, Murray found his friend Herbert Laidlaw once more.

The two men met with a silent hand-grip expressing a depth of emotion that words could not fathom. All that they had been, had done, had suffered together, gave place to this joy of knowing that the friend lived. Even Sedgwick would not intrude at such a moment.

"Say, West," he exclaimed in a burst of magnificent generosity, "suppose I go and look at the furniture shops a while? You two want to hobnob, I reckon."

"We can't do without you, Sedgwick," said Murray, turning sharply. "Just sit down and make yourself comfortable while Mr. Laidlaw packs his trunks. The air of London does not agree with him. He's going out of town to-day, and you and I must see him off. I can write your check afterwards. Oh, it's all right, my man; you ought to know that my word's good enough by this time."

Sedgwick edged a little way toward the door, and regarded both of them with a furtive glance, which flashed suspicion from his sunken eyes. It was a curious duel, and so the men understood it; for while Murray was racking his clever brains to save his friend, Sedgwick reminded himself that his weapons were already impotent, since Laidlaw's arrest must mean his own. Murray's promise perplexed him; he was already saying that if he got a hundred and fifty from him he would get a like sum from Jessie Golding before the day was over.

"I'll take your word right enough," he stammered at last, "but you'll sign the check before he goes. See here, West, once he's out in the street my hand's gone."

"Exactly what I have told myself, Sedgwick—when Mr. Laidlaw has left us you will be of no more value to me than any rogue I might find at Dartmoor. Sit down, man, and wait. Spare me the trouble of teaching you another lesson in good manners. You are really very dense, Sedgwick."

Sedgwick sat down sullenly enough, while Murray took Laidlaw aside and gave him a few brief directions in a low voice. Greatly depressed in spirit, haggard and melancholy, the young man flung his clothes into a common trunk, and did not even take the trouble to lock

it. Once Sedgwick heard him say, "I dare not do it, Murray," and again, "It's plain madness," but he went on methodically with his work.

Presently a four-wheeled cab was called and he drove away. At this moment Sedgwick stood up in the bully's attitude to protest violently; but Murray put a hand upon his arm, and he sank down again.

"What does it mean?" he said querulously. "The pair of you are mightysmart, but you don't fool me. Do you suppose a man like that rag doll is going to hide from me? Well, I tell you he isn't. I'll be on his door-step before to-morrow morning—that is, unless you play me fair. If you call yourself a gentleman, give me a check. I have taken your word, which is more than many would do. Give me my check, and you shall see the last of me. It's a fair deal between us."

Having made quite sure that Laidlaw's cab had turned the corner into Tottenham Court Road, Murray came over from the window and took his hat from the crazy table.

"What were you saying, Sedgwick?" he asked, with an assumed air of fine distraction. "I didn't quite catch it."

"I was saying that if you call yourself a gentleman you'd give me my check."

"I don't call myself anything so expensive. Altogether, Sedgwick, I think I would sooner be a man than what is commonly called a gentleman."

"Do you mean to say you're going to play me false?"

"Tut, tut, listen to him! My dear Sedgwick, I am now going to the office of the Union Steamship Company to buy you a ticket."

"Ticket be darned! I want two hundred pounds."

"A passage to the Cape, and a hundred when you land there—I think that was the arrangement. You have a very poor memory, Sedgwick."

Sedgwick's reply was a torrent of oaths which would have put a trooper to shame. In plain truth, he had been a blackmailer all his life, but here were a man and a situation of which he could make nothing. The one card remaining to him was Jessie Golding. He could go to her and say, "Herbert Laidlaw shot your brother, and Murray West stood by;" but what she would pay for that particular information he would not imagine. Moreover, there was the personal risk to himself: for directly he played this card, Murray would certainly give him into custody. His sense of the delicacy of his position

could be expressed in no other way than by those strange exclamations which startled the dismal house and even arrested passers-by upon its threshold.

"What are you?" he shouted in hysterical defiance. "Where do you come from? Shall I say you weren't fit to serve drink in a dive? You long-haired spawn! There wasn't a man in Jackson City who'd have taken drink from your hand, and now you come it over me. You dirty nigger! Oh, I'll have it out of you; I'll have it out of your rotten bones!"

He raved on, irresolute and incoherent to the point of apoplexy, while Murray leaned against the door of the room and regarded him more with pity than with anger.

"Sedgwick," he said at last, "you would have made a capital skipper of a nigger ship. I think a little reflection will be good for you. If you come to me to-morrow morning—upon your knees, Sedgwick—I may still be willing to buy that passage for you. For the present you are much safer here. You have an inspiring outlook upon a fried-fish shop and a pawnbroking establishment. If you don't learn to control that evil tongue of yours, you will certainly visit the one, and may be very glad to have credit at the other. I wish you good-morning, Sedgwick. If I hear your voice outside, I shall certainly send for a policeman."

He took the key from the lock as he spoke, and when the burly man made a rush he flung him lightly back upon the table, the legs of which gave way, so that Sedgwick fell heavily in a shower of splinters, and lay half stunned by the window. There Murray left him.

Having advised the tailor upon the ground floor by no means to open the door until the gentleman above had recovered his temper, Murray hailed a passing cab and returned to his hotel. Strange thoughts followed him. He knew that the day must be memorable in his life; for this afternoon Jessie would know the truth about her brother's death; and here was the stranger thing—that the man who had killed him would tell her.

XX.

Upon the afternoon of the day when Murray found Herbert Laidlaw and carried him from Margaret Street to his hotel in Trafalgar Square, Jessie entertained her old schoolfellow, now Mrs. Rudolph Baring, to lunch at the Savoy. Though the month of July was nearly done, the Savoy did not lack clients, and

its kaleidoscopic pictures were the settings of tragedies no less secret, and comedies no more amusing, than those which fed the *chroniques scandaleuses* at the fuller tide of the season. The eminent lawyer, who, if he came late, certainly did not go away early; stars of musical comedy, about whom the planets of inanity revolved pathetically; Lady Dicky this and Lady Harry that; a judge; an author—these were the centerpieces to which the passing show added busy Americans, inquisitive, pushing, and full of life, who would lunch at the Savoy to-day, and dismiss Rome before the week was done.

Jessie, however, was not interested even by these. Had the question been put to her, she would have admitted that nothing had interested her since she left Murray at Liverpool and embarked upon this strange journey. She had friends in town; she knew the American ambassador, and there were women enough who had purchased man in the English market and were now making the best of him in the highways of the world. But Jessie could not tell her story to such as these, nor did she desire their confidence. Until her father could reach London from New York she must stand alone, and her own wit must be both her confessor and her counselor. The situation both perplexed and pleased her. She preferred to be alone, and yet sometimes she was afraid of loneliness.

Jessie, like most of her sisters, had but a modicum of that which is called sentiment. A certain independence of spirit filtered for her, as it were, the mawkish ideas which she had carried from the schoolroom to the boudoir. She would have laughed at the notion of what the romancers call "passionate affection"—at least, she would have laughed three months ago. New York had taught her its lesson truly. Through the valley of marriage she would attain to the sunny heights of ancestral seats and the surpassing joys of coronets. She would winter at Monte Carlo, spring at the Hôtel Ritz, be seen at Buckingham Palace in June, and be known at all the sporting parties in the golden autumns of her bliss.

Love, she said, was for kitchenmaids, and the puppets of the novelists. When her marriage with Lord Eastry had been arranged, she accepted it with a child-like belief in her destiny and the assurance that it was necessary, nay, indispensable to her happiness. How glad her friends had been; what congratulations had been showered upon her! The prospect of a

great position dazzled and delighted her; she foresaw herself ruling a great household, reigning in London, foremost in her set, one of America's chosen daughters; and in spite of all, these things could dazzle her even now. She would ask herself why she proposed to give them up, and for whom? When the answer was, "To a man to whom you owe your life," a devil's advocate would whisper:

"Yes, but vanity was his motive; and if he had not saved you, you would have been with the others in the boat."

In the same breath she would compel herself to admit that if Murray West's life had been an honest one, he would have told her more of it. What possible reason could he have for hiding his story from the woman he wished to love? She knew nothing even of his means, and while she had some reason to think that they were considerable, and money was the least part of it, she feared at the same time that when she did know all, the truth would dismay her.

Sometimes her own unquenchable humor would come to her assistance, and she would ask if a girl were ever placed in such a quandary before. A stranger in a strange hotel! A would-be bride waiting for a bridegroom who had not as yet sent her one line of greeting! In love with a man—yes, she knew that she was in love—who had not the courage to ask her love in return! That, indeed, was droll, Jessie said, and Gerald's silence not the least embarrassing feature in a situation full of perplexities.

Here was her breviary in the interval of waiting for her friend whom all the world called Nolly Baring. A question at the office as she came up had failed to disclose the expected telegram from Lord Eastry. Jessie was almost ashamed to ask for despatches now, yet when her friend was announced their first word was of them.

"Oh, my dear, dear Jess—has he written, have you heard from him?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Nolly! It makes me tired to think of it."

She led the way to the restaurant, and they sat apart at a little table on the balcony. Mrs. Baring was Jessie's one intimate friend in all London; a witty, shrewd daughter of Boston, married four years ago to Rudolph Baring, and since that time the center of a set not less notorious for its war with ancient covenants than for its creation of new ones. Mrs. Nolly was garbed in a gown which caused heads to turn even in the Savoy. Her laugh had a musical cadence, high and

hard; her eyes were gray and wonderfully keen in their perception of the enemy's deficiencies. One swift glance told her exactly who was lunching at the Savoy and who was not. The waiters followed her meekly in an atmosphere redolent of musk and violets.

"So your father is coming to-morrow, Jess," she began leisurely. "That's good news anyway."

"Yes," said Jessie, with a sigh, "I suppose it's that, dear. He thinks I'm with Gerald, and so he won't worry. I wonder what he would say if I cabled the whole story, and told him that I haven't had a word from any one! Isn't it just like a play? I told Gerald so when I wrote to him yesterday."

"Oh, so you did write to him?"

"Yes, and tore the letter up. I always write when I feel things. It does me good to put down everything I should like to say. I told Gerald yesterday just what I thought about him for not being in London when I arrived. Oh, Noll, you don't know what a temper I have when things go wrong! I feel as if I must do something mad, shout, cry, hurt myself or anybody. Then it goes with a rush, and I am as serenely calm as the angels."

"Are they serenely calm, my dear? I don't know much about them. Our country must have changed if anything serenely calm can come out of it. We were not made for pastoral scenes, Jess. Rudy says I am never happy if I am in the same place for two weeks together. I know it is true—I want to move, move, move all the time; I want to see people, lots of them; to know what Paris is doing, and London is doing, and Homburg is doing. A country house-party tires me in three days. I begin to fade away into an ethereal nothingness which Rudy says is the blessed state of the oriental heathen. So you see my paradise is assured—and if you don't mind I will drink some still Moselle."

Jessie had forgotten the wine, and she hastened to send the waiters after it. When their glasses were filled, and a few commonplace remarks about their neighbors had amused them, they returned to the inevitable topic.

"When did you last hear from Gerald? Surely you had a telegram on the steamer? He must have told you exactly what he was going to do, dear," Mrs. Nolly persisted.

"Yes," Jessie said, "he did send me a telegram, Noll, but I cannot remember where it came from. My father was in London then, and I was to come straight

to him at this hotel. The last letter I had from Gerald was written from the Ritz, in Paris. He wrote such nonsense, I don't remember half of it. For one thing, he said that he had been on his motor-car in Spain, and that all the people there thought he was very like the German emperor. It seemed to please him. The time before it was the Czar. Just like a man, isn't it? Oh, the vanity of the species, Noll!"

"My dear Jess, men would be very dull creatures if they were not vain. How many telegrams have you sent to Gerald since you landed?"

"How many? Do you think I have nothing to do but to cable a man who keeps away from me?"

"Absurd, my dear! As if any man could keep away from you! There is some mistake. Either he has not received your cable or he is on his yacht. I mean to find out which before the day is over. The situation is becoming ridiculous, and you must be saved from it, Jessie."

"Nolly, do you really suppose I am so very anxious to marry Gerald?"

"My dear, you are not allowed any reflection in the matter; a woman who reflects is lost."

"Why is she lost? She might think that she was saved."

"Saved? What a heresy! Saved from Monkton Castle and a family that carried bows for the Conqueror! I forbid you to talk nonsense, Jessie. You know perfectly well that there is not a woman in New York who does not envy you. Gerald is probably racing across Europe at this very moment—special trains, special steamers—to reach you. I shall take you down to Fenton Court to-day, and we will go to Ascot together. You need change, excitement, chatter. I should mope to death in this great hotel, and I am sure you are doing the same thing. Just tell the maid to pack your things, and come off right now. I will leave a letter for your father, and you can send round to Gerald's chambers and tell him what you have done."

Jessie shook her head.

"It's very kind of you, Noll, but I am a fixture. I could not let my father come here and find me gone. I want to see him so much, and I'm sure he wants me just as badly. Do you know, Noll, that if Gerald sent for me now I don't believe I should go to him? If a man cared for a girl, he would not run away to Paris or to Homburg directly they told him she was dead; and that is what Gerald has done. I wrote him yesterday that I should never

marry him. The letter's in my wastebasket now—but I wish I had sent it!"

"You don't wish anything of the kind, Jessie. Such a wish would be a libel upon our sex. What, turn your back on Monkton because a yacht is not as fast as a fire-engine? You silly girl, you haven't the least idea what you are saying."

Jessie sank back a little wearily into her chair and admitted that this was true.

"How could I have?" she protested. "I have lived a whole lifetime since I left New York. Do you know, Noll, that when I wake up at night now I often think that I am still on the sea? It all comes back to me, just as if I must go through it every day as long as I live. I shall never forget those hours, or the man who lived through them with me. Murray West was a man—the truest gentleman I have ever known. Don't pout at me. I shall never see him again."

"And a good thing, too! When we begin to let that kind of sentiment guide us, Jess, we are done for. Oh, I know the story—you needn't repeat it. He was the hero in wolf's clothing. He stood by you, vowed to protect you, and then made love to you. Such is the common course which this kind of animal pursues. Time and circumstance give him a halo, but it's different when we come to reality and the old ways are taken up. I think he was wise to leave you at Liverpool, for such a man knows his own disadvantages in London. Comparisons begin, and the rough diamonds are poor things when we see others. You will forget this man, Jess, and think no more of him. That is womanly wisdom, my dear—the sagacity of a mature twenty-six. Did I say twenty-six? Well, that's to you. The society papers still keep me about twenty-two."

She turned with a laugh to greet some woman of her acquaintance who passed by to a table near them; and thereafter, until the end of their meal, the presence of others forbade further pursuit of a subject so difficult. Not until they separated at the head of the staircase could another word be spoken, and then it was but a brief one.

"Now, mind you send me a telegram, dear," Mrs. Rudolph whispered. "I shall just be dying to hear where Gerald is."

"I will tell him how anxious you were," Jessie answered, kissing her on both cheeks; and so they parted, the one to her carriage with the smart roans, the other along the corridor toward her sitting-room.

Jessie had spoken in jest when she had promised to tell Gerald. Indeed, her

thoughts were far removed from Monkton Castle and its master, and were set upon a different subject altogether.

At the corner of the corridor, where she should have turned to find her bedroom, she suddenly perceived her own figure in the great looking-glass. She stood for a moment, as woman will, to be quite sure that her hat was straight and her skirt well hung. Such an interesting employment occupied her when she first became aware that some one was watching her intently from the alcove by the fireplace. Gradually, to her amazement, this figure took definite shape in the glass, and she perceived the face of no other than Gerald, her fiancé, whose amazement appeared to be no less than her own.

So startled was she, so utterly surprised, that for an instant she had no will even to turn or to move from the spot; but, making a great effort at last, she called his name, and moved quickly to meet him. But this was the surprising thing—that when she turned from the image in the mirror, the corridor was full of strangers and Gerald was not among them.

XXI.

JESSIE drew a great armchair up to the window of her sitting-room and sat down for a moment's quiet thought. Until five minutes ago nothing on earth would have persuaded her to admit that she was superstitious. Even now that the thing had happened, she tried in many ways to meet it by a natural process of ratiocination, which, however, entirely failed to convince her. And so she sat, now laughing, now afraid—but always conscious that she stood shoulder to shoulder with events, and that the end was near.

Gerald there in the Savoy Hotel! It was too ridiculous to be worth a grain of credence. Gerald, her fiancé, whose passionate vows and ardent protestations had almost compelled her to believe that he loved her—that he should be in London and should avoid her! No, her pride could not stoop to that humiliation. None the less, she was sure, quite sure, of that which she had seen. The mirror had showed her Gerald's face beyond the shadow of a doubt. She had seen him cross the corridor and pause for a moment in the alcove by the staircase.

He was but little changed, she thought; a trifle paler, perhaps, and the shoulders rounder and more prominent; but it was the same boyish countenance, the same vacant eyes, that inane glance which it had amused her to mimic in the days be-

fore she became engaged to him. Yes, the question of identity could not be further argued. Gerald had been to the hotel, had seen her there, and had left her without a word. No weapon in the armory of her logic could do battle with so plain an affront. It was final, unanswerable, she said; and in the same breath her curiosity prevailed, and the desire to know and to understand became almost insupportable.

Jessie was neither more nor less vain than her sisters; but her saving grace was common sense, which she had inherited abundantly, and on which she could rely even at such an hour as this. Given overmuch to passionate outbursts upon trifles, the really serious things of life found her strangely calm and self-collected; and so it was upon that memorable day. A tempest of anger quickly gave place to a searching interrogation which put the pros and cons with a lawyer's skill and more than a lawyer's interest.

Her supposition that Gerald had seen her was, after all, but a supposition; he might, for all she knew to the contrary, have been seeking her out at the very moment she accused him. Or, again, it was possible that he did not yet know of her safety, and had been as alarmed and bewildered as she was, when he perceived her figure in the glass. Jessie laughed aloud when she said that Gerald had been frightened by a living ghost, and had fled from it incontinently. In that case, he would surely return, and she might find herself face to face with him before the clock struck again.

And if he came, what should she do? Should she say: "Yes, I am ready, Gerald, I wish to be your wife"? Or should she tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? "I do not love you—I shall be unfaithful to myself if I marry you—I have learned to love another."

Here was a question that Jessie could not answer. It was her lot, as it appeared, to be surrounded by bewilderments. Murray was always in her thoughts, and yet of Murray's life she knew little more than the first passer-by upon the Embankment without. This strong, silent man touched her imagination as none she had ever known, and awakened within her a new sense of her womanhood; but the mystery baffled her none the less and put a curb upon her heart.

She did not believe that she would ever give herself to one who hid his past from her and forbade her to speak of it. And

yet she could not keep his image from her mind, and each hour—nay, each minute—created it anew and won her worship for it. The happiness of all the years was Murray's, to give or to withhold, and if he failed her, then, indeed, might she abandon hope. Jessie understood this now, for the day of self-deception was forever done with.

She waited in the silent room, listening to every footfall in the corridor, and fearing that any moment might bring Gerald to her door. The prospect before her windows, London's ancient river, the half sunken barges, the black-hulled tugs, spire and steeple, the hurrying crowds upon the Embankment, Westminster in its golden haze as holy ground apart, recalled to her the immensity and yet the loneliness of this great city which harbored her. To whom might she appeal, of whom seek counsel or friendship?

She determined at last to seek it of none. Her own independence should fight the battle for her and win the victory. She was an American, and afraid of nobody. Why should she fear, why brood like any child of a morbid craving for misfortunes? She resolved to be up and busy.

Rising from her chair, she perceived for the first time that a letter and a telegram lay upon her table, and had been too long neglected. They were in her hand, the envelope of the telegram was torn, when the long-expected knock came, and she started as though surprised in a guilty act. Gerald had come, then; he was in the hotel after all; the weird story of the glass was just such a commonplace event as she had imagined it to be. She said:

"Come in!"

For one instant she touched her hair with her hand while she posed before the long mirror and remarked the heightened color of her cheeks and the brightness of her eyes. She was about to meet the man whose wife she had promised to be; no doubt he would greet her with one of those exhibitions of passionate ardor which he could command so readily. Jessie trembled a little when she reflected that he would kiss her and hold her in a boyish embrace, defying her explanations and perhaps making them impossible. Not often in her young life had she been so completely at a loss or so entirely robbed of her self-possession.

The door opened inch by inch with aggravating slowness, and a pale, freckled face appeared in the shadows.

(To be continued.)

When a Queen Loved Duncan.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE SLOW DEATH IN A SOUTH AMERICAN FOREST.

BY KENNETH BROWN.

I.

AURABLIS, the Queen of the Anabasis, was in love with Duncan, the American wanderer. He saw it. All her tribe saw it, accepted it as a matter of course, and treated him with distinguished consideration in consequence. They were not analytical, and did not marvel that the last white man who had come into their forest had died the slow death, while to this one was given the best tepee in the village. They accepted sexual selection as a matter of course, not as a matter for philosophic speculation. The last man had made love to Aurablis, while this one did not. The young queen was a person of headlong nature, and either making love to her, or not making it, might lead to the slow death.

The name of Aurablis does not appear in the "Almanach de Gotha," and the Anabasis are not a world power. They have no navy; but, on the other hand, their army consists of every male who is old enough to shoot one of the cheap rifles that an occasional trader brings up from the coast. Of course it is improbable that the queen of a world power would have fallen in love with Duncan; but if she had, it would hardly have appealed to him more than the advances of Aurablis. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that he would have considered matrimonial fetters less galling in a tepee, movable, than in a palace, substantial.

In the interior of a South American forest Aurablis was a beautiful woman, though on Fifth Avenue she might have been chiefly picturesque. She was seventeen years old. Her mother, aged thirty-four, was already an old woman, with most of her teeth gone. The child of nature eats its cake fast, and its teeth go quickly, lacking dentists. But it lives while its lives, if life is lack of self-restraint, as some hold.

It was rather a pity, perhaps, that Duncan had no ambition to found a dynasty. The opportunity does not come to most men. This makes it fortunate that most men feel a greater interest in

their ancestral trees than in their far-off posterity; for all of us are descended from ancestors, whereas few of us, I am afraid, deserve to be much of an ancestor.

However, Duncan had a passion neither for ancestors nor for posterity. He was by nature a trader and a wanderer. "For to admire and for to see" might have been his motto, had he been familiar with Kipling; and he was enabled to gratify his desire because of his trading ability. He went through many strange lands, and he subsisted on them as he went. This is a more economical way of traveling than that of most globe-trotters, and it enabled him to see the country as others cannot.

The friends of Duncan's youth, living in a little New England town, consider him unstable. They live in one spot, a spot more or less sanctified by their living in it, and they look at him from the one-spot point of view. To Duncan, on the other hand, the man who lives in one spot his life long is a man in jail.

They complain that he never sticks to one thing. The only time he really stuck to one thing, however, was a time of sore tribulation to him, the time he was in the Unioyoba, which means the slow death, as shall be told.

II.

"CARRY me across," said Aurablis to Duncan.

Duncan laughed. He had seen this light-footed girl spring across the rivulet with feet to spare on both sides; but though he was a man's man, he was not entirely unversed in ladies' ways. Obediently he caught up Aurablis, sprang to a rock in the center of the stream, and then across.

Just at first Aurablis lay a little awkwardly in his arms. Being carried is as much in the woman's part as in the man's. She should half double up till the center of gravity does not overbalance the point of support. It was the first time a man had carried Aurablis, Duncan could tell; but with the instinct of the born athlete she soon lay

conforming in his arms, so passive that it seemed almost an affront to set her down on the other side, and he walked on with her still in his arms.

In testing trolley cars, I am told, they put on blocks of lead weighing three-quarters as much as the weight of the people they expect the cars to carry. In other words, a car will carry one-third as much again of live weight as of dead weight. They do not distinguish between individuals; but for a man in Duncan's position there is live weight and live weight. Probably an old squaw of much less than Aurablis' *avoidupois* would have been set down with a grunt upon the very rim of the stream.

Before setting Aurablis down, Duncan kissed her. Kissing is an unknown practice among the Anabazis. When they greet a friend they pat their stomachs with one hand and rub the top of the friend's head with the other. Hence it might seem as if Duncan were not so impolitic in kissing Aurablis as he might have been in kissing a civilized queen who wished to marry him and whom he did not wish to marry. But Aurablis seemed to have a natural aptitude for kissing—an almost civilized aptitude. This is an instance to show how little heredity has to do in these matters—which some trusting mothers may do well to remember.

That night Duncan seriously considered the question whether to marry Aurablis or not. Few men are troubled with the advances of queens, particularly in America, so that in the education of the young no rules are laid down for behavior under such circumstances. Duncan liked Aurablis, and without making pretense to any high moral code, he was rather square toward women. He had no intention of living all the rest of his life among the Anabazis; and if he married Aurablis, he might find leaving her rather difficult. Or she might tire of him first—the possibility presented itself to his mind, though he had no more earnest belief in it than most men have in such a possibility—and then there might come this *Unioyoba*, the "slow death" of which the savages often spoke, and of which he had not yet learned the meaning. The name of the *Unioyoba* had a deterring sound; for savages do not love with the constancy of South Dakotans.

Still debating the subject, Duncan strolled out from his tepee and wandered down by the riverside. And there upon the root of a tree, her chin in her hand,

her eyes absently fixed upon the moon-glade on the water, he came upon Aurablis. She did not move or speak when he came up, and he sat down at a little distance from her and looked at her with thorough admiration. After all, what more could a man such as he wish for? For the wild life he loved, there was the whole of South America stretching out before him. She could accompany him as far as he could go. If time hung heavy, he could make for one of the republics and take part in whatever revolution happened to be going on. His material prosperity would be insured; for the land of the Anabazis was rich in rubber and gold and Peruvian bark. And Aurablis—

As if she knew that his thought was of her, she turned to him and waved her hand comprehensively at the woods and the waters.

"It is all mine," she said, "and I give it to you. You shall be my husband and we will rule together, and barter with the traders for powder, and slay all who oppose us. I have not wanted more—we are too strong to fear—until now. Now we will go out and kill and burn, up and down the river, and bring in many slaves to serve us." (Thus curiously did love move in Aurablis' untutored bosom.) "And I will appoint my ten best warriors to see that none shall hurt you, that no harm shall come to you."

Events were moving faster than Duncan had anticipated. He answered the last part of what she had said, the easiest part, and laughed as he spoke.

"Am I a small child not yet able to walk, that I must be strapped upon a flat piece of bark and hung upon a tree where snakes cannot bite me? I have walked many days without ten warriors to guard me."

"But never again shall you walk alone," she asserted with fierce insistence. "Ten of the bravest; and never shall more than five sleep—the others shall always watch."

III.

AFTER mature consideration Duncan decided not to marry Aurablis. He took several days to think it over, and then explained it to her kindly, and at more length than he had anticipated, this being the kind of an explanation in which a man is liable to become lost and wander around. Women have a great advantage here. They need only give one reason and a short one—that they don't

care to. To a man in Duncan's position, the worst of it is that, however long he talks, however involved his utterances and devious his verbal wanderings, in the end he gives about the same impression as woman in her short reply.

Aurablis listened to Duncan quite stolidly, with the impassivity which is good breeding in the savage. She did not say anything, and Duncan, who had been expecting some kind of an outbreak, congratulated himself that Aurablis was an unusually reasonable girl. But silence is not reasonableness, and the proof of Aurablis' proverbially feminine lack of logic is that all Duncan's excellent reasons for not marrying only produced on her the before-mentioned impression that he did not wish to.

Duncan went back to his hut, and began to get together his traps. Instinct told him that if he would not marry the Queen of the Anabazis, he ought not to linger longer in her vicinity. If anything be worse than a death's head at a feast, it must be a refusing lover about the premises.

He was thus busied when a shadow, falling across the entrance of his hut, caused him to look up. A tall Anabazi, armed with spear and dagger, stood in the light. Duncan strolled to the entrance. The warrior motioned him back. Without heeding him, yet alert to every move, Duncan looked out. A knot of Anabazis similarly armed surrounded his hut.

For an instant Duncan's heart stood still; then with the birth of an idea he counted his guards. There were ten, and the American loosened his chest muscles in a long breath.

"So we are to have a marriage after all," he thought. "I hope"—he addressed his guard in English with a fine affectation of concern—"that my prospective bride is enjoying her usual good health?"

The savage did not understand English, and he only kept his gaze fixed on Duncan. His mien was more somber than befitted the best man at a wedding. Duncan shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well, if you possess manners suitable for a wake, it can't be helped," he remarked.

The situation had an element of humor in it that appealed to Duncan; and the thought of a marriage of inconvenience did not depress him unduly. He would have preferred not to marry Aurablis; but if she insisted, why—and he shrugged his shoulders. However, he did not con-

sider that the alliance would be binding on him longer than should suit him.

A second time he essayed to leave the hut, but was stopped by the swiftly lowered spear of the savage.

"All right, old man," Duncan said philosophically. "If I'm as valuable as all that, I wouldn't run any risk of losing your job by letting me escape."

He still spoke in English. After Duncan had been away from his country for a certain length of time, a hunger for the mother-tongue used to come over him, and he would use it to address the non-comprehending natives with remarks which at other times he would only think to himself.

Duncan went back into his hut and arrayed himself in the best that his wardrobe afforded. If the thing were inevitable, he would do it as handsomely as possible. Then he asked of the savage, in the native tongue, of which he had a smattering:

"When does the wedding come off?"

The Anabazi looked at him curiously.

"It will come slowly," he replied.

"Ah! Prolong the pleasure, will she?"

Duncan muttered, puzzled at the words.

At twilight supper was brought him by an old woman who cooked for Aurablis. Duncan ate it with a good appetite, and looked for signs of coming festivities, for bonfires and feasting. There were none. All was quiet, and, after the short twilight, very dark.

"Can I have a few words with Aurablis, your queen?" Duncan asked his guard.

"When the moon rises," the savage answered laconically.

It was several days since Duncan had watched the moonglade with Aurablis, and the moon would not rise until late that night.

"Well, if I'm not to be wooed except by moonlight," Duncan thought, "I may as well take a nap."

He lay down on his bed of grass covered with rugs, and quickly went to sleep.

And when he awoke, he had no chance. It was too dark to tell how many of the ten guards were upon him, but he felt as if there were none missing. He managed to get his hand on his revolver for an instant, and one bullet hurtled off harmlessly into the forest; then it was torn from him, and a sinewy knee crushed his wrist down. Duncan lay still, wondering bitterly that a man of his experience should have gone to sleep so unsuspectingly. But the belief that a woman wanted to marry him has entered many a head as hard as Duncan's, to its downfall.

Aurablis came to the door with a flaming torch in her hand. Her eyes with their blaze outvied the torch, and her coppery skin was so pale that it looked almost white.

"Come!" she commanded.

Duncan was seized by as many hands as could find a place to grasp, and borne out into the open. Beyond that one word, the queen said nothing, but her warriors moved swiftly along with perfect understanding of her wishes. The village was as quiet as if it were deserted, although many a silent face gleamed for an instant in the light of the single torch while the little body of men passed along.

The stars disappeared overhead as they plunged into the forest, breaking into a jog-trot. Mile after mile passed. Aurablis' torch went out, but the savages seemed to know their way perfectly in the dark. Presently one of the bearers began to sing a low, crooning song. He was followed by another and then another. The cold sweat broke out on Duncan; their tones had the unmistakable cadence of a death-song.

He had been busy trying to plan some way of escape; but this singing for a time paralyzed his mental powers, and when he had pulled himself together again, it was with despair that he looked at his future. If he could slip from the clutches of his captors and get even a few seconds' start, he might try a run for his life through the black forest; but never a hand relaxed its hold on him, and, unarmed, he had not the faintest chance of getting the better of them as long as their vigilance continued.

At first he paid no attention to the words of the song, difficult as the words of a foreign tongue are to catch when sung; but by and by the recurrence of "Unioyoba"—the slow death—forced itself on his consciousness. It was some torture, then, that they were planning, not a quicker form of death, like throwing over a precipice, which he had hoped might suit the impetuous nature of Aurablis. The only ray of hope Duncan saw for himself was that they had not bound him tightly with thongs, so as to numb his limbs. At least, when the struggle came, he could do what lay in him.

IV.

Just before dawn, when the night seemed to lose its hard opaque blackness, though before one could yet see, Aurablis stopped.

"Unioyoba!" she said.

Duncan felt himself swung once, and then he was launched into space. He had not time to be frightened or to cry out before he fell lightly on his back. He thought that a mistake had been made, and lay without stirring. He heard the dull, padding footfalls of the savages receding into the forest. Then from behind him came a faint bleat as from a lamb. A minute later the voice of Aurablis from the darkness said softly:

"Good-by!"

Then there was entire silence. Duncan did not answer her. Her voice, he thought, had the impersonal tone of sadness with which one would address a person irrevocably lost. Perhaps if he had answered her she might have relented even then; but he still thought that there had been some mistake in the carrying out of his fate, and feared that if she discovered it, she might return to wreak her vengeance on him anew. His faith in her kind-heartedness had received a severe shock recently.

Aurablis did not speak again. She went away so quietly that Duncan did not hear her steps. The sudden dawn of the tropics came a few minutes later, and as far as he could see the forest was empty.

Duncan tried to get up; he could not move. He tried to turn over; he was held as softly as in velvet, yet as unyieldingly as if tons were piled on him. His head lay on a dead branch which had fallen from an overhanging tree; he could lift it, and he looked terror-stricken about him.

He was in the middle of what seemed to be—except that it did not move perceptibly—a small stream of brownish fluid. It looked like pitch, but its adhesiveness was more than anything that Duncan could have conceived possible. His legs imperceptibly had sunk into it, as he lay quiet, after being thrown by the savages. His trunk was partially submerged; his hands only lay on the surface, yet even them he could not move. But for the accident of his head being on this crooked bough, which apparently had sunk as far as it was going to, he would have been unable to move more than his eyelids—fettered as he had never heard of man's being fettered.

Many a man would have lost his reason in this awful predicament, and even Duncan was on the verge of it. As he felt his brain quake beneath the fear that possessed him, for an instant he almost gave way, and courted dementia in

order that he might lose his consciousness. Then, with a shuddering effort of courage, he faced his fate.

thodically set to work to study out the situation. Raising his head again, he saw that the stream, if such it may be called,



DUNCAN CAUGHT UP AURABIS, SPRANG TO A ROCK IN THE CENTER OF THE STREAM, AND THEN ACROSS.

"Die game, old man!" he adjured himself.

He grew calmer after this, and me-

was oozing from under a cliff not far away. He screwed his neck around to look in the other direction, and farther

down the stream saw a little fawn. The fawn, meeting his eyes, bleated feebly—the bleat he had heard in the dark. It made one more feeble struggle and fell over on its side, and then slowly—so slowly that Duncan thought at first that he only imagined it to be disappearing—it sank out of sight.

Duncan watched it, horrified, until the strained position of his neck became intolerable; then he dropped his head again on the bough. The coldness of an added fear swept over him as he found that in this interval of watching, with the added weight of his raised head, his own shoulders had settled perceptibly.

In the next ten hours Duncan probably showed more nerve than he had ever shown before in his life, full of adventure as that life had been. After the first despairing period, he set himself resolutely to work to accomplish his salvation. Every atom of his intellect was turned to this problem—his intellect which alone could work, his body being powerless.

The stream in which he lay was semi-transparent, and he noticed that in it were several human bodies. Plainly this was the slow death—this was Unioyoba. Yet why had the fawn, bleating in the dark, not been engulfed until the last few minutes? Why had not he, bough and all, sunk out of sight? Duncan reasoned it out. Unioyoba must be shallow—the fawn had sunk only after it had fallen on its side—the dead he dimly saw were just below the surface. His own feet were probably resting on the bottom, and helped to keep the rest of him afloat.

He tried to loosen one of his hands. Nerving himself for a tremendous effort, he put every ounce of strength and will-power in an endeavor to free his right hand. At the end it had budged perhaps half an inch, and the effort had exhausted Duncan as if he had run a mile. He lay back on the bough, panting from the exertion, and looked up at the dense foliage and the swinging vines above him.

"No use!" he said to himself.

When he had recovered his wind, he tried a different plan. With slow, steady pressure, he pulled at his right hand. For an hour he persisted, never trying to hasten matters, yet never relaxing the even pull. At the end of that time the hand was free. He would have shouted for joy had he not feared that some of the Anabasis might still be in the vicinity. He threw his arm above his head on the bough, for safe-keeping, as it were, and instantly regretted his thoughtlessness, for his hair caught on his sticky arm.

Fortunately he had touched his hair lightly, and he gladly freed himself by tearing out some of it by the roots. This taught him a new caution. He saw that if the merest chance had not kept his head above the Unioyoba, whatever slight hope was now his would have been gone.

In the middle of the afternoon, when Duncan had managed, after infinite labor, to free both his arms, fate stooped to aid him. Otherwise he would have been exhausted long before he could have worked his way to the bank, not six feet away though it was.

Above him, as I have said, swung pendulous vines from the trees, but too far away to reach, until there chanced to come one of those sudden storms that are the terror of the tropics. It burst over the Unioyoba with a virulence that threatened to destroy the forest. Immense trees could be heard snapping in all directions, and proud limbs that aspired to the skies whipped the earth. The vine above Duncan's head lashed the air, lower and lower; and Duncan watched it, a new hope born within him in the blackness of the storm. When it was within reach, he threw both arms around it, and hugged it to his breast with all the desperate remainder of his strength.

This time the pitch with which his arms were smeared helped him in his clinging. The grapevine pulled and tugged and almost tore Duncan limb from limb. He expected to die, wrenched apart by the tremendous forces he had called in to aid him. His head felt as if it would burst, and the world turned black before his eyes; but he could feel that he was being dragged from Unioyoba, that its dreadful power was less than the strength of the vine and the bowed tree and the storm.

He lost consciousness, still clinging with the grip of death, just as the vine pulled him clear of Unioyoba, and, with a snap that his joints remembered for months, cracked him off into the bushes on the opposite bank.

There he lay for hours, moaning, half delirious, and racked as a man who has been broken on the wheel. At last his vitality asserted itself, and he came back to this life and began to take stock of his assets.

He was completely denuded of clothes, but the leaves and twigs that stuck to him soon had him covered as presentably as a man who has been tarred and feathered. The woods were full of edible roots and berries that he knew, and the

nearest seaport town was only ten days' journey away. When fully convinced that he was alive and not disjointed, he set out for such civilization as South America possesses.

V.

On the sailing vessel by which Duncan returned to the United States, he made the acquaintance of John Anderson, a business man of Toledo, who was taking the voyage to South America and back for his health. After they had become pretty well acquainted, Duncan told Anderson of his adventure among the Anabasis. At the end the Ohioan shook his head doubtfully.

"That must be a wonderful stream," he said. "You said it was only a couple of feet deep?"

"Yes."

"Well, that beats any stickiness I ever heard of."

There was no offensive doubt in the man's voice, but mere impossibility to conceive.

"Wait a minute and I'll show you," Duncan said, nettled that his story should not carry conviction.

He went to his bunk and returned with a baking-powder tin in which was a sample of Unioyoba, being the scrapings of himself after he had arrived at the seaport.

Anderson put his forefinger into it, and then spent many minutes freeing himself of it.

"Benzine, turpentine, kerosene, alcohol—I used about a barrel before I could put on my clothes," Duncan remarked.

"I believe you," Anderson assented.

As he spoke, a fly alighted on a tiny dab of the stuff which Anderson had scraped off on the railing of the vessel. The insect was still for an instant, then tried to fly away. It buzzed its wings frantically. It tugged at one foot and

then at another. None of the six could move. Again its wings sang shrilly as they became blurred to sight in beating the air. One wing touched the stuff—and it stopped beating. The other wing buzzed and buzzed, but more faintly.

"Yes, that was I," Duncan said grimly.

Anderson reached forward and rolled the fly over, so that its other wing touched the stuff, too. It never moved again, except in convulsive twists of its little body. Anderson turned to Duncan.

"Do you know that we have been trying for years to find some mixture that would act as this stuff does—and without success? If you get anything fluid enough for the feet of the fly to sink in, it is so soft that the fly can get away from it. Poisonous fly-paper is all very well—our firm makes about a third of all that's used in the United States—but people complain that the dead flies mess up the room, not to mention the danger of the baby's drinking it. How far"—he broke off suddenly—"how far from the coast is this Unio—what did you call it?"

"Not so very far, and it's near a navigable river."

"What river?" Anderson asked eagerly.

"Look here," Duncan exclaimed; "business is business. What do I get out of this?"

The two men struck a bargain, and had themselves transferred in mid-ocean to a steamer going back to South America. Thence they proceeded in a well-armed launch to the land of the Anabasis, to see what might be done with the "slow death" in a business way. And the world knows, through the various brands of sticky fly-paper now on the market, that it was found practicable to employ Unioyoba, much diluted, in the manufacture of a fly-paper which has now become such a necessity that home would hardly be home without it.

A MATTER OF CHOICE.

I SAT me down 'neath the hill of sorrow—
And sorrow's a high hill, covered with stones—
I sent to the neighbors for trouble to borrow,
I wept to-day for the woes of to-morrow,
And all of my friends might hear my groans;
They stopped their ears, for they heard my moans.

I hurried away where joy's stream is flowing—
Joy's is a full stream, that never is spent—
I waded in without any showing,
I laved me deep where its tide was going.
Now my friends would share in my deep content;
Where I borrowed trouble, my joy is lent.

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

AS THE PADRES BUILT.

BY SARAH COMSTOCK.

THE PRESENT-DAY POPULARITY OF "MISSION ARCHITECTURE" IN THE LAND FIRST CIVILIZED BY THE SPANISH PRIESTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—A STYLE WHICH IS BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE TO THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

WHEN the brave little band of Spanish *padres* forced their way through California in the eighteenth century, building missions all the way from San Diego in the south to Sonora in the north, they sowed a seed that has sprung and bloomed in the architecture of these modern days.

California is fairly a-blossom now with beautiful homes, and the most beautiful of these are built as the missionary fathers taught. Wealth and the advance of mechanical skill have brought changes, developments, elaborations; but the basis of California architecture is the form of those old missions that Father Junipero Serra and his followers built on that fertile soil six and seven score years ago.

The mission buildings and the early Spanish and Mexican houses that followed in their wake, in the days before the gringos came, were usually built of adobe. Some of the missions were fortunate enough to have stone walls, notably Santa Barbara, which is the best preserved of all, having hewn stone walls six feet thick, strengthened by solid stone buttresses. But the standard material was adobe, the sun-baked brick that has proved itself so durable. It had the same advantages that other brick has—it was cool in summer and warm in winter. Over the surface of the walls a lime plaster was daubed, and a sort of calcimine finished the whole.

The modern houses built in mission style are called "dobe houses," although no adobe appears in their building. The walls are constructed of ordinary brick, which is covered with cement, and the whole is calcimined, so the imitation is excellent. The warm climate has had much to do with making this style of building popular. Its reason for existence is the same to-day as in the days of the *padres*, who proved themselves extremely practical men as well as spiritual teachers.

Many of the large mission houses dis-

play the *patio*, or inner court, which is the most picturesque feature of the style. The typical ground plan was a series of low, massive buildings ranged around a quadrangular court. At Santa Barbara this court is the private garden of the priests, closed to most of the public, and never visited by women, the only exceptions in its history being Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Princess Louise, who obtained especial permission. But the visiting public can see the court from the bell-tower, and can enjoy the beauty of its flowers and shrubs and the shadowed arcade that outlines it.

THE MODERN MISSION ARCHITECTURE.

This design has been best copied at Stanford University. The magnificent stone buildings of that institution are built around an immense quadrangle, the walk around the arcade being a quarter of a mile in length. The court is paved with asphalt, and immense flower-beds, flaming with gorgeous tropical bloom, are laid out here and there through it. It is a charming stroll down the arcade on a rainy day, while the drops splash beside you on the asphalt and you walk dry-shod.

Casa de Rosas—"the house of roses"—is a Los Angeles specimen of this style of building. Its *patio* is one of the happiest places in the world to spend a summer afternoon. Giant canna plants grow there, and luxuriant vines trail over the walls and pillars and romantic little balconies. Moonlight and the *patio* lack nothing but a dark maiden, a kneeling cavalier, and the soft twanging of a guitar. Roses clamber everywhere, giving the final touch of beauty to the picture.

A small court at the outer entrance is a characteristic addition to some of these buildings. Another feature is the outer corridor. The Burrage home at Redlands has an outer corridor all the way around the house, so that happy idlers need only shift easy chairs and cushions from one

side to the other as the sun or wind may change. Santa Ynez Mission, in the Alajulapa Valley, and San Buenaventura, at Ventura, show two good specimens of the outer corridor.

MAURESQUE RICHNESS,
MISSION SIMPLICITY.

The tendency of the old mission style is toward solidity and massiveness. The walls of the original structures were from six to eight feet thick. Many of the modern imitations fail by losing the effect of massiveness. For instance, the pillars of the corridor at Casa de Rosas are too frail for correct mission architecture. Where the ornate forms of the Moorish fashion have crept in, this tendency toward frailty often appears. The mission style, in brief, is the Moorish style simplified. The Moors taught Spain architecture, and the early Spanish *padres* brought that knowledge to our western shore, but they were building for use rather than beauty, and they tended toward solidity and away from ornamentation when they erected their churches and schools.

The Moorish arch and pillar are preserved in the California missions, simplified everywhere. The Moorish arabesque does not appear. The pioneer priests had no time

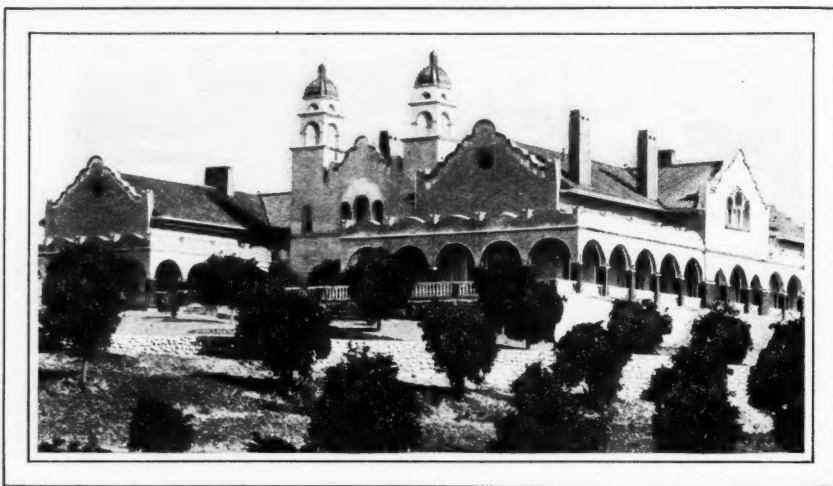


THE STEWART RESIDENCE AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA—THIS IS A TYPICAL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COTTAGE IN THE MODERN REVIVAL OF THE OLD MISSION STYLE.

for such elaborate work. They labored to save souls. That was their one idea in building, and to many eyes they gained beauty at the same time that they sought simplicity.

Many of their modern followers, possessed of abundance of this world's goods, seek a degree of luxury far beyond any-

using the S form, which gives very much the same effect. A strong brick red is the color, and nothing could be brighter than the contrast of hues when such a roof tops walls of cream-colored plaster. Vivid tones and strong contrasts are characteristic of the style of architecture. One of the largest hotels in San Francisco has



THE BURRAGE RESIDENCE AT REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA—WITH ITS TOWERS, AND ITS OUTER COLONNADE ALL AROUND THE HOUSE, THIS IS A VERY FAITHFUL COPY OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MISSIONS.

The illustrations accompanying this article are from photographs by Graham, Los Angeles.

thing that they ever dreamed of. There is much splendor of ornamentation in some of the new houses, especially in southern California.

The residence of General Harrison Gray Otis, in Los Angeles, shows the Moorish arch in elaborate development. One large arch surmounts a graceful balcony directly above the front entrance, and smaller ones flank it. The same arch form appears in the Burrage house. The San Luis Rey Mission has the best specimen of it left by the fathers. It is not conspicuous in their simple buildings, but in constructing this church, which is near San Diego, they used a more decorative style than at any other time.

WIDE EAVES AND TILED ROOFS.

The wide, projecting eaves were a familiar feature of the old Spanish buildings, and these are copied carefully by those who look for historical accuracy. Tiles are the correct thing for the roof, although many roof a Spanish house with American shingles. The original tile was in the U form; the modern imitators are

cream walls, red roof, and bright green balconies, a riot of color that might make you fancy you had waked up in another continent.

DETAILS OF THE MISSION STYLE.

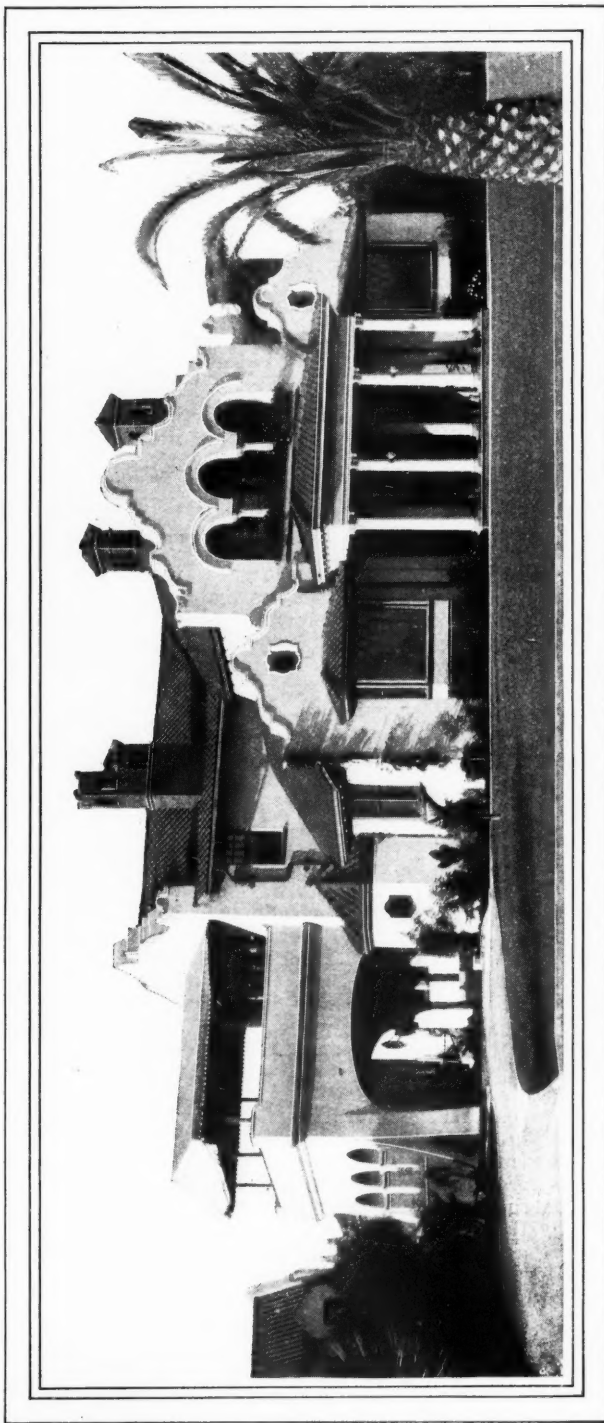
One cottage in Los Angeles is so perfect a model that even the tower and the bell of the old mission church have been carried out in flawless copy. Tropical vines and trees surround the cottage. The owners of all these modern homes surround themselves with palms, cannas, pepper-trees, and pampas plumes, giving the final southern touch to the whole picture. Those who own large stretches of land often cultivate olives and grapes, just as did the early builders and planters of the Pacific coast.

The most recent adaptation of the mission style is in some of the new public school buildings of California. Indeed, it bids fair to become the conventional form of architecture for these. It has come into favor with the modern hue and cry for schools that are a single story in height. The true example is all on one floor. The

appearance of the light-colored building with its red roof is always cheerful, and its construction is solid and substantial. Similar designs have been accepted by the school-boards at Stockton, San Luis Obispo, and several other towns in different parts of the Golden State.

The faddists are not satisfied to have the exterior of their houses true to the teachings of the *padres*; they must needs furnish appropriately within. So the "mission furniture" is a form of modern antique that abounds in the Western furniture shop. It is heavy and rudely simple; some go so far as to have the chair seats made of interlaced leather thongs, as in the old time. The tables are as stern as a carpenter's bench, and the desks are quite as plain. Weathered wood fastened with heavy nails is the correct material. To be historically accurate, the general furnishing of the room should be as austere as possible.

So California is still following in the footsteps of the *padres* in spite of all the new ways that the gringos brought when they burst upon her more than half a century ago. The old missionaries cannot be forgotten; every one of these buildings, erected by modern science and modern art, is a monument to that vanished band.



THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL HARRISON GREY OTIS, IN LOS ANGELES—THIS IS A FINE MODERN SPECIMEN OF THE MORE ORNATE STYLE OF CALIFORNIA MISSION ARCHITECTURE.

STORIETTES

The Lord of All.

THEY stood in front of the florist's window. The florist's window was gorgeous that morning with dozens of bunches of violets arranged in little star-shaped and crescent-shaped glasses, and dozens of bunches of red and white and pink roses arranged in tall, slender vases. At the back were palms, and jardinières ready filled to send out, and scattered bowls of carnations and lilies and jonquils. And in the middle of them all was a little azalea-tree, dotted thick with blossoms.

She fixed her eyes on the little azalea-tree, and as she looked the tears came and blurred her view of it.

"Somehow that little azalea-tree makes me think of Mamie," she said very softly, almost timidly, and with an effort to appear careless.

The man turned abruptly from the window and walked on. He was a tall, raw-boned man of sixty-five or seventy years; gray-haired, red-bearded; eyes like a hawk, nose like an eagle, chin as square and firm as they make chins. Every line in his face and figure bore witness to his character, and the woman on his arm took her part in the general testimony.

They had been walking arm in arm, so that his sudden turning jerked her harshly from her peaceful admiration of the little azalea. There was something in the way that she absorbed the jerk, assimilated it, and moved on, that told the whole story. She was elegantly dressed, but the lines about her mouth were the lines of a farmer's wife—one of those farmers' wives who never have had the tenth of enough of anything, unless perhaps it be children. And a farmer's wife she had been before his oil wells had made her husband rich.

They walked quite a distance in silence, and then she gave a sudden cry:

"Why, there's Mamie now!"

A street car was passing close by them, and in it they could see a very young and pretty woman. She smiled and waved her hand through the window. The older woman waved hers. The man turned his head the other way and made no sign of any sort.

"I'm so glad she's looking so well," said

the mother. "I'm so glad she's out to-day. It's so nice to see her. It takes such a load off my mind!"

She looked up furtively at the hard face above her; the hard face was looking straight ahead. Her lips trembled a little; she compressed them closely, and said no more.

The next morning they came past the florist's window again. It was all brightly and freshly set forth, but the little azalea-tree was still in the middle of all the splendor of colors.

"There's that pretty little tree again," she said gently. "I'm glad they haven't sold it."

"Do you want it?" he asked gruffly, pausing.

"Not with all that big conservatory at the house," she said. Then she added: "I wouldn't want it for myself—"

He turned as suddenly as he had turned the day before.

They took their accustomed walk down the whole length of the avenue, and then returned to their big house overlooking the Park. Within it there was a sort of dumb excitement, and the Lord of All had hardly begun to have his boots removed by a valet whose birth was as good as his own, and whose breeding was threefold better, when the door opened with a most plebeian lack of ceremony, and the poor little wife rushed in.

"Joshua, Mamie's sick! You've got to let me go right over there!"

Every line in his face grew deeper, and the ones around his mouth took on the expression of a bulldog whose legs are stiffening.

"You go straight down to the dining-room, Mary," he said, and his voice fairly thundered. "I'll be there in five minutes."

He was as good as his word, and in five minutes they sat down opposite each other in a splendid crystal and gold room, with two footmen and a butler to attend upon the wants of their never very good appetites.

It was a long meal, and this time the mother ate nothing at all. Every time that a door closed or a spoon rattled she shivered; but still she sat there.

The next morning they went out again on the avenue. The sunshine was fairly



THE MOTHER ATE NOTHING AT ALL. EVERY TIME THAT A DOOR CLOSED OR A SPOON RATTLED SHE SHIVERED; BUT STILL SHE SAT THERE.

outshining itself, and the florist had his window all in daffodils and jonquils decked out with great bows of crinkling satin ribbon. It was a radiant symphony in yellow, except that the little

azalea-tree still stood in the middle. Its buds were just beginning to show slits of white, carefully sheltered by their enfolding leaves. She glanced toward it as they passed.

"Seems awful funny," she said softly, "to think that this morning Mamie's got a little baby of her own!"

He never said a word, and they walked on. Three or four blocks beyond she gave a sort of gasp and said hurriedly:

"Seems as if I'd got to see Mamie to-day!"

He turned so abruptly that she nearly lost her balance, and they went home without another word.

It was the third morning after. The day was gray, and the florist had his window in green, with scarlet bulbs of electric light dotting the lovely palms and ferns. The only bit of natural color was the little azalea-tree; the baby buds had begun to open, and their pale, waxy whiteness showed some feverish pink blushes here and there.

The old gentleman, taking his daily walk in company with his daily companion, paused at the window. Somewhere on the granite of his composition a sort of moss-like attachment for flowers had manage to root itself. He liked to look in that window as much as his wife did. To-day she could see only one thing.

"There's that azalea still!" she said, biting her lips and winking her eyes hard. "I remember it was there the day we saw Mamie; and it's still there to-day, and she's so awful sick——"

Then the tears fell and stopped her words. He turned away from the window, but he did not jerk her. His head bent forward a little. He looked away toward the other side. Before they had gone half the length of their prescribed promenade he halted and faced about.

"I guess we'll go back," he said somewhat thickly. "I guess we'd better have the carriage, and you can go and see Mamie. Don't say anything about me."

She couldn't speak a word; she couldn't even look up at him.

Half an hour later, when the big horses were prancing in the court and the footman stood stiffly by the step awaiting his mistress, the Lord of All spoke to her in the vestibuled hall.

"If you think you want to stay when you get there, Mary," he said, more or less indistinctly, "why—why, it'll be all right, you can."

Then she hurried into the tiny brougham, lined with white velvet, and was whirled away.

The next day, and the next day, and the next day, he stood alone at the florist's window, walked alone down and back the avenue, and ate alone in the crystal and golden room.

On the fourth day Mamie lay quietly sleeping in her pretty, simple little bed. The curtain was carefully drawn across the one window, but her mother, sitting at the bedside in a sort of hushed but abundant ecstasy, could see the natural, healthy color in the sick girl's face, and could also see the little downy head that rested in an equally tranquil slumber deep in the cradle beyond.

The muffled bell in the hall jangled faintly. Some one had come to the door. The household was so very modest that such an event had not happened since Mamie's illness. The mother could hear the nurse going to the door to intercept the voluble maid. Mamie's husband had gone back to the work that brought the young couple their daily bread.

A few minutes later Mamie opened her eyes and put out her hand with a smile. The hand was taken softly, and they looked into each other's eyes. Then the nurse came in.

"You've had a lovely present," she said in her low and cheerful voice. "Your father brought it up all those stairs himself. When I told him you were sleeping he wouldn't wait; he said he'd rather come again to-morrow than disturb you now."

She had the little azalea-tree in her arms. It was in full bloom—rose-pink.

Anne Warner.

The Interference of Kitty.

I.

THE galleries were packed to suffocation; the lobby and even the Senate floor were crowded. A sharp fight was expected over the merger bill, notwithstanding the confidence of the head of the promoting syndicate, who arrived the night before and established headquarters in a nearby hotel; and of Colonel Moulton, the chairman of the State committee, who kept the run of things from his office on the second floor of the Capitol. Both believed that they had the situation well in hand until they heard about Kittinger. Then they talked with each other over well guarded telephones, and Moulton sent for the Senator.

Neither the first nor a second message brought him. The chairman put on his hat and walked to the Governor's room.

"We are beaten; I suppose you know," Moulton said without preface, as he sat down.

"Kittinger has been here," answered the Governor.

"What excuse did he give?"

"I did not hear him give any."

"Didn't you discuss the bill with him; didn't you ask him what is the matter with him?"

"No."

"Then, I'd like to know, what did you talk about?"

"He did most of the talking. I told him that he was foolish not to see you."

"He isn't coming, then?"

"No. He said he wouldn't."

"But what did he say when you told him you wanted him to vote for the bill?"

"I did not tell him so."

Colonel Moulton sprang to his feet.

"George, do you know what this means to us?" he demanded.

"I know what you think it means."

"Yes, and I'm right. It means that you lose the United States Senatorship, and that we go out of business. That's what it means."

The Governor swung around in his chair wearily.

"I suppose you didn't come here just to tell me that again," he said.

"No, I didn't. I did not know that you had seen Kittinger. Anyway, it does not matter. Send for him now and ask him to vote for the merger. I'll clear out. He needn't know that I suggested it."

The Governor walked to the window and looked out across the long stretch of dull brown lawn.

"I guess I'll keep out of it, Fred," he answered presently, without turning around.

Just then the door opened and a girl of twenty stood on the threshold. She held her long riding skirt in her hand.

"Joe said it was important and that I mustn't interrupt; but father promised to go riding with me this morning as soon as he finished his mail. You will forgive me, won't you?"

II.

A LITTLE later, when the merger bill was reached on the Senate calendar, the majority leader blandly asked that the measure be laid aside for the present. Nobody objected, and the disappointed crowd filed grumblingly out of the galleries. Though they did not understand the delay, few believed that the merger was really beaten. This was the outside view. On the inside, Colonel Moulton, Sanderson, head of the promoting syndicate, the Governor, and two or three others, knew that without Kittinger's vote there was a tie. If he voted no, the bill was lost.

"Well, find out what he wants," growled Sanderson when the situation was explained to him.

But nobody cared to undertake the task. Kittinger did not understand the game, they felt; and besides, he might be against the bill on principle. They had heard of such things.

"Can't you call it up when Kittinger is absent?" suggested Sanderson. He could not believe that a single State Senator could stand in the way of a deal which some of the biggest men in Wall Street had spent months thinking out and perfecting.

They considered this, but not hopefully. The Lieutenant Governor could be depended upon for the casting vote, but Kittinger was never absent.

III.

WITHIN half an hour after her return from the ride with her father, Kitty Millard knew that in respect to the merger bill she had unwittingly put her dainty little foot into it. Such details of the situation as she failed to get from her father, she skilfully extracted from Colonel Moulton. She took at face value all that the Colonel said about the bearing of the merger bill on her father's political fortunes. This is the reason why she marched into Moulton's office the next morning and offered her services to help pass the bill.

"I'm afraid, though," she admitted, "that I can't do much with father. He has made up his mind not to interfere. He told me that."

"I don't just see, then——" began Moulton.

"No, I know you don't," answered Miss Millard, "though you are an old dear. I'm going to capture your Senator for you; I've made up my mind."

"Do you know him?"

"Just. I've met him at dinner once or twice. How much time do you give me?"

Moulton was ready to catch at straws, which accounts for his answering seriously.

"If we cannot pass the bill by this time next month, we never can," he said.

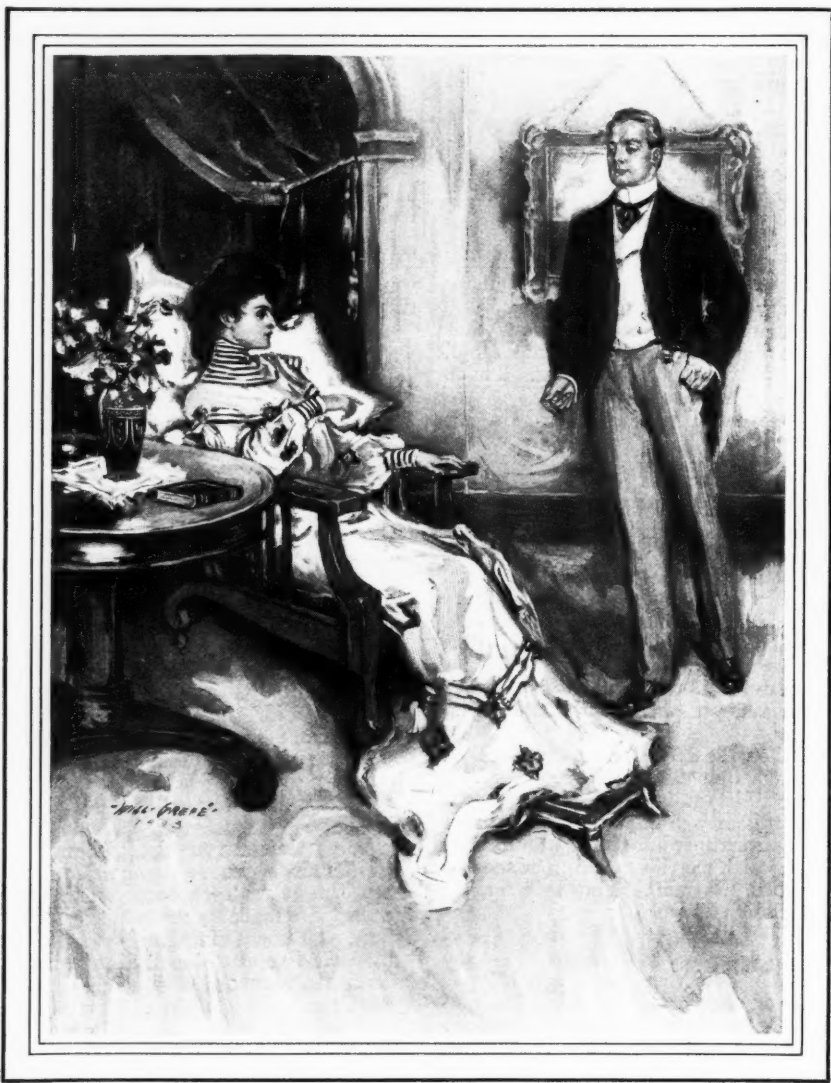
"Very well," said Miss Millard.

"I wish you luck," said the colonel.

For any contest into which Kitty entered she had a quiver full of arrows. She had beauty, wit, grace. She could be grave and dignified, as became the official station of her father, or she could forget all about that and be so friendly that favored male persons, especially if they

were young, discovered irresistible impulses to escort her to unfrequented corners, there to tell her in low tones their personal plans, troubles, hopes, and am-

tion, he told her how he came to be nominated and elected despite the opposition of the machine leaders. She saw that he was very much in earnest in his legislative



HIS INDIGNATION LASTED UNTIL HE REACHED THE ROOM WHERE SHE AWAITED HIM, PROPPED UP WITH PILLOWS.

bitions. And Kitty often advised them for their good.

Kittinger was young, and at first things went swimmingly. He was assigned to take her in to dinner an evening or two after the temporary defeat of the merger bill. In the intervals of general conversa-

work, and that without being boastful he was confident of his powers. These were qualities that Kitty admired. The knowledge that he possessed them gave her a momentary twinge of remorse. But this disappeared a little later.

His party associates, he said, were bla-

ming him for opposing the bill, and he added—he was still young and inexperienced, remember:

"They still think they are going to pass it. But I doubt it. No influence can possibly overcome my opposition to it. Whenever the final vote is taken I will be found voting against it and doing all in my power to defeat it."

This was a challenge. Kitty said nothing. She inherited from her father a habit of reticence at critical moments.

Among the privileges enjoyed by those who were crowned with Kitty's royal favor was license to ride with her in the mornings, sometimes along the well graded roadways leading through the suburbs, sometimes across country, or over the rough wagon roads back into the timber.

She was unconventional as to grooms. On the morning Kittinger rode with her, for the fourth or fifth time since their more intimate acquaintance began, they went alone. It was mad riding from the beginning. Kitty intended that it should be. It is useless to excuse or extenuate her conduct. Any defense would fall before the documentary evidence of her guilt in the form of a scribbled note to Colonel Moulton despatched the night before. It said:

Call up your bill early tomorrow. He will be absent part of the session.

KITTY.

The start was early, and they were a good distance from town when Kitty saw the young Senator look at his watch. As he shut it with a determined snap the horse that Kitty rode gave an unexpected jump, and the bridle broke. The spirited black went into the air, then sped wildly down the road, headed from town. Kitty cast a wild, appealing glance behind her, with a pitiful little cry, and clung to the saddle.

For perhaps a mile Kittinger was unable to overtake them. Then came an accident which could not have been planned, however dark a view is taken of Kitty's conduct. A team dragging a long timber wagon occupied nearly all of the narrow highway. The black swerved suddenly, and Kitty landed in a heap at the side of the road.

Kittinger had forgotten the Senate, the merger bill, his public duties, everything except Kitty's danger. He ran to her and lifted her in his arms, and he was conscious of a great thrill of joy and relief, for she opened her eyes and spoke.

"I'm not hurt in the least," she said; but when she tried to stand on her feet

she promptly sank back into Kittinger's arms and fainted dead away.

IV.

KITTINGER reached the Senate chamber an hour after the merger bill had been called up and passed. Extras were already in the street announcing it.

Kittinger was furious. He rose to a question of personal privilege and denounced the proceeding as a dastardly trick. The leader of the majority, in reply, declared that he was surprised and grieved at the unwarranted charge. He disliked, however, to impute malice to any one, and therefore he would put it down to the youth and inexperience of the Senator. Kittinger, unconvinced, marched out of the chamber and down to the office of Colonel Moulton. That genial gentleman, however, was not present to listen to his denunciation. The room was empty, but Kittinger's eye took in at a single glance a scrap of paper carelessly left lying on the chairman's desk. It was Kitty's note to Moulton, and the single glance told Kittinger its contents.

He knew the handwriting. He knew the signature. He rushed out of the room, with feelings hard to describe.

V.

For three days an impatient young woman with a plaster cast on her ankle sat up in bed at frequent intervals to look at cards which came with deluges of flowers and fruits and dainty trifles, only to fling them aside and sink back again to her pillows, wholly unsatisfied. There was nothing from Senator Kittinger. He did not call to inquire as to her recovery. She did not know that he daily waylaid the doctor, to ask after her.

The situation furnished unwonted opportunities for reflection. When the doctor announced her recovery from the shock, and permitted her to be dressed, it was a penitent and remorseful Kitty who wrote a pitiful little note to Senator Kittinger. She said that she had a confession to make, and would he please come to her and listen to it?—after which he alone should decide what was to be done. In her self-denunciation she had visions, I think, of being led away to prison cells.

Senator Kittinger came. His indignation lasted until he reached the room where she awaited him, propped up with pillows. She was quite pale, and she extended a wan little hand to him timidly,

for she was not sure that he would take it. He did take it, and on the instant all his anger died out, for he saw again the great black horse with bridle dangling, thundering down the highway, and, after, a huddled little figure lying by the roadway, and not stirring for what seemed an eternity until he lifted it in his arms.

And so he held the small hand tightly and went down on one knee beside her, and the only words of reproach which he spoke were:

"Kitty, Kitty, how could you? It was terrible! You might have killed yourself!"

This was so much better than prison cells that for a moment Kitty forgot the crime she had to confess. She only smiled contentedly and slipped her arm around his neck. But presently she remembered. He was speaking, and it was sweet to listen, but it was not right. So she resolutely put her hand over his mouth and stopped him.

"Wait," she said. "You do not know how bad I am—how wicked!"

"Yes, I do," he mumbled through the small fingers. But she did not heed.

"You think that I was reckless. That was nothing—nothing. I did not mean to fall off and be hurt, but I broke the bridle on purpose. I planned the runaway. I intended to keep you from getting back in time. I did it deliberately."

"I know all about it," said Kittinger gravely.

Kitty looked puzzled.

"You—kissed me—after you knew?" she inquired wonderingly.

He kissed her again to convince her.

A few minutes later Governor Millard himself came in. Kittinger was still half kneeling beside the low chair, and there were explanations.

Presently, when Kittinger was taking his departure, the Governor called him back.

"By the way, Senator," he said, "I have a piece of news which may interest you."

"Yes?" said Kittinger.

"I have just vetoed the merger bill," said the Governor.

Josiah T. Newcomb.

A Luncheon with Marion.

I.

It was the hour when the *matinée-goers* throng the restaurants near the theaters. At Vibert's, beloved of women for its ices, its creams, its patés, the crowd was great. Each of the small tables had

its group of earnest students of the menu. Waiters hurried about with trays of the fluffy indigestibles dear to the unregenerate feminine heart. The Thanksgiving holiday crowd added to the number, and the air buzzed with the conversation of football enthusiasts. Marion, seated alone at one of the small tables, surveyed the scene with disgust. Last year's champion running-high-jumper at Vassar, she had acquired a respect for her digestion which made her impatient with those of her sisters who had none for theirs. Moreover, she was out of sorts. There had not been a flattering demand for her services in pedagogic circles. She had no position except a precarious one as substitute in English in a fashionable school up-town, and she had heard that morning that the regular incumbent was soon to sail from her prolonged European holiday. Then there would be more looking for positions and more criticisms of her lack of experience, her lack of advanced degrees, and her lack of this and that requirement.

"Bring me," she said to the waiter who was hovering with a sort of deferential impatience at her elbow, "a cup of *consommé*, an English chop—"

"Pardon, madam, it takes some time to prepare."

"An English chop," said Marion stonily, "a baked potato, and then *romaine* salad and a cup of coffee."

Then she leaned back and looked more contemptuously than ever upon the *méringue-devourers*. But her survey of them was interrupted. She felt some one watching her. She looked up, to meet an amused gleam in a pair of brown eyes. The amusement was promptly banished as Marion looked, and the owner of the eyes bent over her deferentially.

"I beg your pardon," he entreated, "but may I snatch a bite here at your table? There isn't another seat in the room, and I happen to be in a most tremendous rush."

Marion brightened in spite of herself. He was so tall, so straight, with such direct eyes and such a well-cut mouth! What such a one—he seemed to her to radiate bigness and breadth and wholesome outdoor influences—could be doing in a foolish, clattering place like Vibert's she did not know; but that was not her problem.

"Certainly," she said, meeting his gaze very frankly and seriously.

"Thank you—you are awfully good! It's unpardonable, but really necessary. What a crowd!"



"THERE ISN'T ANOTHER SEAT IN THE ROOM, AND I HAPPEN TO BE IN A MOST TREMENDOUS RUSH."

Marion had not intended to furnish conversation together with a place at her table; but the frank friendliness of the young man captivated her.

"Yes," she said. "A matinée crowd."

She managed to convey in the three words her momentary opinion of the pleasure-seekers of her sex.

"But you're not going," he laughed as the waiter placed the *consommé* before

her. "An English chop could never be a preparation for Faversham or Hackett. You see, I heard your order." Then he turned to the waiter. "What have you ready?" he asked. "All right; *filet mignon Otéro*, and a mug of ale. Hurry it along, please." He turned again to Marion. "I'm going to get out as quickly as I can," he announced. "It's a beastly interruption, I know, and you're awfully good to put up with it. You'll be glad when the crowd thins out and you can finish in peace."

There was something so kindly, so engaging, so understanding, in the young man's manner that Marion's pale cheeks flushed with pleasure. She had almost entered upon a comprehensive recital of the causes which had led to her weariness and distaste for society when she suddenly recalled that it was not customary to open one's soul to the view of a stranger in a restaurant. So she merely smiled faintly, and picked up the bill of fare as if to study it again.

"There," he exclaimed, attacking the *filet*, "you're retiring into yourself, and gently informing me that your moods are none of my business. And they're not. I beg your pardon. I won't talk any more."

He did not. Marion's salad was just served as he finished his luncheon. He rose. She almost sighed. She wished she knew him! She wished she might climb a mountain or take a cross-country walk or row a boat with him—do any of the things in which her youth delighted.

"Thank you again," he said. "You have done me a real favor."

He walked quickly through the room, the interruptions of chairs and tables and swishing gowns powerless to interrupt the freedom of his long stride. Marion's eyes followed him with liking and admiration. He paused at the desk for a moment, and as he turned she thought he looked back toward her. She did not wish him to see her staring after him, so she turned her attention again to the convenient menu card. When she put it down, he was gone.

The salad was not very good; the coffee seemed stale. Something invigorating and generous had gone out of the room with the stray youth. Marion desired to waste no more time there. She beckoned the waiter. He handed her the bill and busied himself with a finger bowl while she studied it.

"I did not order any *filet mignon*," she said after a second. "You have brought me the wrong bill."

The waiter examined it.

"Pardon, madam, it is yours. *Consommé, chop*—"

"Yes, but the beef and ale—I did not order those."

"No, but madam's husband—he say he is in a hurry and madam will pay."

"My—what?" cried Marion, crimson.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders with a gesture expressive of indifference as to mere phraseology.

"Madam's husband—the gentleman," he nodded toward the vacant seat at Marion's table.

"I never saw that gentleman before in my life. He asked permission to sit at my table because there was no other seat in the restaurant. I—he—"

The waiter departed, to reappear with the head waiter. The *matinée-goers* all looked with eager interest at the scene. The head waiter had received his early training in an all-night restaurant where strange things sometimes happened, and he had not qualified his manners greatly when he came to Vibert's.

"This don't go, see?" he remarked to Marion. "The feller says to the clerk at the desk, 'That lady back there'—and pointed to you—'will pay; I ain't got time,' and off he went. It's a queer thing you never saw him before, when you and him was talking together! If you never saw him before, and talked like that, I just want to say to you that such con—"

"Let me pass!" said Marion, furious and quiet.

"You've got to pay."

"I shall pay at the desk, and I shall report your insolence. Your carelessness has permitted a—a scoundrel—"

A lump came into Marion's throat. She could not go on. At the desk she paid the combined bill, explaining that she did so under protest. Then she went out into the street. She brushed against another young man, a small, slight, anemic-looking person, as she left the restaurant. She hated the contact even of her fur with his cheviot, so low a view did she hold of all his tribe at the moment.

On the sidewalk, she looked into her purse. Three pennies remained to her. She squared her shoulders for the walk up-town, and swung into the throng.

II.

For a month Marion Wellton went about in what she described to herself as a state of spiritual dyspepsia. Nothing agreed with her. She discovered hitherto unsuspected flaws in her friends. Naomi's devotion was not of such quality

as she had supposed, nor was Ruth's constancy what it had seemed of old. Walking was no longer the delight that it had been, and the gymnasium which she joined was anything but what she had hoped. The English teacher in the school again delayed her home-coming, but the assurance of an income until June gave Marion no particular pleasure. She thought—occasionally hazarding a statement to that effect—that she would like to go as teacher on an Indian reservation. Beyond the desire to separate herself from her kind, as evidenced in this preference, she cared for not one thing more than another.

It was Mabel Clement who first roused her out of her lethargy. Mabel announced her engagement at Christmas. Characteristically, she invited her old classmate to a bridesmaids' dinner on New Year's Eve.

"Some may risk long engagements," she wrote, "but in a world of deceit, unavoidable inconstancy, and automobiles I am not one of these. We are to be married on the third. Come, dear Marion, to the bridesmaids' dinner on the last night of the old year. If you could conveniently, and without unkindness to any one, fall in love with Howard's best man, Walter Riggs, it would be pleasantly romantic. Try, won't you?"

Marion smiled sardonically. Never again, she felt, would she trust any emotion of her own. Men might come and men might go, foolish, misplaced confidences might spring to life, but she would never trust either any man or her impressions of any man again.

She went gloomily to the dinner, her peach-colored crape setting off her slim, erect, stalwart young beauty very well, but her face rather grim above it.

"Of course you're to be maid of honor," said Mabel airily. "I may have forgotten to mention it, but if you have any sense, you knew."

"You did forget to mention it," answered Marion, "but, of course, that's a mere detail. What do you want me to wear? And how much time are you leaving me to get anything?"

"Oh, Mr. Riggs," called Mabel cheerfully, "there you are! Here is your companion in crime, my maid of hon—why, what on earth's the matter?"

Into a pair of warm, friendly brown eyes Marion found herself looking for a second time. She grew very pale and stiffened perceptibly. Mr. Riggs, on the contrary, grew extremely red, but what he said was, "Thank Heaven!"

"Do you know," he burst forth, without waiting for any remarks from the outraged Miss Wellton, "that I've spent a month and untold wealth in trying to find you? Howard, confound him, had sworn to keep in sight the woman whom I buncoed, so as to—refund to her, you know. There he is, the beast!"—Marion looked toward a small, slight, anemic-looking man who seemed to wear a familiar aspect. "And then he lost you! Oh, you—you foolish woman, you! Don't you ever read personals? I've tried even those! Detectives were to be my next step. Oh, what did you think of me? You see how it was, don't you?"

Marion's face had broken from a dawn of hope into a full sunlight of belief.

"No, no!" she cried, while Mabel stood at one side with the dropped jaw and open eyes of amazement. "No, I don't! But it's all right! I don't care!"

Mr. Walter Riggs eyed her admiringly, almost adoringly.

"It was a blind bet on the confounded football game. If our side won, I was to name Howard's penalty; if his—and his did! He decreed that I was to swindle a woman out of a luncheon. And—what a blooming fool you must have thought me, with my twaddle, twaddle! But if I hadn't talked, how could I have deceived the waiter? And then the perjured Howard lost you!"

Marion smiled broadly and stupidly. She was conscious of the imbecile appearance she presented, but she did not care.

"I've thought of the scorn in your big eyes every day since then," said the young man tensely. "When will you lunch with me? When may I—oh, will you let me know you, will you let me—"

"The day after the wedding I will lunch with you," said Marion. Her eyes were very bright, her cheeks very pink. "If we are to be best man and maid of honor, I think we shall see each other quite enough until then. Don't you?"

"Not enough!" he answered; and her eyes fell before his look.

Katherine Hoffman.

MacMasters' Golf.

I.

FOUR or five years ago, when Hillton, in common with all prosperous suburbs, was in the first throes of fine frenzy over golf, MacMasters was characteristically untouched by the craze. Though he joined the club, he never went to it. In the trains, when all the talk was of drives and

distances, of bogies and bunkers, he would listen for a few minutes with a sardonic grin, and then plunged into his law reports. MacMasters had never learned to trifle, and he had the hard-working man's contempt for those who took their past-times seriously.

By the time Hillton had recovered from its passion, however—replacing it by a fevered interest in bridge and automobilizing—MacMasters was observed to have succumbed to the fascinations of the course. He was attacking golf with the same stubborn vehemence he had displayed in his onslaught against all his previous difficulties—against early poverty, against scant chances for education, against the lack of influential connection in the law when he was at last brilliantly admitted to the bar.

Why, asked Hillton, why in the name of all that was faddish or fashionable, did MacMasters adopt the sport at the moment of its waning glory, when only dyed-in-the-wool players and Miss Hazler still pursued it with any regularity? Having put the question to itself thus, Hillton smiled with sudden understanding. After all, Miss Hazler still played golf—played even to the extent of keeping year after year for the Hillton Country Club the silver cup of the Eastern Shore Women's Golf Association. And MacMasters had met Virginia Hazler!

There were some who frowned at the suggestion implied in the connection between MacMasters' golf and his acquaintance with Miss Hazler. The Hazler house had presented its highly-respectable stone front, its balconies and turrets, its long sweep of drive and its porte cochère to the Hillton world in those old days when Mrs. MacMasters was doing fine mending and laundering lace curtains in the effort to keep a water-tight roof over Benny's head. A certain fitness in things ought to be observed, the frowning Hilltonians said, even in a democracy. But others, remembering MacMasters' career, looking at his deep-set, somberly-glowing eyes, the grim lines of determination about his lips, the nervous force of his long, ungainly figure, were strongly of the opinion that no traditional harmonies could keep Virginia Hazler from becoming Mrs. Benjamin MacMasters if that was what Benjamin MacMasters desired. And this conclusion was reached in spite of the fact that Peabody Preston, with his open-heartedness and his open-handedness, his genial humor, his long inheritance of wealth and ease, was a well-liked young man.

To do MacMasters justice, he felt none of the assurance, none of the determination, even, which was attributed to him. He had, with women, the humility of the man whose conquests have consisted in something more than the arousing of teatable emotions. He had not begun to think of Virginia—the graceful, vigorous, patrician young woman—as a lover thinks. He only knew that he and she did not speak the same language, and that this was an inexplicable grief to him. Europe, opera, yachts, Adirondack camps, tittle-tattle—all these were to him a foreign tongue. He felt the undefined need of a common vocabulary with her. It seemed to his simplicity that when he had learned golf he would have acquired at least the primer. So, humbly as to her, arrogantly as to the game itself, he set out to become a player.

At the end of a month, MacMasters was a changed man. He was even a dazed man. He had found that which he could not do. Robert Bruce Douglas, professional of the Hillton Country Club, used to go into his quarters after giving MacMasters a lesson, and solemnly pour himself out two fingers of Scotch, before observing:

"Hoot, mon! A duffer, a natural born duffer—that's wha' he is!"

The more the art of the game eluded him, the more grimly MacMasters set his teeth, clutched his clubs, stiffened his muscles, and whacked and hacked away. He cut great clods out of the fair green; he topped, he sliced, he whizzed altogether over the little white sphere that was the target of his strokes. His ball, aimed due forward from the tees, mysteriously hit caddies on the putting greens behind him. Every bad play known to golfers from prehistoric times, and many entirely original with himself, he made.

Of all this Virginia Hazler was aware. She, too, went early to the links for the daily practise which kept the women's challenge cup the boast of Hillton. She was the half amused, half enraged witness of MacMasters' wonderful playing—amused, because she was merely human, and only an angel could have beheld him without mirth; enraged, because for some reason which she did not undertake to define, his dignity was increasingly a matter of moment to her.

She was almost tart in her manner to Peabody Preston when that young man undertook to make her laugh by describing some of the antics of MacMasters.

"Good chap, of course," Peabody fin-

ished in his indolently kind fashion, "fine fellow and all that. But it's no use. We humans don't grow the grub and the butterfly in the same generation. MacMasters is a wonder of a worker, but he'll never know how to play, and that's so much more important in one's friends!"

They were sitting on the broad veranda of the Hazler house in the twilight. Virginia looked down the hillside, into the town, beginning to twinkle with lights. She was conscious of a sense that the dying day meant surcease of toil and not of play to most of the men and women in the world; she felt inarticulately that except as a man had some part in the great universe of labor, he had not touched the realities of life, and could not teach a woman the realities of life. But she only answered:

"I dare say."

"Really, he has a gallery equal to Travis," pursued Peabody fatuously, "when he goes around. And he deserves it. Nothing funnier was ever seen. The caddies have to be cuffed into caddying for him now, I'm told; he's regarded as a hoodoo. Who's going to play in the women's tournament besides you?"

"Perhaps I'm not," laughed Virginia. "We have not been tried out yet, and two or three of the women have come up wonderfully this season."

"Fancy your flunking it at this day!" scoffed Peabody.

"Oh, you never can tell," she answered modestly. "I practise every morning."

"You and MacMasters are the early birds?"

"Yes, I generally see him there."

Again Virginia was conscious of that inexplicable resentment at Peabody's tone and laugh. She wished MacMasters would give it up! It was silly of him to compete with mere fools in their folly—he, a man and a conqueror! But she could not voice her sentiments to MacMasters, and he continued, stubbornly, angrily, humbly, to cut the sward, to lose innumerable balls, and to drive Robert Bruce Douglas to drink.

II.

THE day when Virginia Hazler was to play with Elizabeth Dawkins to decide who should defend the silver cup at the tournament, MacMasters decided not to go into the city, but to form one of her admiring gallery. The mere sight of him made her nervous, for the mere sight of him at the club was a signal for mirth. And less and less, as she knew him bet-

ter, could Virginia bear to have him ridiculous. She was, moreover, annoyed at her own interest in him; Virginia had never meant to fall in love with a man of different traditions from her own. "It isn't safe," she had been used to say wisely.

"I will not do it," she was declaring vehemently to herself this morning.

All these things were seething in her mind as she smiled perfunctorily in answer to his greeting, and thanked him stiffly for his interest when he said that he was staying out to see her play.

"I suppose," he hazarded abruptly, "it would be useless to ask to be your caddy?"

A faint, quickly-suppressed ripple stirred the club-house piazza. With MacMasters as a caddy, only a miracle could save the game for one, so skilled was he in failing to see a ball lying three yards away from him!

"You're awfully good," said Virginia, "but Mr. Preston has already nobly volunteered for the position."

Preston pushed forward, laughing, debonair.

"I've had your putter sandpapered a bit, Virginia," he began. "Mornin', MacMasters. We'll see some playing to-day."

MacMasters nodded gloomily. He wanted to fight the round-faced, pink and white Preston at that moment. He half determined to go to town, after all. Then he looked at Virginia again, and decided to stay.

At the tenth hole the girls were even. Virginia had been playing a trifle uncertainly. She had been irritatedly conscious of her little flock of followers. She thought she could even hear their whispers concerning her two admirers, and their laughter at one. It all annoyed and oppressed her. When the crowd had made its way to the eleventh tee, Preston looked up from placing Virginia's ball.

"See here," he began, "can't you people stand back and give Miss Hazler breathing space?"

He said "people," but it seemed to Benjamin MacMasters that the speech was addressed to no other but him. He measured the distance between him and the lithe figure laying her pliant driver behind the ball, and he moved but the fraction of an inch aside.

Keenly conscious that there had been an altercation of glances behind her back, Virginia raised her driver. Slowly, less surely than usual, it came up over her right shoulder. She swung it sharply and swiftly down, hit the ball cleanly, brought

the club up with a wide motion—and then dropped it, crying out. She turned her horror-stricken eyes to see Benjamin MacMasters drop heavily to the ground. She had managed, with the heavy head of her club, to find the vulnerable spot beneath his jaw.

"Don't, don't, Virginia, don't look so!" cried Preston, while the others ran and clamored for water, for doctors, for anything. "It was not your fault. It was his. I told him to stand back, the miserable duffer, the fool!"

"Fool?" cried Virginia, flashing a look of withering contempt upon her life-long friend. "Fool? Oh, you stupid, you stupid!"

And then she bent over the prostrate figure on the grass with some pitiful cry of tenderness. Peabody stared at her.

"It wouldn't have made any difference in the end," he told himself, "if that's the way she feels. But MacMasters! The duffer! And—Virginia!"

III.

SHE wanted to give up golf after her marriage, but her husband forbade it.

"We'll need your records to make a respectable family average," he said. "For I don't intend to give it up."

A saying which, when it eventually reached the ears of Robert Bruce Douglas, caused him to drink three fingers of Scotch, neat, and to say: "Too bod she hodn't killed him wi' her club thot day!"

Henry S. Turner.

The Stowaway's Revenge.

I.

THE mate of the Morning Star scowled fiercely. Six, eight, yea, a dozen times that day he had gone down into the bowels of the ship on disagreeable duty. Each time he went down, a stowaway came up to be flung, flapjack fashion, over the side, to light where he might, be it in the waters of the sound or on the deck of the lighter alongside.

And now Luke Peters' time had come!

Not until the Morning Star had toiled far out into the Pacific was he discovered. Followed by four or five truculent stokers, the mate let himself down into the furnace-room and ranged up before the coal-bunker.

"Come out of that!" he yelled above the clang and bang. "Come out, Oi say, and pay your way loike a Christian, else I'll soak your barnacles!"

Far back in the coal-bin a grimy figure rose to his feet with scowling face and glaring eyes as the opening of a furnace door cast its glare upon him. This was followed by the sweep of a vigorous arm, and a moment later a heavy chunk of coal crashed into the boiler-face over the mate's head.

"Take that!" shouted Peters as the mate ducked. "Them's my compliments!"

"Be they?" said the mate. "Well, me hearty, here's moine!"

The drenching that followed as the ship's burly officer turned the sizzling end of a hose on him soon put a quietus on the belligerent Peters, and he was shortly landed, battered and bruised, into the cool night air on the deck far above.

"Curse you!" said the mate, crushing the heel of a heavy boot in his face. "Curse you! If there was an island handy, I'd maroon you! As it is, me hearty, Oi've a nate little bird-cage up front for vultures loike you; and in you go, and there you'll stay, till Oi'm ready to pluck you!"

And into the cage Peters went. It proved to be an immense hog'shead, fastened well up on the fore-castle deck, with a removable cap. Into this the now insensible stowaway was flung, lighting with a crash on a pile of lanterns in the bottom. After securing and lashing down the cap, the mate went aft to join his wife and five-year-old daughter, casting an uneasy glance into the west as he went.

Well might he feel uneasy. This condemned, worthless old hulk had steamed out of Seattle under the very noses of the authorities, crowded to suffocation with man and beast, contrary to all the laws of navigation. The spirit of the almighty dollar had prevailed, and as long as they could flash a ticket the frantic, gold-mad passengers had been allowed to push and jam themselves aboard into every available nook and crevice, cabin and steerage, till she could hold no more. Then, and not till then, did the wheezing old craft slip her cable and stand out to sea, bound for the gold fields of the far north.

Once down to where the revolving light on Cape Flattery was flashing its warning, the steamer was brought to a stop and a consultation held. Well might she pause. Fast settling over the far-distant rim of the blood-red sea hung a dense, black cloud bank, punctured every now and then by bars of lightning, which were followed ever and anon by the artillery roll of distant thunder, and the ominous wail of a coming gale.

The captain, knowing the true state of affairs, had shaken his head at the agent.

"Ay yust tall you, Meester Shmidt, dees ship she punk. Goot vedder she all right; bat vedder she all wrong. I tank we turn roundt undt py Port Townsend go pack."

At that the face of the agent had grown red and flushed, and he had cried: "Push her through!" The unsuspecting passengers had yelled: "Go it a bunch!" And so, against the prognostications of a rapidly-falling barometer and the counsel of an experienced navigator, the go-ahead bell was rung and the *Morning Star* steamed out into the west.

Little by little the puffing, wheezing steamer forged ahead; little by little the sun-down breeze freshened into a gale of churning, blinding white-caps. Panting, reeling, throbbing, with the wind moaning and shrieking through her rigging, vomiting a corkscrew trail of smoke far astern, the ship climbed the mountainous steeps.

Gradually the distant light on the lonely head faded into obscurity, and night, black as ink, fell over the tumbled, frothy waste of sea.

II.

"DIVIL a bit do Oi loike it," thought the mate, as he reeled aft along the deck of the creaking, wallowing steamer. "Somehow, Oi've got it in me head she ain't safe. If it weren't for Mollie and the baby, I wouldn't be carin'. As it is, you're a fool, Tom O'Brien, that's what you are, and a big wan, too, to trust your little lamb on a junk loike this! Still," he added, as if to reassure himself, "the owners swore by all that's good she was safe, and Oi shouldn't be the wan to kick."

Just then a figure crawled up the hatch-ladder forward, and came unsteadily aft. Making a trumpet of his hands, he bawled a warning into the ear of the mate that nigh took him off his feet.

"Phwat?" O'Brien loudly exclaimed. "Phwat? Struck a leak already?"

It was only too true. Hastily overhauled from a ten years' snooze in the boneyard, the ancient hull was fast giving way to the tremendous thrashing against her sides. Far down below her water-line a seam had started, and the ocean was pouring in by the barrellful. Against this a wind-broken pump was ca-chugging, ca-chugging at full speed in its efforts to vomit the water forth through rusty tubes.

"It's all up," said the first engineer, as

he climbed out of the hold, bathed in perspiration. "The water's a foot deep in the well, and rising every minute. An hour from now, mate, she'll blow up and sky-rocket all hands to thunder!"

When this bit of news had traveled from cabin to steerage, from steerage to galley, a band of determined men lined up before the agent's barricaded door.

"Come out of that," they yelled. "Come out of that, you sneaking, lying whelp, and turn this boat around, else we'll make it hot for you!"

"The captain, the captain!" he shouted back. "Go to him!"

"The captain! You're the one that got us into this pickle, and you're the one to right it. Turn her around!"

The agent could do naught but acquiesce, and the steamer was headed back from whence she came. Then it was that things went from bad to worse. Without warning, the foremast snapped off and went by the board, the heavy cross-tree carrying away a portion of the upper cabins. This was followed by the parting of the wheel-chains, leaving the steamer without steerage-way, at the mercy of both wind and wave. In this helpless strait a tremendous roller slumped her deep into a trough, deluging her decks with tons upon tons of brine. The *Morning Star* floated a wreck on the face of the deep.

Pandemonium followed. Heavy draft horses penned on the upper deck whinnied and stamped in terror; sleek, well-fed cattle pushed and gored one another. The passengers, what of them? Did they shout, did they pray, did they blaspheme? Aye, more. Led by a gigantic foreigner, they kicked in the agent's stateroom door, picked up the now cringing transportation boomer, and pitched him into the sea. This done, they made a rush for the small boats, and launched them despite the efforts of officers and men, only to have them dashed to pieces against the steamer's side, leaving women and children to their fate.

Inch by inch the water rose in the doomed steamer's hold; lower and lower settled the hull, until her whole upper deck was awash. The few passengers left aboard were then either washed or blown away by the fury of the tempest. As the clock in the yet standing wheel-house pealed out two bells in the morning, the prophecy of the engineer came true. With a bang and roar heard above the howling of the gale, the boilers exploded, showering the blackened heavens with a million fiery sparks, and before five min-

utes had passed the Morning Star was blotted out forever.

III.

THE man in the bird-cage, what of him?

Oblivious of his wounds, he had passed through it all, sometimes awake and crazy with delirium, at other times lost in blessed sleep. When the explosion took place, breaking the hull in twain, the forward part plunged, bow first, into the depths. There a portion of the fore-castle deck parted and rose to the surface, the cask still intact, to be swept swiftly away. A great deal of brine found its way into the receptacle, soaking the insensible Peters to the skin; yet he lived through it to beautify an ill-spent life.

Now rising, now falling, ever deluged by waves, the piece of decking was swept on and on, the prostrate figure huddled up in the bottom of the cask. Day came; the sun arose; the sea calmed. Peters still slept. The day waned; a throbbing steamer passed; the sun slipped lower and lower down the horizon for its final dip.

At four o'clock the cap was lifted, the overhead lashing having slipped, and Peters' swollen, disfigured face and blood-shot eyes looked out.

The sight that met the stowaway's gaze filled him with amazement. He still believed himself on the steamer. Face downwards, holding on for life to the cask with one hand, the other across the face of a little child, was the body of a man too weak and water-logged to speak.

Slowly, very slowly, Peters pulled himself out of the cask. He examined the lashing carefully; only one strand now held, and that was half worn away. Anxiously he scanned the sea, shading his battered face with a palsied hand. No friendly ship was to be seen. A thought came to him—the best in many a year. Why not? No kith or kin had he. The combined weight of three persons was beginning to tell on the crazy craft; the strand might give way at any time. Yes, he would carry out his idea.

He dived into the cask and brought up one, two, three lanterns. These he secured to the upper hoop of the cask; then he reached into his vest pocket and found a shining, well-worn match-box from which he had touched off many a tramp fire from Seattle south to the Mexico line. This done, he picked up the little girl and placed her gently in the cask. The task of getting the big mate inside well-nigh finished him, but that, too, was finally accomplished.

"Matey," he said, very tenderly and softly, as the burly figure sank in a heap, "you are in the steamer track, and will be picked up before day. Good-by!"

The piece of wreckage drifted on. And all that night, till they were seen by the lookout on board the Chilkoot, homeward bound to Tacoma, three bobbing, wobbling lantern lights lit up the darkened surface of the sea.

Thomas H. Rogers.

A Story in Five Letters.

I.

COLORADO SPRINGS, JUNE 14.

MY DEAR MR. MEREDITH:

I suppose I owe you an apology. I really ought to have let you know before I left Chicago, and would have done so had you troubled yourself to let me hear from you during my last two weeks at home. Of course I understand that our discussion of your absurd jealousy was the cause of your silence. I really did think you above such petty feelings, and trust by this time you have overcome them.

Very sincerely,
CAROLINE CARROLTON.

II.

COLORADO SPRINGS, JUNE 22.

MY DEAR TED:

I wrote to you more than a week ago, and have received no answer. I didn't think you would stay angry at me so long—especially when I wrote you the first letter. Really, Ted, I'm awfully sorry I didn't let you know before I went away, but I was so *wild* at you! I am beginning to see that perhaps you had a little cause for your anger that night—just a little. Please write to me soon.

Yours,
CARROL.

III.

COLORADO SPRINGS, JUNE 29.

MY DEAR TEDDY:

By this time you must have had my second letter at least five days, and yet you won't answer. Well, I'm going to keep on writing till you do, for I'm bound you shall know that I still want you to forgive me. Please, Ted, please! I'll explain everything about that horrid drive, and I'll do anything to show how sorry I am I was so mean about it that night, if you'll only write to me and tell me that

you still love me. I know you do, for you aren't the kind to forget a girl in a hurry. It's strange that you can still love such a hateful thing as I am, but I feel sure you do. Oh, you must, Teddy darling, for I am fast realizing that I love you more than I ever thought I could love any one.

If I don't hear from you soon, I'll go into the nursing business, and take care of a sick young man in this hotel. He is away down the hall, but the chamber-maid sometimes tells me about him. It seems the poor fellow was knocked down on the street, where he ran out and picked up a baby who was on the car-track. It was a brave act and made him a hero, but it broke his leg. Well, the maid likes to talk, and she insists upon giving all the details to Aunt Mary. You who know Aunt Mary don't need to be told how she pours her dear motherly sympathy upon the "poor boy."

For my part, I am not interested in any one now but my distant Teddy, who is angry with me. Please forgive and write to

CARROL.

IV.

COLORADO SPRINGS, JULY 4.

TEDDY DEAR:

This is a pretty noisy Fourth of July, but I don't care much. Do you remember the picnic we went to one year ago today? That was the first time you ever made love to me. I can see you yet as you stood in front of my hammock, talking so earnestly; and I laughed. Oh, well, I'm getting my pay now.

I'm going to tell you all about that horrid affair with Paul Elliot. I wish to goodness I'd told you before.

It was this way. Of course, when I promised to go driving with you I meant to go, and I got ready and waited. You said "four o'clock," you know; and when you didn't come, and Paul *did*, at ten minutes *past* four, why, I said I'd go with him just for meanness. I remembered how you disliked him, and I had made such a special point of being ready on time that I wanted to punish you for being late. I felt cut up when we passed you down about a block driving so fast, for I knew what a horrid position it put you in, and how delighted Paul was; and besides, it was the first time you had ever failed to be on time. I didn't enjoy the ride and neither did Paul. You know you always said that if I didn't want to be pleasant I could be the most unpleasant of any one you ever knew. Well, Paul probably says that, too, now.

Then that night when you came up and talked so awfully to me—you've no idea how stern and angry you were, Teddy, and how scared I was—why, I just wouldn't tell you how sorry I was. You made me lose my temper so quick that I didn't have time to tell you while I was repentant, and after that I didn't *want* to say anything but how angry I was.

You had never spoken so to me before, and—well, I didn't like it very much. I can't forget what you said when you left. You banged the door, too, Teddy, did you know it? It rings in my ears: "You never cared for me a bit, or you *couldn't* have put me in such a position. Since you won't explain, I'll go, and wait till you do!" Those words hurt me more than I can tell, Teddy, and I can't forget them.

I waited two whole weeks—fourteen days—without seeing or hearing from you, and by that time I was so sorry, indignant, hurt, and revengeful all at once and I didn't care if I ever saw you again. All the time the sight of a big square-shouldered fellow coming up the street made my heart jump clear to my throat, only to sink again with a sickening thud when I saw his face. So Aunt Mary and I left for a trip out here—and oh, I wish I had let you know before I left! What did you say when you heard it? Did you think I wasn't worth loving any more? No, no, you must know that underneath I have a real woman's heart, and it is all for you—for you!

Now that I have at last explained, will you come back to me again? You know you said you would—and I can't live without you.

CARROL.

P. S. The lady next door is in, and is telling Aunt Mary about the young man with the broken leg. She says he is "such a fine, handsome fellow." I wish she could see *my* "fine, handsome fellow"!

C. C.

V.

COLORADO SPRINGS, JULY 8.

MY DARLING GIRL:

Your letters have just been forwarded to me. I am the fellow with the broken leg—hurry up and come to me; I am wild for a sight of you. I heard you had gone to your uncle's in Salt Lake, and started after you, but broke my leg the day I struck here. Isn't it all the strangest thing you ever heard of—special Providence or something? If you aren't here in five minutes, I'll be up there on a stretcher, broken leg and all. Darling, hurry!

TED.

Agnes Plumb.

The Uncounted Cost.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO LIVED IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY ADA WOODRUFF ANDERSON.

THE whistle of the wheat steamer struck an answering clamor from the cliffs, and she swung out from Bailey's landing, dipping to the swift current of the upper Columbia like a thing water-logged. She had crowded on the young rancher's grain. He pushed back his hat-brim, wiping the perspiration from his face, and stood watching the freighter down. Presently she made a bend; the smoke from her funnels hung briefly above the intervening spur, and she was gone. He drew his hand across his eyes and turned away. The anxious lines in his face relaxed, and the wear and fret of months lifted in a great, self-satisfied sigh.

His helpers had not waited, and he moved up the road, the one human atom on the dead waste. The track, keeping the levels between the dunes, trailed like a scorched ribbon over areas of sagebrush which crept in blotches, an insistent bluish, to his cottage walls.

The house was built in a depression, and the first turn brought him to the open door. But his wife was not there to meet him. She was not in the living-room. There was her sewing, a small garment for the baby, dropped on the floor by her chair. The boy himself was asleep in his crib, but Lilian was not in the cottage.

Bailey came back to the door, and stood looking off through the gap where the road pierced the dunes. A shade of anxiety crept again to his eyes.

"She must have gone down to Chelan Falls," he told himself. "She always liked those alders there, and she hasn't had the chance to go there much since little Jack came. Strange, though, that she left him alone. It must have been about time for me to come in. She's homesick for the woods and mountains," he added, "though she won't ever say so. When the returns for the wheat come in, I must take her for that little trip to Seattle I promised her. The salt air, the sight of a church once more, her old friends, and a night or two at the opera, will make her herself again."

Presently he went to the stable and saddled the horses, leaving them in readiness

at the door. When the child wakened he lifted him with the gentleness of a woman.

"Well, well, little fellow," he said. "Hungry, are you? And lonesome, too, I guess, like her."

The child's complaining note ended in a gurgling laugh, and he tossed up his pink palms, catching the man's bent head and burying his fingers in his father's hair. Bailey fed him and wrapped him in his little coat; then he swung into his saddle, and, carrying the baby in the hollow of his arm, rode out into the twilight, the led horse trotting at his elbow.

He did not find his wife at the falls, and when he came back to the cottage she had not returned. All that night he tramped the sands and searched the bluffs along the river. In the morning he had his horse out again, but without hers. A bundle of the child's clothing was rolled with a blanket behind the saddle, and, with the baby on his arm, he rode in the direction of Lake Chelan.

Once he thought he saw a woman's footprint in the dust, but before he could examine it his horse wheeled, obliterating the impression. He came upon a similar track farther on, but it was broken, deep in shifting sand; then after a long interval he found it again, plain, true, the small heel, the slender sole. There was no mistaking it, and from that time on the print, now lost, now found again, leading through wastes of sagebrush and back into the highway reaches beyond, became his trail.

He missed it in the streets of Chelan, but he met a woman who from a window had seen a passing lady, young, with great dark eyes. She had acted strangely, going swiftly down to the lake, falling on her knees to dip her hands in the water, and putting them together, cuplike, to drink. She had stayed there on the shore perhaps an hour, and then walked on toward Lakeside.

He rode on quickly. The broad, green, limpid reach unfolded vista on vista winding away between cloud-capped heights. How its beauty must have compelled her; how her thirsty eyes must have drunk it in! He found the small

hotel at the landing. Yes, she had been there. She had stayed all night. The captain of the lake steamer had brought her. He had found her, exhausted, on the wharf, and said that he believed she was losing her mind. He had known her a year ago, when he was running on the Columbia, and had mailed a letter to her husband. The landlord had promised to keep her until Bailey came; but she had slipped away at breakfast time. The hotel was very busy then, serving passengers for the early boat and stage. A thorough search had been made, and she must have boarded the steamer. It took all day to go up the lake; it was a distance of seventy-five miles, and the Camano always laid over a night at Field's. But the captain would look after her.

There was no other craft on that route, and no telegraph. Bailey could only wait for the return of the Camano. He was on the wharf when the steamer arrived. The captain hurried down the gangway to meet him. He was a square-built man, and his voice, deep, forceful, tumbling the words, might have caught the rumble of the cataracts up the far Chelan gorges.

"Wife isn't aboard, Bailey;" and he took the young man's arm, drawing him aside to the edge of the landing. "She went with us yesterday. I noticed her when we'd made about ten miles. We carried her on to Field's, at the head of the lake. I meant to bring her back. I saw she had a comfortable room at the hotel, and asked a chambermaid to take care of her. Made it worth her while." He paused, finding it suddenly hard to meet Bailey's searching eyes. "But," he continued, "when I went up for her this morning she had slipped away. A guide, going up to the mines in Horseshoe Basin, had left his saddle-horse tied near the front door while he collected his outfit, but when he came around with his pack-train the horse was gone. I held the boat as long as I could. I started a search, and the packer was particularly anxious to get his horse."

Baileysank down on a bench and turned his face in helpless misery up the lake.

"Captain," he said, "I must go. You must take me there, to Field's, now, tonight, if it costs the whole price of my wheat crop to charter your boat."

The captain shook his head.

"I wish I could, Bailey, but you don't know Chelan. It's narrow as a river in places, and nothing but curves. Not a light anywhere, and there isn't a moon. We should only be stranded on some point, with no chance of going on at daylight.

You mustn't take it so hard. You'll find her there at Field's all safe enough, or, at the worst, the horse would carry her straight through to Bridge Creek. There's just the one pack trail that far, and he's used to stopping there. It's the only way house up the Stehekin, and the landlady is a nice, kind-hearted Swiss. She would make your wife comfortable, and that packer would explain things when he came."

But secretly the captain was not so confident. The guide had told him there were faint, rough branches from the trail, made by horses turned loose to graze, and unless she was capable of controlling him, the pony, accustomed to travel in company, might join a feeding band.

The following morning, when the Camano was well under way, the captain found Bailey in a sheltered place aft, holding the sleeping child.

"Fine sheet of water, John, isn't it?" and his rumbling voice softened pleasantly. "One of the Almighty's reservoirs. But He forgot to put in His sluice-gates, Bailey, and we can't do it. We ain't big enough."

The captain paused, shaking his head, and looked back in the direction of the arid dunes. Bailey could not speak.

"You don't know how your wife enjoyed this trip," resumed the captain. "When we came to the upper end of the lake, and the slopes got steeper and higher, and all wooded with spruce and fir, with big crags towering overhead, she just sat like she was in a splendid dream. But when finally the Cascades opened out and she saw the snow, she gave a little cry and stood up. There was a soft kind of light in her face, and she held out her arms. I couldn't stand it, Bailey. It broke me all up. I had to go forward and have it out with myself like a—well, a regular kid."

Presently Bailey spoke:

"I have made an awful mistake, captain. I would give the best years of my life to undo this one past year. But I didn't know what it was costing her. She was too generous and brave to let me know. She understood I was working my level best for her, for her little Jack here. When I opened up a new tract, when I planted the wheat, whatever I did was for her future. I didn't want her to waste her life in that wilderness. When I saw her strength going, and that lonesome, far-off look in her eyes, it cut me beyond anything. I worked all the faster."

"That's it," said the captain—"worked harder, and left her to herself all the more. And it was the solitude told on her. Why,

there was a sheep-herder over near Yakima went staring mad last month just from being alone. Hear about him? When he was taken to the asylum he found some cotton—got it out of his bedding—and rolled it up in little pieces and put it around the floor. Set there watching. Thought he was tending sheep."

Bailey groaned. He was exhausted by long anxiety and lack of sleep. He lifted his arm to the railing and dropped his face on it, completely unmanned.

"Don't, John, don't!"

The captain put his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I'm sorry I told you. But see here, it isn't coming to anything like that. She's going to pull through, only you must get her away. You mustn't take her back there—not for a long time."

After a few moments Bailey lifted his head.

"I am going to take her to Seattle," he said. "That was her home. When her father died she came to her uncle down in the Rogue River valley. That's how I happened to know her. I was one of the men on his cattle ranch. I taught her to ride." He paused, and went on with difficulty. "I was at the end of my rope then, captain. I had lost what money I brought West in a mining deal. I had tried other schemes, and they had all fallen through. I was past caring. One day I told her so. She laughed."

"Why," she said, "we are in the same position. Your father lost a fortune on a wheat corner in the East, and mine made and lost one on hops in the West. But I'm not past caring. I'm going to work! I'm going back to Seattle to teach music."

He paused, looking off absently across the railing. The steamer was near shore, approaching a lofty promontory. There was the noise of falling water, a small cove opened, and plunging out of shadow a cataract swayed like a rent veil on the face of the cliff.

"Her voice was just what you said, captain; full and sweet as a meadow-lark's. And I wish you could have seen her trailing away up the valley on the black pony she always rode; light as a bird, breaking into a bit of song from sheer happiness." He paused again, and his face clouded. "But her uncle wanted to see her well married. He had a friend, a wealthy buyer from Chicago. He wanted her to promise him. I thought she had. Some one told me so. The day I heard it, I was having it out with myself down by the river. It was a place she liked; a nice,

green alder walk. And she found me there, just where the trees parted around a big, mossy boulder.

"You have disappointed me," she said. "You promised to go with me, and it was to have been my last ride."

"I couldn't answer, but just braced myself on the rock. She waited a minute, then said, I can't tell you how gently:

"I am going away to-morrow, and something troubles you. Would you mind telling me?"

"And you told her, I'll warrant you did," said the captain, patting Bailey lightly on the shoulder. "And she didn't intend to marry that rich cattle-buyer. She was going away to carry out that scheme of hers and teach music. Right, am I? I thought so. But she gave that up and came to Portland with you. Uncle turned you off, of course; and you leased a wheat ranch, and brought her up into that God-forgotten country."

Bailey drew his hand across his eyes.

"That's what she thought—that God had left the upper Columbia till the last, and had forgotten to finish it. I've believed it myself, sometimes. But I don't know why I've bothered you with all this, captain. I never have talked this way to another man."

"It's all right." The captain leaned forward, patting Bailey's shoulder again. "Does a man good sometimes. And she's coming through. I tell you, a woman like that is bound to. This baby here is going to fix it. Here give him to me!"

He rose from his deck chair and took the child, and, rocking him bearishly in his short arms, moved around to the cabin. Ten minutes later the half dozen women passengers were crying furtively or openly over the little wanderer. When the man pacing the deck outside passed the windows, moist eyes watched him covertly.

For the remainder of the day Bailey was allowed small opportunity to hold the child, and he walked almost ceaselessly, as if he hoped to distance the steamer; but finally she made the last bend and swung in to the landing at Field's. He scanned the tree-lined walk from the wharf, but she was not there. At the hotel there was no word of her. Doubtless she had passed the night at Bridge Creek. The packer would have taken his horse on to the Basin, leaving her at the way house until his return in a day or two.

"Beyond there," explained the landlord, "the trail branches in several directions. The left fork takes Cascade Pass through the mountains, and the main track keeps the headwaters of the Stehekin straight

up to its glacier and the mines in Horse-shoe Basin. It's very cold up there; even below the last sharp rise there are always snow-fields, and their edges, honeycombed by streams, are dangerous. Sometimes horses break through and are lost."

"I must go right on," said Bailey, and his voice had the settled calm of despair.

"You could hardly make Bridge Creek before dark," the landlord expostulated. "It's sixteen miles of sharp up-grade, and over a mile of it is through the worst granite slide ever heard of. Looks like the whole mountain fallen on its face."

"Then," said Bailey, and gave the landlord a level look, knitting his brows, "I must have your best horse—one without tender feet, and well shod."

A little later he mounted, and, with the child again in the hollow of his arm, began the laborious ride. He urged his horse almost continuously, but twilight had settled over the canyon when he reached the granite slide. Cliffs rose sheer above, and precipitous slopes of broken rock stretched below to the stream. The thunder of the torrent filled the gorge.

Loose rock gave continually under the pony's hoofs. He slipped, recovered, stumbled. Bailey dismounted. While he made his way carefully with the child, his free hand leading the horse, his clear eyes searched with increasing dread those dizzy plunges below.

He rounded the mountain at last, and came into a park-like wood. The air grew sharp with coming frost. A snowy peak, towering above the opposite heights, caught the light of a departed sun and reflected rays of amethyst and rose on the darkening gorge.

Then suddenly, looking up between huge hemlock boles, he saw a distant rider, a woman, coming slowly down from upper solitudes. She wavered at the main trail, then her horse turned into it and moved on up the canyon. He knew that her eyes were lifted to the glory of the mountain, and his heart leaped. He knew she rode aimlessly, taking in the balsam of the needles; each breath to her must be a delight. He spurred his horse incautiously into a canter, and her pony, accustomed to lead the pack train, whinnied at the sound of coming hoofs, and, head up, broke into a smarter pace.

Bailey checked his horse, and was relieved to see her pony slacken his gait on a steeper rise. He dared not renew the effort to overtake her, curves were so frequent, boughs trailed so low. Sometimes a spur concealed her, or she dipped behind a knoll, but he watched for her reappearance

in the next open, and kept the wide distance between them. The child wakened, gurgled, doubling his roseleaf hands, and, contented with his cradle, fell asleep again.

Then finally, through the gloom, Bailey saw his wife enter a small clearing. Her horse stopped in the patch of light from an open door. It was the way house at Bridge Creek, and the landlady came beaming from the living room. She laid her hand on the bridle. The next moment, before he could reach her, Lilian swayed in the saddle and fell.

The woman took her in her stout arms and carried her in. Bailey found her on a couch, lying white and still. It was the complete lull of physical collapse.

He put the child down, and, taking the stimulant from the landlady, raised it to Lilian's unconscious lips. Sinking to his knees, he held her hands between his warm palms, chafing them as if he hoped to infuse her with his own abundant life. He worked tirelessly, calling her gently again and again, with all his great heart in his voice; but it was a long interval before she revived, and when she met his look there was no recognition in her eyes. Then his hands dropped nerveless; his face fell forward, buried in the folds of her gown.

Presently she sank into a deep sleep.

"Come, sir," said the Swiss, "come, you must have supper. She'll be better when she wakes. She's just tired out, and look, these thin clothes to ride in the frost! Poor lady, I'm sorry I let her go."

Bailey rose to his feet, pulling himself together as a man must.

"She was here yesterday, then?" he asked.

"Yes, I don't see her go by in the morning, but the packer he tole me 'bout her when he come 'long. She went 'way up Cascade Pass. She met a prospector. He'd made him a fire and was having supper, and she sat down with him, warming her hands, and helping herself to his bacon and bread. She thought she knew him. She called him John."

Bailey's big frame trembled; his brows contracted in a sharp line.

"He was coming down to Bridge Creek mine," the woman added, "and was camped for the night, but he made himself ready and brought her here. He's a good man."

"Yes, yes." Bailey's voice shook, and he sank into a chair. "I want to see him. I shall try to find him when she is—better. I want to thank him."

Presently the Swiss asked:

"Was you living down by Chelan?"

"No, on the Columbia, near Wenatchee."

"Ah," said she, with sudden understanding, "and she loves big woods and mountains, and noise of much water falling all around. She's like me. That's why I come here. You see, sir, I have live in Switzerland, and I can't be used to low, dry place like Wenatchee. Well, this morning, while I wait to see that first sun on the mountains, she is up and comes to the door. The snow up there is all pink and lovely, and she looks and looks with her big eyes. She can't see 'nough. Then bymby she walks down under the trees and she sings. She has very nice voice, and that music is grand—the same I have heard long 'go in church at Easter. Sir, it makes me tremble and cry, but I'm all time glad. You can't understand."

"Yes," said Bailey, "yes, I know. Once, when she was a girl, she sang in a Seattle church."

"So," said the Swiss, "I believed it all the time. But," she went on earnestly, "I can't make her talk to me. She eats breakfast same I'm not here. And when some men come 'long, going up to Horse-shoe Basin, they have lame horse and want to ride the packer's till they meet him. They know him long time. Well, he's saddled and waiting while I'm busy cooking them dinner, and she finds him and goes 'way again, off down the trail."

The child complained, and the Swiss lifted him in her motherly arms, taking him away to be made comfortable for the night. Bailey was left alone to his vigil. He hung in alternate hope and despair on the moment when his wife should waken. The night drew its interminable length. If her face had been like chiseled marble, his own might have been hewn granite.

He still waited so, tireless, when the woman returned with little Jack. Bailey saw the child bathed, fed, and laid on a blanket before the open fire, where he cooed and scolded and kicked his small heels in contentment. He stood for a moment watching the boy, when a slight stir brought him back to the couch.

"Lilian," he said, steadying his voice. "Lilian, good morning, dear!"

But she drew her fingers from his touch, and the blank look she gave him had also an unmistakable shade of dislike. He turned, cut to the heart, and stumbled from the room.

He found himself at length, worn, spent, upon the high bridge hung from cliff to cliff above a torrent. He paused and turned his uncaring eyes up the gorge. A mighty granite block walled the flood mid-

way, and around it the divided water thundered a double cataract. But he drew indifferently away. He moved back from the bridge, but could not bring himself to return to that room.

He stepped aside into a path following the stream. Shortly the cliffs ended, and he was on a low bank, maple-grown, and all flushed brilliantly by the early frosts. Then he came into an alder way. A giant boulder, overarched by pale green branches, took familiar lines, and breadths of rushing channel flashed between the boles. It was as if he had stumbled into that old Rogue River walk. He stopped, leaning weakly on the rock. He lifted his arm against it, dropping his face.

Presently, above the rush of the torrent, he heard his wife's voice. It drifted nearer in lilting notes. He looked up the path, bracing himself on the rock. She was there, coming, and in her arms was little Jack.

Bailey dared not speak or move. She stopped a few steps from him and the song died. An expression of almost tender sweetness rose in her face.

"I am going away tomorrow," she said, "and something troubles you. Would you mind telling me?"

"Mind telling you?" Moisture gathered on his forehead; a hand seemed to tighten on his throat. He watched her, trembling, but his soul was in his part. "Oh, Lilian, it is just that I love you so! I love you!"

He saw the old color rise in her face. Her lashes fell, and she turned, as she had that day at Rogue River, and walked slowly back up the path. And, as he had then, he followed, repeating all that he had then said. He wanted to take the baby, heavy for her on the up-grade, but he dared not risk breaking the illusion.

Presently she stopped, breathing deeply, and her eyes moved, puzzled, from Bailey to the child. Then, startled, she looked at the foliage, no longer alder, but changing maple; and farther yet to the bridge below the cataract.

"I—don't understand," she said finally. "This isn't Rogue River—the country around uncle's. I seem to have forgotten something. What is it, John?"

He hesitated, afraid of saying too much. The baby gurgled, throwing one hand, like crumpled rose petals, against her cheek. She looked at him again, and the light for which Bailey waited leaped in her eyes. She laid the cheek close to the child's, and then her lips.

"Why, Jack," she said, and laughed softly, "little Jack!"

ETCHINGS

LOVE IN NOVEMBER.

Love, whose loveliness is one
With the sky and earth and sun,
Through the umber-colored land
Let us wander hand in hand
One last time, while nature's mood
Yet reveals beatitude!

Still in the deep aster's dye
Linger glintings of your eye;
Still the drooping barberry shows
How your lips out-burn the rose;
Still the goldenrod doth bear
Ore half rivaling your hair;
And the drifting milkweed down
Moves above the carpet brown
That the leaves in quiet strow
No more graceful than you go!

So, though spring be in your wiles,
Summer in your radiant smiles,
Transient autumn claims you, too,
Oh, most tender and most true!
And this morning clear and sharp,
With the old wind at his harp,
How like you it is, with all
Of its freshness prodigal,
As devoid of any stain
As the white November rain!

Through the umber-colored land
Let us wander hand in hand,
Love, whose loveliness is one
With the sky and earth and sun!
Clinton Scollard.

A FAIR CONNOISSEUR.

DEAR Alice was born with a passion
For making collections of things;
And now, though a lady of fashion,
No less to the habit she clings.
Her dolls by the dozen were numbered
When she was a nursery tot;
And later the house was encumbered
With kittens—a troublesome lot!

She shared with her brothers the craving
For postage-stamps; next on her list
Came bangles with mystic engraving,
Displayed on her braceleted wrist.
At college, she gathered in "frat" pins
From "co-eds" who fell in her toils,
And buttons to mount upon hat-pins—
West Point and Annapolis spoils.

Short-lived was the autograph notion;
Then doylies she gathered, in stacks;
And post-cards from over the ocean—
The carrier brought them in sacks.
The fever for book-plates passed quickly,
But *porcelainitis* struck in,
And teapots surrounded her thickly—
Rare, ancient, and ugly as sin!

Just now these material treasures
Afford her no taste of romance;
She leans to society's pleasures—
The dinner, the drive, and the dance;
Yet still, though a bud and a beauty,
She plies her acquisitive arts,
And seems to believe it her duty
To make a collection of hearts!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

RONDEAU.

Ah, little loves and light are best, swift
blown
By sun and laughter to their brief
birthright
Of roseate fullness, and as swiftly flown—
The little loves and light!

Who tends great love grows him a tree
of might,
But in its branches the lone winds make
moan,
And homeless rains go sobbing through
the night;

And in its fall at last is overthrown
His house of life. Ah, better far the
white
And pink heaped drift from rose seeds
idly sown—
The little loves and light!

Katherine Hoffman.

THE CHARMS.

LAST night 'twas witching Hallowe'en,
Dearest; an apple russet-brown
I pared, and thrice above my crown
Whirled the long skin; they watched it
keen;
I flung it far; they laughed and cried me
shame—
Dearest, there lay the letter of your
name!

Took I the mirror then, and crept
 Down, down the creaking narrow
 stair;
 The milk-pans caught my candle's
 flare,
 And mice walked soft and spiders slept;
 I spoke the spell, and stood the magic
 space,
 Dearest—and in the glass I saw your
 face!

And then I stole out in the night
 Alone; the frogs piped sweet and
 loud,
 The moon looked through a ragged
 cloud;
 Thrice round the house I sped me light,
 Dearest; and there, methought—charm
 of my charms!—
 You met me, kissed me, took me to your
 arms!

Emma A. Oppen.

SONG OF THE LONELY HEART.

On, laddie, the days are lonely!
 Ah, laddie, the nights are long!
 I hear the wind's moan only,
 And never the cheer of song.
 The sun its glow and its glory
 Has lost, and the sky its blue;
 Dear heart, 'twere another story
 Had I but you!

Oh, laddie, the flowers seem faded!
 Ah, laddie, the daisies seem drear!
 And where we joyed as the May did
 'Tis now the grief o' the year.
 Eve's prisms lights have vanished,
 Dawn's rainbow gleams from the dew;
 Dear heart, 'twere a dark dream banished
 Had I but you!

Oh, laddie, my lover-rover,
 Ah, laddie, where'er thou art,
 The sweep of the gray seas over
 Come back to the lonely heart!
 I know you are thoughtful and tender;
 I feel you are fond and true;
 Dear heart, life were clothed with splen-
 dor
 Had I but you!

Sennett Stephens.

THE TEAM.

HERE's to each lusty lad,
 In his dun armor clad—
 Canvas and guard and pad—
 Tough as a beam!
 Up with the college hues!
 Whether it win or lose,
 Cheers, till the stones entuse—
 Cheers for the team!

What a crowd back of it,
 Ev'ry man Jack of it;
 Sport, and no lack of it,
 East to the west!
 Graybeard and callow youth,
 Matron and maid, forsooth,
 Loyal through joy and ruth,
 Stanch in their zest!

Beaten, we'll cheer it still;
 Biding our day until
 Vict'ry our cup shall fill—
 Vict'ry and glee.
 Regular, substitute,
 Vet'ran and brave recruit,
 List to our loud salute:
 The team! Three times three!
Edwin L. Sabin.

THE RUBAIYAT OF "OLD PROBS."

THE Weather-Prophet writes, and having
 writ
 Benignly back among his Clouds doth sit;
 Nor all the chilly Sarcasm of the Press
 Can hinder him from thinking he is It.

All that inverted Bowl they call the Sky
 He rules from day to day with varied Lie.
 Lift not your hands to him for Help,
 for he
 As little really knows as you or I.

Myself when young did eagerly peruse
 The "Indications" in the daily news
 For Picnics and for Balls; but ever-
 more
 Whate'er they promised I did surely lose.

I've often found that never glows so red
 The Dawn, as when the Weather-Man
 has said:

"To-morrow Cloudy, heavy Winds and
 Showers"—
 And Sol comes out right dazzlingly in-
 stead.

Ah, love, could'st thou and I, somehow
 conspire
 To grasp this Weather-Bureau scheme
 entire,
 Would we not quickly get onto the Job
 And then remold it to our Heart's De-
 sire?

For he no question makes of Ayes or
 Noes,
 But anything that strikes his Fancy goes;
 What Others think is neither Here nor
 There—
 He knows about it all—he knows—he
 knows!

Laura Simmons.

"Noblesse Oblige."

THE PLEASANT STORY OF ANTOINE THOMASINE MARIE FRANÇOISE de ST. ALLEAUX.

BY JANET RALSTON HOYT.

I.

THE day was so pleasant that Mme. de St. Alleaux was sitting out of doors. She sat very erect on the high-backed chair on the rose-covered veranda, her lace shawl enveloping the shoulders of her soft gray dress, while one end was thrown protectingly over her silvery coiffure. Her hands were busy with embroidery; but when the rumble of a teamster's cart, or the jingle of a pony phaeton, could be heard along the highway, she would lay her work down and pick up a leather-bound volume, for the carriage people could see over the fence, and these English provincials have curious eyes.

To-day *madame* gazed down the road very often, for she was expecting *mademoiselle*. It was a full half hour later than usual when she espied the girlish figure of her granddaughter carrying her accustomed basket, her face pink from the sun and exercise, her shoes plentifully besprinkled with dust.

"Where is thy veil, my child?" *madame* asked gently. "And thou hast walked, that thou art so late?"

"Yes, *grand'mère*," the girl responded. "For I could not take the diligence. The fish proved to be two sous more than we expected, therefore——"

"Take thy basket to the kitchen and give me my letter," said *madame*, not waiting for an explanation. "When thou art rested we will have our lunch."

Lifting up the basket, Antoine questioned. As they were hurried, perhaps they might dispense with courses. Might she be allowed to set the table all at once?

"Assuredly not, my child," her grandmother answered. "Thou sayest that we have no soup? Serve first, then, the fish, after which the potatoes, and as it is the festival of St. Nicomede thou mayest set out the best embossed finger-bowls. And, Antoine!"

"Yes, *ma grand'mère*."

"Never hurry. That is only for tradesmen, the Americans, and the *bourgeoisie*. When thou findest thyself in a hurry, sit down and reflect for five

minutes by the clock, that thou mayst regain the repose of the St. Alleaux."

After they had lunched, they resumed their interrupted embroidery. *Mademoiselle* had finished two gossamer roses before *madame* remarked:

"Antoine, I received a letter from thy kinsman, the Vicomte de St. Alleaux, this morning."

The girl had speculated on it, as she carried the letter through the brambles of the common.

"Yes, *grand'mère*," she said.

"Affairs calling him to England, he will make us a visit. He lunches with us Thursday. And"—*madame* paused tentatively—"the reception which we tender him, my child, must be worthy of the hospitality of the St. Alleaux."

The girl's glance traversed the room. It fell upon the mended table-cover, upon the broken rocking-chair; it rested on the fragile figure of *madame*, on her own slim youth mirrored in the tall glass opposite, and on the third occupant of the room, the black cat, M. Pattipon. Her answer was:

"Ye—es, *grand'mère*."

"We must do our best, because he is our kinsman, because he is our guest, and because he will be head of the house of St. Alleaux. He is one to be welcomed." *Madame* snipped her thread with the scissors, and went on thoughtfully: "Poor child, thou hast no dot, and thou art seventeen! That would not have been the case, Antoine, if thy father had lived, after he had, to end a family feud, betrothed thee to thy cousin."

Mademoiselle blushed. She had been a babe at the time of the betrothal. The grandmother's cheeks flushed as softly as Antoine's, but for different reasons.

"Be proud," she cried, while her dark eyes sparkled, "that our branch of the St. Alleaux should now lack money, child; for thou mayst glory in the thought that we have not demeaned ourselves by endeavoring to make it."

"Ye—es, *grand'mère*," her granddaughter assented.

"It was because of this," *madame* continued, "that the disagreement which

so long estranged the two branches originated. After 1830 two St. Alleaux brothers, then young men, returned to France, which their family had left in the days of the great revolution. The eldest, the grandfather of thy *fiancé*, forgot himself, forgot what is due to those whose blood may rival kings, and to mend his fortunes turned to trade; but the younger, thy grandfather, lived and died a gentleman. He lived to make the St. Alleaux name once more the talk of Paris. He died before his creditors had made that talk unpleasant; and dying, child, he left us—the name of St. Alleaux!”

Mademoiselle smiled and sighed with due regard to both name and story, and finished a rose.

“Had thy father lived, Antoine, and had we not been exiles in this damp England, thou shouldst have seen thy cousin before now. When I remember him, he was an awkward boy in school. In his letters he advances strange ideas—due, no doubt, to his surroundings. He has gone so far as to express uncertainty as to the advisability of our arranged marriages. In the same sentence he assures me that, far from insisting upon a dot, our circumstances cause him to feel his full responsibility toward thee, my granddaughter. Yet must I confess that these extraordinary sentiments of democratic frankness are expressed with the delicacy of—of a St. Alleaux.”

There was a pause, then *madame* continued:

“Antoine, on Thursday thou shalt wear thy blue cashmere dress, as thou didst when the photograph which was sent to thy kinsman was taken.”

“Yes, *grand'mère*, but may I be permitted to remark that it is short, and worn, and faded?”

“Nevertheless, wear thy blue cashmere, child, and remember this—true nobility of soul is never shown by the dress upon one's back, but by the way in which one wears it.”

“*Grand'mère*,” began *mademoiselle*, with a sudden timid boldness, “might I be permitted to ask if it is possible that that photograph of a young gentleman which I saw upon the mantel could have been that of my kinsman?”

“Certainly, Antoine, thou art at liberty to ask an undoubtedly foolish question. As it was on my mantel, and not that of thy father or thy grandfather, child, thou art right in supposing it to be thy cousin.”

“*Grand'mère*, since thou art so kind,

might I further venture to inquire if *monsieur* is dark or light, or if his hair is chestnut-colored?”

Madame's eyebrows arched.

“What is that to thee, my child?” she answered. “His hair is either light or dark or gray. I go to reply to the *vicomte's* letter, Antoine. Continue thy embroidery.”

II.

To speed our work causes time to hurry. Thursday came quickly, yet their preparations were completed. All was well ordered, the lunch nigh ready, while nature lent her assistance by displaying a glorious sun. *Madame* and *mademoiselle*, with hands folded quietly, awaited the *vicomte's* coming. Much had been accomplished, for, as *madame* said:

“When thou holdest poor cards, there is all the more reason to play them out for all they are worth.”

Mademoiselle, from the up-stairs window, was the first to see him. From this point of vantage she beheld a young man ride up to the gate. He rode like a soldier. *Madame* received him on the piazza.

“You are most welcome, cousin,” spoke the grand old lady, wonderfully distinguished, although her stature was but five feet three. “Leave your horse at the gate, and come hither that I may see you. Thomas will take your horse presently.”

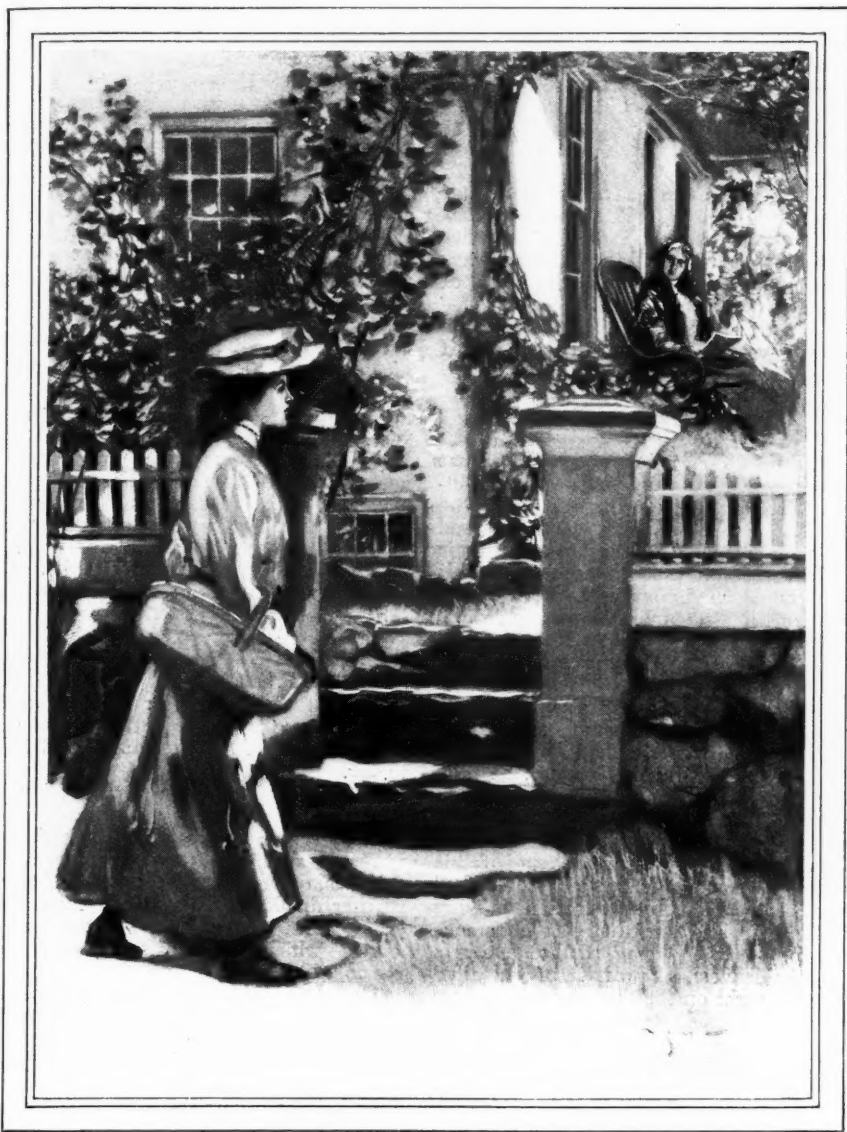
She then led him to the other side of the veranda. Here, shaded by some chestnut trees which resembled those of France, they found it cool and pleasant. In five minutes *madame* was satisfied that this “tradesman” had the manners of a St. Alleaux. In ten minutes she was laughing and talking of the people of a world quite unknown to Antoine, but a world which *madame* remembered and had loved, where “*l'on s'amuse*.”

Presently, in her blue cashmere, *mademoiselle* appeared in the doorway, her figure silhouetted by the dark interior. Seeing her, the *vicomte* rose. *Mme. de St. Alleaux* presented them; he bowed, Antoine made a courtesy. *Monsieur* then addressed himself to his cousin. If his conversation was not as spontaneous as before, it was none the less agreeable. After he had commented upon the weather, and upon the country, there was a pause.

“Are those roses yours, *mademoiselle*? They are very wonderful.”

“Yes, *monsieur*,” replied Antoine.

“And you attend to them yourself, or is their culture left to Thomas?”



MME. DE ST. ALLEAUX WAS SITTING ON THE ROSE-COVERED VERANDA.

The girl grew red as a rose, then paled as quickly.

"I attend to them, *monsieur*. I have been busy this morning cutting back the buds."

"And what is that done for, *mademoiselle*?"

"So that they may bloom their best to-day," Antoine answered simply.

"*Mademoiselle*, they do you credit.

your lovely English roses; yet for myself I prefer the lilies of France."

"Ah, yes, *monsieur*, and I too, although in England, love most the things from France."

"*Madame*," the *vicomte* remarked, "may I be permitted to observe that I find my cousin the exact counterpart of that which I had pictured to myself from her photograph?"

"And we might say the same of you, *monsieur*. Is it not so, little one?"

Antoine, urged to decide a question of such moment, turned from lily again to rose, but she answered:

"Yes and no, my *grand'mère*."

"Yes and no! My child, what does that mean?"

"That *monsieur* does not altogether resemble his photograph, because in that his eyes appear dark; but he is like what I had imagined him, for I had always imagined to myself that the eyes of *monsieur* were blue."

"My child," Mme. de St. Alleaux observed, "it grows late. Go and see if Marie has prepared our lunch."

III.

GRANDMOTHER and granddaughter sat upon the piazza, their hands quietly folded. The *vicomte's* visit was over; the sun had almost set. No cloud obscured its radiance, nor had any marred their efforts. In retrospection, *madame* felt that the day had gone well. *Monsieur*, it was true, had sat upon the broken sofa.

"But only once," urged Antoine.

"Of necessity," acquiesced *madame*, "only once."

But when, in order to stay his apologies, she had blamed herself for its unmended condition, he had been so appreciative! He did not wonder, he said, that she should hesitate to trust such a piece to the hands of these "vandals of modern workmen." Then he amused them greatly by telling them of his neighbors, some *nouveaux riches*, who had purchased some valuable editions, paying fabulous prices for them at a famous auction, only to bring them home and cut the leaves. A wonderful old side-board, bought on the same occasion, these *bourgeoises* had renovated by scraping and shellac.

At lunch *madame* had been obliged to apologize for the absence of the maid *Françoise*. In spite of the *vicomte's* protestations, *mademoiselle*, who entered at that moment, was told to wait upon him.

"My granddaughter," said Mme. de St. Alleaux, "can always serve my guests."

Upon the rest she could but think with pleasure. After the repast, which had been excellent, she had told *monsieur* of their neighbors—none, she explained, whom she should really call *de bonne famille*, yet the Tauntons, creations of James I, she nevertheless liked.

It was an hour now since the *vicomte* had taken his departure. His business, he said, tore him away, but he had asked permission to return before he should sail for France next week. As the sun sank below the horizon, Antoine turned her head, to find that *madame's* eyes were fixed upon her.

"Dear child," she said—and for *madame* "dear" was unwonted—"thou hast appeared to-day as became a St. Alleaux. Next week thou shalt appear even better, child; for thou art not only a St. Alleaux, thou art also my well-loved granddaughter."

On the following morning *monsieur le vicomte* rode along the highroad until he came within sight of a certain rose garden, fragrant and glistening, for it was still so early that the sun had not had time to dry up the dew. His bay horse danced and curvetted as though in sympathy with its rider's impatient mood. Yesterday they had left the garden behind them, for his affairs interrupted his visit. To-day they returned to it; his affairs might take care of themselves for the time.

Across the fence, standing beside a basket, the *vicomte* espied a maid—undoubtedly *Françoise*. She wore a large sunbonnet of some English pattern, which shaded her face entirely, and she was engaged in hanging out the clothes to dry.

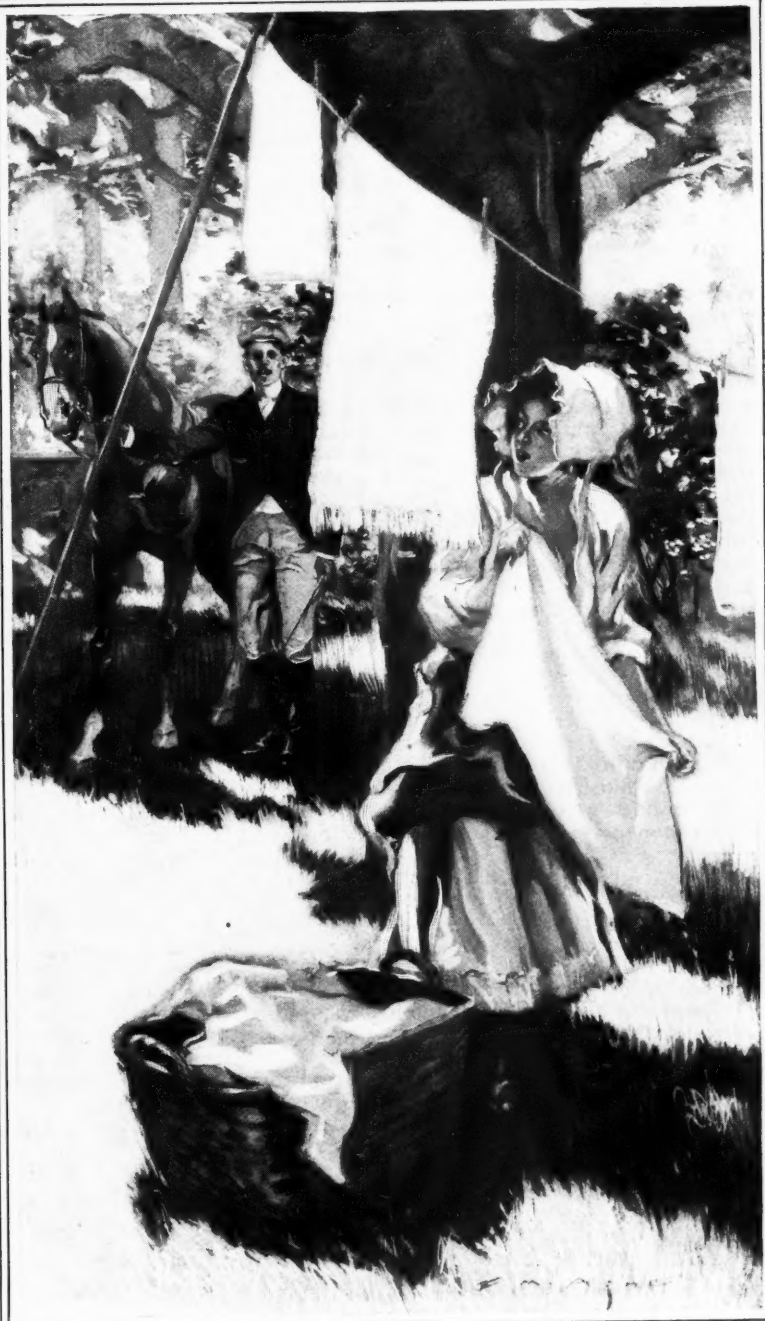
"The feet of these British!" was *monsieur's* comment.

The extremities to which he referred were incased in unnecessarily large galoshes, on account of the wet, and were further displayed by a skirt pinned several inches above a straight pair of ankles—which last, manifestly, were slender enough.

The maid did not see him, on account of the size of her bonnet; nor could she have heard, as she continued her work. Meanwhile he paused, for he had suddenly remembered that so early a visit might be quite unexpected, and he wished some excuse.

"My good girl," he called finally, "pray ask your mistress if I may see her—that is," he hurriedly added, "if it will in no way disturb her, and *madame* is already down-stairs."

At the sound of his voice *Françoise*, the maid, started, and dropped the pins she was holding, also some linen which she was about to hang out. *Monsieur le vicomte* dismounted and entered, leading his horse through an open gap. The girl—a peasant, most likely, by her stupid



AT THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE FRANÇOISE, THE MAID, STARTED.

bewilderment—apparently seemed unable to move.

"Pray," he continued somewhat impatiently, "are you not the maid of Mme. de St. Alleaux? At all events could you kindly give her my message."

She turned and started off at a run, as if to make up for the time she had lost. But the great galoshes coming in contact with the end of the basket, she tripped, and almost fell to the ground. The sunbonnet dropped back, revealing her face.

"Why, *mademoiselle*!" cried the *vicomte*, rushing to her assistance.

"Ah, *monsieur, monsieur*!" cried Antoine de St. Alleaux.

Slowly she sank on the overturned basket. She had seen how he started. Was it a wonder? And *madame's* plans—they were upset like the clothes!

It was *monsieur* who broke that most painful silence.

"*Mademoiselle*," he said, with a politeness which no doubt was strained, "it is a lovely morning. It has turned me lazy, and you industrious."

Antoine rose to her feet bravely. Her pretty face was white.

"*Monsieur*," she said, "you shall be told at once. It is not this morning merely. This is my work always. I am the only *Françoise*. *Monsieur* has heard the truth."

"And I congratulate you upon it," the young man answered, gravely courteous. "How pleasant must these household duties be, assisted by your excellent cook——"

"*Monsieur*," Mlle. de St. Alleaux persisted firmly, "do not let appearances deceive you. It was I, and none but I, who cooked your lunch. I was the cook, Marie."

"So much the more to your credit," the *vicomte* cried quickly. "It is charming that a woman should excel in the culinary art. How well I can imagine, *mademoiselle*, your useful days in this delightful cottage, protected by your

grandmother and by your faithful English Thomas——"

"*Monsieur*," cried Antoine distractedly, "spare me this, and leave me! Kind as you are, to leave me would be kinder still."

"Calm yourself," the *vicomte* besought her, and now his voice could no longer disguise his genuine surprise. "Dear *mademoiselle*, dear *petite mademoiselle*, pray do not cry!"

"*Monsieur*," she said, dabbing her eyes with the sunbonnet, "well I know that all is over between us. I have been torn in two, but you shall know the worst. *Madame's* *grand'mère* has said, 'It is necessary before all things that a St. Alleaux should hide that which is best hidden, and should ever present a brave dignity before the world.' And my *père confesseur* says, 'Above all things, a Christian should be open and candid as the day, and in every act be honest.' The good God knows, *monsieur*, how I have tried to fulfil both these high vocations. *Monsieur* has seen for himself how I have failed in both. Last night I was prostrated because I was no Christian. To-day I am equally overwhelmed because I have disgraced the name of St. Alleaux. Yet now will I tell all. I was Marie the cook, I was *Françoise* the maid, and it was I who took your horse, *monsieur*, and I who brought him in, I who fed him in the shed, I—I was Thomas."

She started for the house, but the galoshes hindered her. The *vicomte* gained her side; he was saying something strange.

"Beauty in itself is a priceless gift," she heard, "but beauty endowed with courage and honesty—ah, *mademoiselle*!"

Her flight was stayed, for the *vicomte* caught her fast, and without the sanction of *madame*, under the chestnut trees which looked so like those of France, he dared to kiss Antoine Thomasine Marie *Françoise* de St. Alleaux.

IMPORTANT—Next month's issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, the Christmas number, will contain the first instalment of a serial by Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues." The appearance of Mr. Hope's new novel is a literary event of importance. It is called "Double Harness," and its principal motif has to do with the greatest of all the problems of modern life—the marriage question. It will be the most widely discussed story of the year.

THE STAGE

MRS. CARTER'S CAREER.

All the authorities on things theatrical will agree that much study, thorough all-round training, and years of experience are essential to the making of a

player of the first rank. And yet it is a fact that one of America's most prominent actresses has appeared in only five rôles. Mrs. Leslie Carter, like Mary Anderson and a very few others, began at



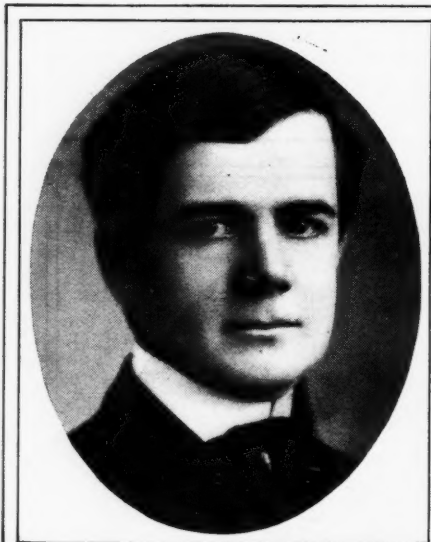
ETHEL BARRYMORE, STARRING IN "COUSIN KATE," THE NEW COMEDY BY HUBERT DAVIES.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

the top. She served no long apprenticeship, starting with a couple of lines, advancing to ingénue, and finally attaining a leading part. She has been leading woman in all her public performances.

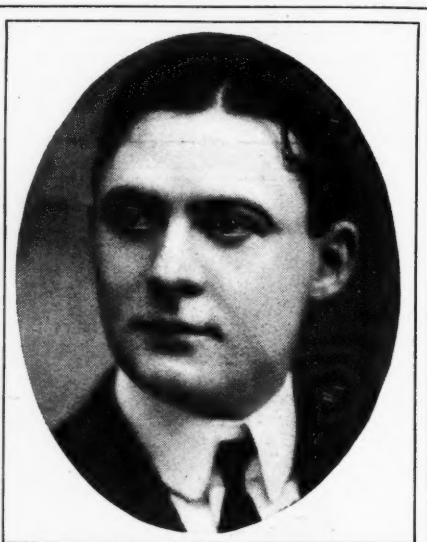
Caroline Louise Dudley was her name as a child, and she was born near Lexing-

was changed. I was ill for more than a year, and it was necessary—absolutely necessary—that I should enter the battle of life and become a wage-earner. I thought of ways and means. I remembered my early love of the theater, and I determined on the stage."



PAUL GILMORE, STARRING IN JOHN DREW'S PART IN "THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING-BIRD."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



EDWARD S. ABELES, HUSBAND NO. 3 IN THE NEW FARCE, "MY WIFE'S HUSBANDS."

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

ton, Kentucky. She grew up with horses as her favorite companions, and if any gipsy had told her then that she was one day to be the most loudly praised actress on the American boards, she would have scouted the idea as too preposterous to warrant a second thought. The first play she ever saw was "The Cricket on the Hearth," with Joseph Jefferson, at Louisville, but her earliest visit to the playhouse did not inspire her with any longings to tread the boards herself.

On her father's death, she and her mother—who is still living—went to live with her aunt in Dayton, Ohio. Here she met Leslie Carter, a Chicago man of wealth and position. His proposal dazzled the girl, who had as yet seen but little of life, and they were married. There was one child—a boy, Dudley—and then came great unhappiness, a divorce, and Mrs. Carter was thrown on her own resources. Of this period, she once said herself:

"There came, after great trouble, a time when the whole aspect of my life

It was one thing, however, to decide on what to do, and another to hew out a way to do it. To become an actress is a far more complicated operation than to write a book or paint a picture. The assistance of other people is required before any sort of opening, however modest, can be found. In writing or painting, the experiment may be made, once paper and canvas has been obtained. To find out what one can do on the stage, one must have an audience. Mrs. Carter knew no one connected with theatrical life, but she felt that a way would be provided, and it was. She met Mr. Belasco, and he set to work to teach her to become a great artist.

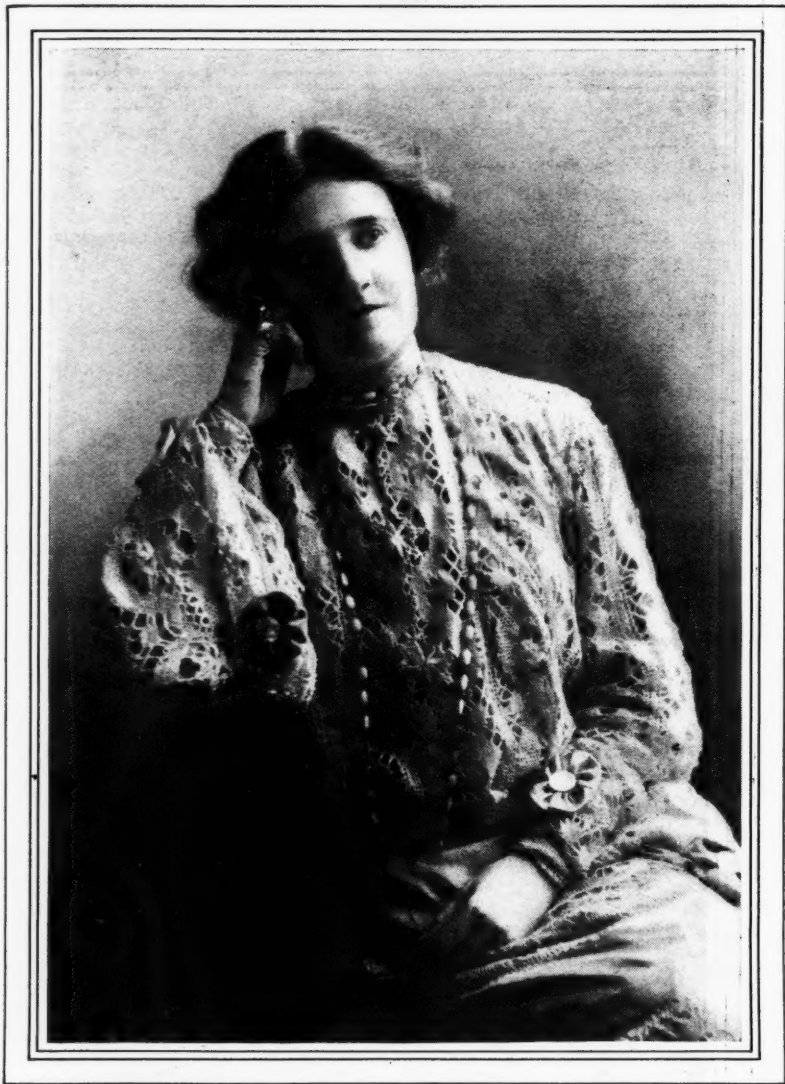
Art is long, and Mrs. Carter learned many parts before she was permitted to "appear"; and then it was in a piece altogether different from those in which she had hoped to act. It was a comedy with music from the French, called "Miss Helyett," and Mrs. Carter filled the part of the heroine, a Quaker maiden who has sundry droll adventures in the Spanish



ADELAIDE PRINCE, WHO APPEARS AS "PALLAS" IN THE POETICAL PLAY, "ULYSSES."
From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

Pyrenees. The production was fairly successful, and ran for a year in the various cities, but Mrs. Carter did not achieve any particular distinction. Then came

powers. He kept her studying such parts as *Lady Macbeth* and *Frou Frou*, and meantime he was engaged on a play especially adapted to her.



GRACE KIMBALL, WHO WAS FORMERLY LEADING WOMAN WITH SOTHERN, AND WHO HAS NOW RETURNED TO THE STAGE, FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF MANY OTHERS WHO RENOUNCED IT ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

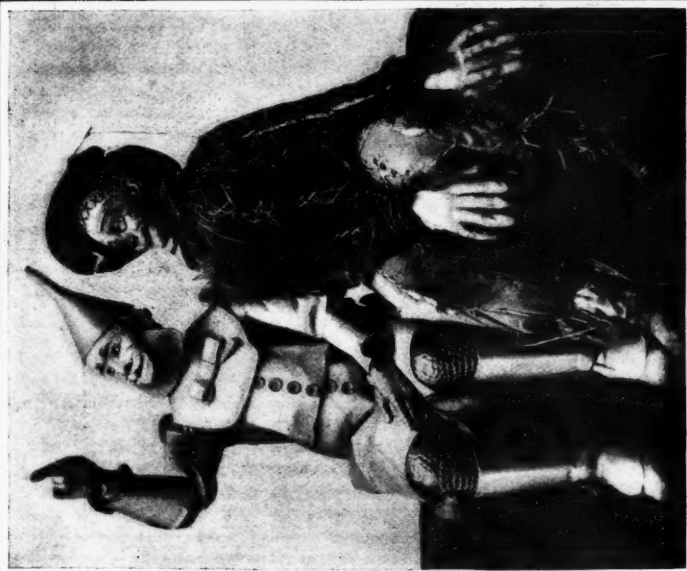
From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

Paul Potter's "Ugly Duckling," which proved to be a luckless bird as well. For some two years Mrs. Carter remained in obscurity, but she did not lose her courage, nor Mr. Belasco his faith in her

In due course "The Heart of Maryland" was finished, and then author and actress had their reward. The first night Mrs. Carter called the most critical of her life. Aside from the nervous strain



DAVID C. MONTGOMERY, THE "TIN WOOD-
MAN" IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ."



MONTGOMERY AND STONE AS THE "TIN WOODMAN" AND THE "SCARE-
CROW," THE TWO COMIC CHARACTERS THAT HAVE MADE
THE SUCCESS OF "THE WIZARD OF OZ."

From photographs by Windeth, Chicago.



FRED A. STONE, THE "SCARECROW" IN
"THE WIZARD OF OZ."



VIOLA ALLEN AS "VIOLA" IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "TWELFTH NIGHT."

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



GERTRUDE RENNYSON, A PRIMA DONNA IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY.

From a photograph by Price & Fromm, Milwaukee.

induced by suspense over the outcome, the part was a most exacting one physically. The race up the stairs of the tower to swing from the clapper and prevent the ringing of the bell was a feat which she declared she could never do except under the excitement of an actual performance. Consequently it was never rehearsed in its entirety. She tested her ability to suspend herself from the bell on a model raised but a few feet from the stage. She tried running up the stairs of the tower once, and found that the spiral ascension made her dizzy. But she knew she could do it, she declared, when the first night came; and she did, and for the hundreds of nights after that the play ran.

Another point on which the actress was adamant was her refusal to wear a crinoline, which was appropriate to the period of the play.

"Fancy the spectacle I should present," she said, "swinging from that bell-clapper in a hoop-skirt!"

Mrs. Carter's leading man in "The Heart of Maryland" was Maurice Barrymore, and Cyril Scott did the light comedy juvenile. The play was first produced in Washington in the autumn of 1895, and soon afterwards was brought to New York, where it ran for the remainder of the season at the Herald Square Theater, going to London a few months afterwards.

Three years later Washington was also the scene of "Zaza's" première. After New York had seen Mrs. Carter in the third act of this unpleasant but unde-

cried the play, as being too repulsive in its details.

Then came the greatest triumph of her career in "Du Barry," Mr. Belasco's ver-



ADA REHAN, STARRING WITH OTIS SKINNER IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AND "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

niably powerful drama, there was no hesitation in crowning her a queen among America's emotional actresses.

"Zaza," which Mr. Belasco adapted from the French, lasted her for three years, including a term in London, where the critics acclaimed the actress but de-

sion of the story of Louis XV's favorite. This was first produced in Washington about the middle of December, 1901. It reached the Criterion Theater, New York, on Christmas night, and remained there, to record-breaking audiences, until the following June. Not only did the name



MRS. LESLIE CARTER AS "DU BARRY."
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



FLORENCE WORDEN, ONE OF THE WIDOWS IN "THE RUNAWAYS."

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

part permit Mrs. Carter to run the gamut of moods, from the gay creature of the milliner's shop to the groveling wretch in the shadow of the guillotine, but the play afforded Mr. Belasco a chance for such stage pictures as no theater had ever before presented. London's verdict on the piece, when it is presented there next spring, will be awaited with interest. Unpleasant in theme the play certainly is, but it is several lifts above the level of "Zaza."

For the present "Du Barry" remains in Mrs. Carter's repertory. It is still a potent attraction at the box-office, and Mr. Belasco does well to pause and weigh carefully the attributes of whatever piece he may choose as the successor to such a

dramatic triumph for author, actress, and stage manager as "Du Barry."

CLEAN COMEDY CONTINUES TO CONQUER.

For years a patient public has been clamoring for comedy, while managers persisted in offering them the emotional work in which actresses revel. At length the hit of "The Earl of Pawtucket," last spring, convinced the men who dictate the policies of houses that they had been steering on a wrong tack—a fact of which MUNSEY'S had been laboring for some time to apprise them. "The Earl" remained in New York all summer, and in September, when the Manhattan was given over to its autumn engagements, Lawrance D'Orsay merely stepped further down Broadway to the Princess, where it looks as if he would find permanent lodgment for the winter.

Meanwhile, following on "A Fool and His Money" and "Facing the Music," both spring hits in clean comedy, the Madison Square Theater began its fall campaign with still another winner in the laughing list—"My Wife's Husbands," written by Edwin Milton Royle for the use of himself and his wife, Selina Fetter.

Mr. Royle is no novice in providing vehicles for actors, as "Friends" and "Captain Impudence," two plays of long standing, are from his pen; but a serious purpose underlay both these ventures, consequently they made but little impression on metropolitan audiences. "My Wife's Husbands," billed as "original farce," flies rather wildly in the face of probabilities, but does it withal in such rollicking mood, and amid so wondrously decorous an atmosphere, that it seems almost hypercritical to pick flaws. Verily it looks, these days, as if virtue had more material rewards than the sense of its own existence. Had this piece been written on the questionable lines that its title seems to suggest, it might have faced the

array of empty benches which for many moons greeted the French farces in which Fritz Williams and E. M. Holland used to work so hard at this same house.

The picture of Edward S. Abeles shows husband No. 3, *William Drinkwater*, most inappropriately named. The part gives

Mr. Abeles the opportunity to furnish an admirable portrayal of a slightly intoxicated man—which is always more amusing, as well as more difficult to render, than a complete “drunk.” Young Abeles is one of our cleverest players of “character juveniles”; in fact, he is so useful in



VICTORY GALE, WHO APPEARS AS THE UGLY WIFE IN “THE SULTAN OF SULU.”

From a photograph.

this line that he will probably never reach the acme of an American actor's ambition, starhood, just as Fritz Williams has never reached it.

gap following a failure. It was in this play that Abeles sang a song of his own composition, "The Raccoon and the Bee," and gave his imitations of Richard



LILLIAN BLAUVELT, IN GRAND OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

From her latest photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

Mr. Abeles first came into New York notice about eight years ago, when "My Friend From India," which entered the Bijou on rubbers, in players' parlance, startled the whole town by its funny situations and remained on Broadway all winter instead of the couple of weeks it was intended to bridge over as a stop-

Mansfield. Those who have seen his work of late years would scarcely credit him with possessing such gifts. He is a native of St. Louis, and when a boy acted as page in the Missouri Legislature to the late John A. Cockerill. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but as so many others have done, he soon aban-

doned the sober paths of legal lore for the glittering ways of the footlights.

A BAD BEGINNING.

If the new season progresses as it has begun, it will outdistance last one in the number of failures scored. Worse than that, this time it is not only the plays that are lacking in merit, but the acting, too, is falling below par. This is particularly true of the men, notably in two of the Charles Frohman productions—"Ulysses" and John Drew's new vehicle, "Captain Dieppe."

In the first named Tyrone Power, in the name part, quite fails to justify the fight Mr. Frohman and Harrison Grey Fiske made for him in the courts. His work is lifeless, and it becomes apparent that he scored so heavily as *Judas* in "Mary of Magdala" because the rôle just happened to suit him. Edgar Selwyn, the *Telemachus*, mouths his words and seems to have difficulty in getting them out. The other principals among the men are good, and Rose Coghlan makes an acceptable *Penelope*, while Adelaide Prince—wife of Creston Clarke and formerly of Daly's company—is a handsome *Athene*. The play is miserably mounted; the audiences titter at the Hades effects, and there are notable discrepancies between the dialogue and the action. For example, *Charon* calls attention to the great dust raised by *Sisyphus* in striving to roll the stone, but there is absolutely nothing to show for it in the stage picture. Again, when *Eumæus* is called to settle a disturbance among his swine, not a sound of strife in the pen informs the audience that the animals are awake. These things, in a production that is supposed to rely in great part on scenic effect, are inexcusable.

Stephen Phillips' lines read smoothly, and sometimes rise to real power, but even with the most elaborate setting a poetical play of this type is not the one to attract a wide following in New York.

As to Drew's new comedy, the last half hour of it is quite worth while; the rest is piffle, eminently worthy of the amateurish acting displayed in it by all the men engaged with the exception of Drew himself and Sydney Herbert. The play is a dramatization of one of Anthony Hope's shorter stories, which possibly might have been turned into an acceptable curtain-raiser. As it stands, it bores one hopelessly. There are stretches of talk in the earlier portions that mean nothing and get nowhere. It is to be hoped that when the new Empire is fin-

ished and Mr. Drew is transferred thither from the Herald Square, Mr. Frohman will decide to fit him out with "Mrs. Gorringer's Necklace," in which there is a capital part for him. It was played last spring by Sir Charles Wyndham in London, and it is with Wyndham's rôles that Drew has had his greatest successes in the past—notably in "Rosemary" and "The Tyranny of Tears."

One bright spot shines out from the murk of autumn mediocrity—Charles Hawtrey at the Criterion in F. Anstey's clever farce, "The Man from Blankley's." When the present writer saw this play in London two years ago, he was not particularly sanguine over its success here, but our stage has lately fallen on such evil days that the slender story in the Hawtrey piece, cleverly sketched as it is by the author, and faithfully delineated by the players, charms in spite of its slightness. Just here is a peculiar feature of "The Man from Blankley's." Although there are very few situations in the play, it has been constructed with the greatest care, to make every joint fit exactly. And admirably acted as it is by many of the original company, it is not surprising that it ranks with two other importations from England—"Three Little Maids" and Mrs. Langtry's new comedy, "Mrs. Deering's Divorce"—as the only real hits among the early September openings.

THE POOR PLAY MILLSTONE.

The play seems distinctly to be not the thing this autumn in New York, particularly in the case of well-known stars emerging again into stellar prominence after a period of comparative obscurity. Willie Collier, who became "William" in his effort to live up to the dignity of his success in "On the Quiet," joined Weber & Fields' company, owing to the difficulty of finding a suitable successor to his big winner by Augustus Thomas. Under their management he has just been once more proclaimed in big type. Unfortunately, "Personal," the vehicle to which Mr. Collier has harnessed his fortunes as a star, does not permit him even to twinkle, to say nothing of shining. It was written by Eugene Presbrey, erstwhile husband of Annie Russell, author of one decided success for William Crane, "A Virginia Courtship," and of a colossal failure for Blanche Walsh, "Marcelle." Although Mr. Presbrey is a "producer," his latest piece suggests the work of the veriest tyro in the art of putting things before the footlights. It is rumored that Mr. Collier is thinking of taking up again a

farce he brought out on the road a year or so ago, called "Would You for Five Millions?" Whether he will readapt it so as to make the query in the title refer to whether he would for that amount order another play from Mr. Presbrey, dependent saith not.

The other actor staggering under the dead weight of an ill-fitting drama is Edward Harrigan, but in his case he has nobody but himself to thank for the condition of affairs, as "Under Cover" is his own concoction. Mr. Harrigan is the actor who was spoiled by taking himself too seriously after a coterie of the literary set, led by William Dean Howells, proclaimed him to be the "real thing" in American dramatics. "Under Cover" reminds one strongly of the world before creation, being without form and void. Whatever action it contains is made up of rough-and-tumble fights between whites and negroes, and husbands and wives, and most of the wit in the lines is confined to execrable puns, many of them having to do with the personality of the actors engaged in the piece. Of course Harrigan had a great send-off, but it was part of the fun of the opening night to give it to him, and to extend the enthusiasm to Mrs. Annie Yeamans, Dan Collyer, and Joseph Sparks, all relics of the old Mulligan Guards days, who are with him in the new venture.

THE WINNERS IN "THE WIZARD."

In recent years most new playhouses, or old houses made new, both in New York and in London, have started off with failures. New York's Majestic Theater stands out as a shining exception. "The Wizard of Oz," with which the house opened in January, drew big audiences all through the summer, and ran until the 3rd of October before giving way to "Babes in Toyland," which had long been announced as its successor. As a play, "The Wizard" was a very sickly specimen. What there was of story was utterly incoherent; the construction was crude and the dialogue poor. The Poppy Ballet, to be sure, was a novel and attractive piece of stage business; but what kept the show alive through a summer in town was the work of the two chief comedians—Montgomery and Stone. The latter, especially, as the *Scarecrow*, was a wonder. Both he and Montgomery are under thirty. Stone is a native of Denver; Montgomery, of Sacramento.

For six years Stone traveled with a circus, his last engagement being with the Sells-Renfrew show, when he did a

high-wire ascension act over the tent before each performance. It was in St. Joseph, Missouri, that he fell in with Montgomery. They compared notes on their respective accomplishments, and decided to strike out for themselves as a song and dance team. Their first two seasons were spent with minstrel companies—Haverly's and Billy Rice's; after that they passed into vaudeville. It was Julian Mitchell, now of the "Wizard" management, who persuaded Charles Frohman to engage them as the eccentric dancers for "The Girl From Up There." They went to London with this piece, danced three times before the king, and were appearing in a Christmas pantomime when they were secured by cable for the first production of "The Wizard of Oz" in Chicago.

A REALIZED AMBITION.

"And what would you rather act most?"

This was the question put to the leading woman of a New York stock company by a reporter for the *Dramatic Mirror* just seven years ago.

"If I were put in possession of a magic wand," was the reply, "I should wave in a grand revival of Shakespeare. There are no heroines like his. I should like nothing better than to play *Juliet*. Any actress who has once had that privilege can never be quite content with anything less. When I was a young girl I played all the Shakespearian heroines; and first impressions are always the strongest."

And now, after all these years, the speaker's wish is realized. The present season certainly witnesses a Shakespeare revival of no mean dimensions, and this same actress takes a prominent part in the renaissance. For although Viola Allen is not to do *Juliet*—poor hackneyed heroine of Verona, the prey of every ambitious elocutionist!—she will surely get as much joy from depicting her namesake in "Twelfth Night."

In Miss Allen's case there is particular cause for rejoicing, for not only does she realize a long-cherished ambition, but in making this incursion into the fields of the strictly legitimate she is escaping from the barren wastes of the Hall Caine thrillers. Two seasons of "The Christian" and one of "The Eternal City" have surely earned for the chief figure in them the full fruitage of every hope she may ever have held.

Apropos of the last named play, it seems that it was not Miss Allen's fault, after all, that *Roma* was made a good

woman in the American version. The actress urged that the play would be weakened by whitewashing the character. It was George Tyler, the head and front of the Liebler management, who insisted that *Roma* should be made virtuous. But both the press and the public got it into their heads that because it would be characteristic of Viola Allen to balk at depicting a woman with a past, she had actually done so; and nothing that could be said during her connection with the piece dislodged the notion. Miss Allen, whose season in "Twelfth Night" is just beginning, will in future be managed by her brother Charles. It is to be hoped that her year in Shakespeare's merry comedy will be so successful as to warrant many more of them in other of the heroines she so loves to portray.

Her early experience in Shakespearian rôles dates back to the time when, still a girl in her teens, she acted as leading woman with John McCullough and the elder Salvini.

AGAIN ADA REHAN.

In 1891 it was said of Ada Rehan that she had astonished London, mystified Paris, and helped to educate New York. She was then at the top notch of her fame as leading lady at Daly's Theater. It has often been said that she owes everything to Mr. Daly; yet there are some who hold that the debt was reversed and that Mr. Daly owed most of his success as a manager to Miss Rehan. As the brilliancy of the player's light has been in eclipse since the passing of the manager in 1899, the former version would seem to be the truer one. Twice has she attempted to win back her old following, first in repertoire, and then in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"; and each time has there been lacking the vital spark that was wont to touch her work with real charm. This autumn she has associated herself with Otis Skinner, a former companion at Daly's, and the two will appear as twin stars in "The Merchant of Venice," "The School for Scandal," and "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Skinner is one of the most capable of the serious players now before the public, and if Miss Rehan can make a success under any auspices, the present ones beckon rosily.

She is of Irish birth, having first seen the light at Limerick in 1860. Her elder sisters—Hattie Russell and Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron, mother of Arthur—had taken to the stage, so it was natural for Ada to drift toward the footlights, too.

This was after the family had moved to America, a migration which took place when Ada was five years old. She was fourteen when she made her first appearance, to replace an actress who had fallen ill, in her brother-in-law's company. The town was Newark, New Jersey, and the play "Across the Continent." It was an odd coincidence that her first acting in New York should be done on the stage of Wood's Museum, afterwards turned into the present Daly's Theater, but perhaps it is not so strange that she did not at that time make a hit. She had not yet come under Mr. Daly's tutelage.

For the next four years she traveled with Edwin Booth, Adelaide Neilson, John T. Raymond, Lawrence Barrett, and others, appearing mostly in Shakespeare. Mr. Daly first saw her in Albany as *Katherine*, and at once offered her an engagement for New York. She had just accepted it when there came another proposition from Edwin Booth, who wanted her as his leading woman. It is interesting to surmise what might have been Miss Rehan's career had Mr. Booth's offer been made a day or two earlier.

THREE DISAPPOINTMENTS TO ONE WINNER.

Fancy the maker of a Rogers Brothers show being bitten with the microbe of literary ambition! Yet it is even so, and if Mr. McNally, the gentleman in question, is not careful, he will yet land the two comedians on the rocks of financial shipwreck. In "The Rogers Brothers in London," the sixth spasm of fun provided for the rivals of Weber & Fields, a distinct effort has been made not only to keep to a definite color scheme in the costuming, but to give the musical effects the same artistic values. For instance, in the first act, on board a North German Lloyd liner, the Prussian coat of arms is worked into the costumes of the chorus, and variations of German national airs find their way into the songs. In the London act the same labored attempt has been made to render things in keeping, from lame reproductions of a London bus as part of the scenery, to dressing up the whole company as costers for the finale. But people do not go to a Rogers Brothers show for this sort of thing. They go to be amused, not to wonder at the care the author has taken to be consistent.

For example, it is of course widely improbable that a hoop of dangling streamers made up of various flowers should descend from mid air in Trafalgar Square, each separate streamer to be

grasped by a girl dressed as the flower corresponding to it, yet this number makes the hit of the performance. For the rest, the entertainment is so thin that patrons complain loudly in the lobby. Yet such is the impetus the Rogers Brothers have acquired that it will probably take a season or two of dullness to diminish the attendance.

Unhappily, no such backbone will uphold "A Princess of Kensington," the importation from the London Savoy in which James T. Powers has been featured this season. Jimmy Powers' last winter's luckless experience with that paste gem, "The Jewel of Asia," has not yet faded from the public's memory, and in "A Princess of Kensington" he seems to have struck another dead weight. The libretto is by that writer of mediocrities, Basil Hood, who already has "The Rose of Persia," "Sweet and Twenty," and "The Emerald Isle" charged up against his account in America. "A Princess of Kensington" is a nondescript, being neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. It is supposed to be a direct successor to the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera gems, but bears no more resemblance to one of these classics of the musical stage than does a wheelwright to a watchmaker. Mr. Hood evidently discovered this fact for himself before he went very far, and endeavored to sandwich in some of the modern musical comedy "feature stuff," making only indigestible hash out of what was at first tasteless sawdust.

Much pleasanter things can be written of "Three Little Maids," the successor to "A Country Girl" of last autumn at Daly's, where "The School Girl" is to follow in the fall of 1904. Slight indeed is the thread of story running through this affair, written and composed by the one man, Paul Rubens, in striking contrast to most of the George Edwardes shows, which are ordinarily fathered by at least half a dozen different individuals. Daintiness is the keynote to the success of the venture, which had a year of continuous life in London. It is musical farce with the soft pedal on, and New York has taken to it voraciously. The three little maids are all charming, and the comedian, G. P. Huntley, walked straight into the good graces of the whole audience, to whom he was practically a stranger. Maurice Farkoa, who was here long ago with "An Artist's Model," also scored with his fetching accent and energetic ways.

It is too bad that an equally favorable report cannot be made upon an article

of home manufacture, from the hand of one who has just made a ten-strike with his first effort. But facts are stubborn things, and it cannot be denied that "Peggy from Paris" failed to justify the expectations that New York had entertained of it.

Everybody agreed that the prologue was delightful.

"Here," said they, "is the real thing, a musical comedy racy of the soil. George Ade was great when writing of the Philippines in 'The Sultan of Sulu.' He'll be a genius for fun right here in Illinois."

But alas, with the shifting of the scene to the stage of a theater in Chicago, the libretto might have been the output of any commercial manager's hack. *Peggy*, the daughter of a man in Hickory Creek, is ashamed to own her father—apparently without any very good reason, for after two acts, when Mr. Ade judges it is time to close the show, he has her say:

"Hello, dad; I'm tired of this masquerade. Kiss your daughter!"

Specialties go to fill up the period of the two acts, and specialties that have nothing particularly special about them. There is one clever cake-walk dance for the chorus, "Emmaleen," but the music of the piece, by William Loraine, of Chicago, is without character and seldom really tuneful.

There is no regular comedian's part, like that for Frank Moulan in "The Sultan," the nearest approach to it being Peggy's Dutch maid. This is neatly done by Josie Sadler, who has one of the few catchy songs, telling of her boy Henny, who plays the bassoon. The most discouraging feature in "Peggy from Paris" is the impression it conveys of having been deliberately twisted out of the Ade groove and fitted into the regulation slot of the ordinary American machine-made musical comedy of the day. It is possible that by the time these lines are read Mr. Ade may have decided to take the advice so liberally doled out to him by the critics on September 11, and have rebuilt his play proper to match the delightful prologue. This accomplished, and some real tunes interpolated in the score, there is no reason why "Peggy from Paris" should not live up to the high expectations aroused before her appearance in New York. And yet, why should he do this? In spite of the critics' diatribes, "Peggy" has drawn big houses at Wallack's just as she is. And Mr. Ade is only human! But here he has a new theme for a fable.

What Is the Best Society?

BY JAMES L. FORD.

SIDELIGHTS UPON AN INTERESTING QUESTION WHICH IS
ANSWERED QUITE DIFFERENTLY BY DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

THE question at the head of this article is one which has never yet been satisfactorily settled—settled, that is, to my own satisfaction. I know a great many people who are confident that the very best society in New York centers in the circles which they severally adorn. There is also a popular belief that those men and women whose names appear with the greatest frequency in the society columns of the newspapers constitute the very finest society of the town. I am not inclined, however, to accept this article of faith as part of my social creed, because no convincing reason can be given for it.

As one who for a good many years has wandered up and down the town and mingled in many social circles, I have often tried to determine what was really the best society that New York could offer. I have always failed, because, like musical criticism, the subject affords no common standard for judgment. I have sometimes thought it logical to assume that those who are manifestly discontented with their social lot, and are constantly striving after something higher, cannot be said to constitute the best society; but on the other hand the only persons who are content are those who have no ambition.

It is not likely that the question will ever be solved in such a way as to give general satisfaction, but I have ventured to offer a few sketches of certain characteristic phases of New York society in order that my readers may judge for themselves which one of them they would choose to adorn.

I.

MRS. OSWALD GERMAIN'S DINNER PARTY.

At ten minutes before eight a closed carriage stopped before the lamp-lighted, carpeted tunnel of striped awning that

led from the curb to the vestibule of a handsome house a few doors from Fifth Avenue. A moment later Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Porteous, the earliest of Mrs. Oswald Germain's dinner guests, entered the broad hall and were directed by servants to the dressing-rooms on the floor above. Mr. Porteous was a California millionaire who had recently come to New York to gratify his wife's social ambition, and this was their first grand dinner party.

A quiet, neat-handed maid helped to relieve Mrs. Porteous of her wraps, while in the other dressing-room a footman took her husband's hat and coat, pinned a boutonniere in his coat, and handed him a tray of small envelopes, from which, after a moment's hesitation, for the custom was new to him, he selected one that bore his own name. Within he found a card inscribed "Mrs. Vinton." He was still gazing helplessly at it when the servant came to his rescue, and said in an undertone:

"The lady you are to take in to dinner, sir."

In the drawing-room down-stairs Mrs. Germain, a white-haired, stately woman, received Mr. and Mrs. Porteous politely, but with a touch of hauteur that was intended to remind them that she had been sixty years in society, while they were but new arrivals.

The next guest was a languid and bored young man who had been asked because he had recently inherited his uncle's fortune, whereas the Porteouses had been invited because they had recently made theirs. Mr. Reginald Strathmore came next, and was greeted with a marked degree of cordiality, because he was first cousin to an English earl, and a possible heir to the title. He had heard of the Porteouses, and of the probable dowry of their daughter, and therefore beamed in what he considered a pleasant manner upon Mrs. Porteous. Then came two lovely girls, who had been invited solely because they were lovely, in charge of a married cousin, who was as lively,

talkative, and irresponsible as the ideal chaperon should be.

Three young men, who did not look a day over thirty-five, were the next arrivals. Each was precisely like the others, and not one of the three dined out less than four nights a week during the fashionable season. They were perfectly at their ease, and talked in a smiling, mechanical way to any one who happened to be at hand. One of them had been apportioned to a saturnine woman of middle age, who had been asked because she was a cousin of Mrs. Germain's and capable of making herself disagreeable if she were left out—not that she ever made herself particularly agreeable when let in.

No sooner had the last of the even score of guests arrived than the butler, who had been keeping tab on them as they came, drew aside the heavy portières and announced the dinner. Thereupon Mrs. Germain arose, placed the tips of her fingers on the black sleeve of one of the men, and led the march to the dining-room.

The table was superbly decorated with cut flowers, which seemed to cover almost every inch of space that was not occupied with candelabra, plates, and dishes. The cut glass and silver shone brilliantly, the damask was rich and heavy, and the air sweet with the odor of the flowers. As the guests seated themselves, the butler and four footmen began their work of service, and the dinner proceeded quietly, seriously, and in strict accordance with the traditions of the house in which it was given.

There was not a person at the table who had ever achieved the slightest degree of renown in any field of endeavor save that of society. With the exception of Mr. Porteous, there was not one who could boast of more than commonplace ability. It was perhaps for this reason that he was the only man present who did not seem to feel thoroughly at his ease. It was not that the array of forks puzzled him, or that he mistook the finger-bowl for a drinking vessel. Like others of his class, Mr. Porteous had long since accustomed himself to luxurious modes of life by living at the most expensive hotels in New York and Chicago, thus saving himself from the ridiculous *faux pas* that writers of the "Widow Bedott" school might attribute to him.

It was just ten minutes after eight when the dinner began, and a few minutes before ten when the ladies rose and followed Mrs. Germain to the drawing-

room. During that period of somewhat less than two hours, the guests ate and drank and conversed with their immediate neighbors. There was not a particle of "general conversation," for that is an art in which only the Latins excel; but there was a great deal of low-voiced gossip about the men and women of society, with a sprinkling of those useful platitudes which a man can frame and utter without ceasing to think of the food on his plate or the wine in his glass, and to which a woman can listen without having her thoughts diverted from the conversation that is going on directly across the table.

Left to themselves in the dining-room, most of the men looked relieved. One of them, a privileged friend of the house, bade the butler bring the decanter of Scotch whisky. The earl's cousin drew Mr. Porteous into conversation about the prospects of copper mining in the far West, and in a few minutes the Californian, fortified by a strong cigar and a glass of particularly good whisky, found himself the center of a silent, eagerly listening group. He was talking very well about a subject that he knew thoroughly, and to most of his hearers this proved an agreeable novelty.

At half past ten the men repaired to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Porteous had not duplicated her husband's conversational success, but had been a mute, inglorious auditor. Then, after twenty minutes more of dinner-table talk, the servants began to announce the carriages, and the company slowly dissolved.

The event was duly chronicled in the society columns of the daily newspapers, and more than one woman read of it in her boarding-house chamber or six-room flat with a heart that ached with envy because she, too, was not of the very best society.

II.

MRS. BOERUM'S ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY.

At precisely nine o'clock on the second Wednesday evening in January, Mrs. Edgerley Boerum walked through the drawing-rooms of her apartment in the Hotel Smilax, assuring herself, by sharp glances to the right and left, that everything was as she had commanded. Then she unlocked the door of her sideboard, and took from the interior of that sacred repository a bottle of champagne and one of brandy. Fritz, the hotel waiter engaged for this particular evening, gravely opened the bottle of champagne and poured its contents into the bowl of iced

lemonade that stood on the side table. About half of the bottle of brandy was then added by Mrs. Boerum, with a gravity of demeanor that would have suited a physician compounding a life-saving potion. Fritz stirred the whole vigorously with a long ladle, and the champagne punch was ready for Mrs. Boerum's guests.

The hostess then solemnly warned her majordomo not to reveal the fact that lobster salad and sandwiches were to be served at a very late hour to the chosen few. The faithful servitor assured his employer that any one who reached those viands before the precious moment of announcement would do so over his dead body. Then he threw open the drawing-room doors, while Mrs. Boerum seated herself on a gilt sofa.

A moment later the name of the Marquis de Noisé rang through the room, and the first of the evening's guests, bringing with him two decorations and a ravenous appetite, strutted into the room, bent low before his hostess, and raised her large, flabby hand to his lips in respectful salute.

"Marquis, it was dear of you to come!" Mrs. Boerum said, flashing upon him one of her rare smiles of amiable coyness.

Then other guests came hurrying in, and the fourth of Mrs. Boerum's series of alternate Wednesdays was well under way. By ten o'clock the long drawing-room was uncomfortably crowded, while the dining-room had become a congested district, with the punch bowl as its center.

There was one corner in the drawing-room which seemed to have a peculiar charm for a few of the guests, though it was by no means as popular as that in which the punch bowl was situated. In this corner sat a young girl with a face of exquisite, delicate beauty, and eyes that were wide open with wonder and delight. It was Dorothea's first experience at a New York party, and the company seemed to her to be the ideal of all that was brilliant and distinguished in metropolitan life. A young man whose attention had been drawn to her the very moment that she entered the room, and whom she had charmed with her naïveté and innocence, sat beside her, pointing out the various celebrities and telling her something about them.

The biographical data that he gave her, however, were brief and sketchy to a degree—a fact which shows that this young man, hardened as he was in the ways of sin, appreciated and respected little

Dorothea's innocence. If he had told her one half that he knew about the best person, next to her sweet self, in the room, she would have fled the premises in dismay. As it was, the high-sounding foreign titles imparted to the occasion the same atmosphere of romantic chivalry that she had previously found only in such works of fiction as "Lady Chetwind's Specter" and "The Heir of Beecham Towers," while the presence of men and women who actually belonged to the mystic, enchanting world of the stage, or wrote books, made her feel that she was indeed in wonderful company.

As the evening wore on, several of the guests were brought up and presented to her, and in nearly every instance tried to monopolize her conversation. But the young man never budged from her side for a single instant, not even to seek refreshment at the punch bowl. He even drove away, with a whispered word and a significant look, a partially-washed and repulsive-looking foreigner, who endeavored to press his attentions upon her with undue vigor.

The simile of the eagle in the dove-cote is an old one, but that of an innocent young dove flitting about a vultures' roost, in pleasant association with half a dozen birds of carrion, is the only one that suggests itself to my mind in this connection.

For, all unknowing, little Dorothea was the one bright spot of purity and sweetness in the moral darkness that characterized Mrs. Boerum's alternate Wednesday evening salon. She was the only genuine thing that lived and breathed in that drawing-room, unless we except Fritz, the waiter; and even he was playing his part when he treated the guests with deference and respect. The noblemen bore false, worthless, or dishonored titles. The actors represented the worst elements in their profession, while the "actresses" were women who found in the stage merely a means of gaining notoriety for themselves. The so-called literary men and women were simply sensation-mongers, or worse, and the greatest fraud of all was Mrs. Boerum herself. She was as worthless and as hollow a pretense as her own champagne punch.

Possibly the young man who sat beside Dorothea deserves to be excepted, too. It was many a long year since he had spent an evening with such a girl. As she thawed out under his kindly, honest devotion, and chatted away about her home in the far-off country town, and about the lady who had spent a summer there and

then had invited her to visit her in New York and see something of "society," the young man's thoughts carried him a long way back. He thought of the days when he used to take his regular Sunday afternoon walk through the village cemetery with just such a girl as this one on his arm, and when the "city boarders" who tarried there for a few weeks in the summer seemed to him the perfect embodiment of all that was refined, cultivated, and exquisite.

About midnight the Marquis de Noisé, whose trained nostrils had been snuffing about all the closet doors, detected the odor of food, and hastened to inform his compatriots and the other titled exotics that a late supper was to be served. The result was that when the company began to thin out, the Latin nobles took a determined stand in the dining-room. Although Fritz began to turn down the gas jets, while Mrs. Boerum yawned several times significantly, they refused to go. At last the hostess surrendered, and bade them join the half dozen of her special favorites who had been chosen for the feast.

Then Fritz brought the viands forth from their hiding place, and more than a dozen persons sat down to a supper intended for less than half that number. They slaked their thirst with drafts from the punch bowl, whose dregs had been reenforced and freshened by some alchemy known only to the faithful Fritz.

Ten minutes after he had left Dorothea at her own door, her cavalier entered a brilliantly-lighted room in which a score or more of men were clustered about various games of chance. Colonel Lytle, an "old-timer" of Mississippi steamboat fame, was in the lookout chair, smoking a long cigar and stroking his gray mustache with a hand that was still smooth and white and steady.

"Colonel," said the young man in an undertone, as he stood beside him waiting for the end of the deal. "I don't think young girls are looked after nowadays as they ought to be, considering all they're liable to run up against in this town. In fact, I'm afraid that the old-fashioned race of American mothers has run out."

"I don't like to hear you say that, Eddy," rejoined the old gambler with a note of positive pain in his soft, Southern voice. "I should hate to think that they'd been traveling down the long hill, too, like the rest of us."

Then the intense quiet of high play descended upon the table, and the game proceeded with dignity and decorum; the

young man dealing with deft fingers, the colonel stroking his gray mustache with his white hand, the smoke curling up around his clean-cut face, his vigilant eyes fixed on the green cloth, and his thoughts far away back in the never-to-be-forgotten past.

III.

MRS. GRIMSHAW'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

Less than ten minutes after the final fall of the curtain at the Jollity Theater on the Saturday night which brought the old year to a close, that sterling and popular actress, Mrs. Irene Grimshaw, went scurrying down the drafty corridor and through the stage door, pausing only as she passed the star dressing-room—time was when she used to dress herself—to tell its present occupant to be sure and hurry, for the fun was to begin at twenty minutes past eleven precisely.

A quarter of an hour later, Mrs. Grimshaw was busy welcoming her guests to her top-floor apartment on upper Broadway. It is a fact worth noting that they arrived all in a bunch, so to speak, nearly all of them coming direct from some theater, and wishing to be in time to enjoy everything.

The earliest arrival of all was Old Man Grips, who was out of an engagement, and who dropped in at half past nine to see if he couldn't help Maria, the colored servant, with the preparations for the feast. Mr. Grips was invited for several very excellent reasons. To begin with, he had taught his hostess a good deal about the art of acting in the old days, when he was an excellent character actor, and she a young and unformed ingénue. Moreover, Grips is entitled, according to the simple Grimshaw code, to anything good that is going, because he is broken in fortune and health, acutely sensitive to the rough usages of the world, and very grateful for any little attention that may be shown him.

The next arrival was Signor Bonaventura, the leader of orchestra, who came promptly because he had neither make-up to wash off nor clothes to change. He brought his violin with him, although he had been plainly told that his invitation was not a case of "come early and bring your grand piano." Of course the violin was a welcome addition, for the professor knows well how to play on it. Indeed, he is invaluable at affairs of this sort in the triple rôle of soloist, accompanist, and organizer of concerted music.

Close upon the musician's heels came Charlie Briggs, the press agent of the

Jollity Theater, escorting the gifted emotional actress Miss Kate Johnston, temporarily in hard luck and out of an engagement. She was accompanied by her four-year-old daughter, Janet, invited to the feast because she could not well be left alone, and because she could play so nicely with Mrs. Grimshaw's little grandchild, Mary, until it should be time to put both the infants to bed.

Next came the Makeup boys, two bright-faced lads of about fifty-eight, who have been well known since the close of the Civil War as promising young comedians. They brought with them Miss Ruth Lawrence, the star of the Jollity Theater. They were followed by Geoffrey Windermere, the famous juvenile actor of the Gaiety, and a score or more of players carefully culled from the various companies of the town. Those who have seen Mr. Windermere in certain New York drawing-rooms which he affects, and in which the envious have said he does most of his acting, would scarcely have recognized him in the handsome young fellow who had dropped for the moment the affected airs of society and the stage, and was showing only those qualities of humor and bonhomie which his intimates know that he possesses. Miss Lawrence, too, rose to the occasion, and was as sweet and simple and natural as she is in the first act, when she appears with a white sunbonnet thrown over her pretty face and meets the city swell who is destined to become her lover.

At twenty minutes past eleven, in a judge's wig and gown, borrowed for the occasion from the Jollity wardrobe room, Tommy Makeup took his seat at one end of the room and directed that the accused should be placed before the bar. Thereupon two mummerys gravely brought forward the stuffed figure of a man that was to typify the old year, now drawing to an end, and Mr. Windermere and Old Man Grips presented themselves as counsel, the one for the prosecution, and the other for the defense. Then, with all due decorum, the trial of the Old Year was begun, and every member of the company was called upon to testify either for or against it.

It would be useless to record here the many questions put by the judge, the testimony given by the witnesses, or the squabbles in which the learned counsel indulged. The humor was largely that born of close intimacy, and most of the jokes took the form of good-humored hits at the different members of the company, varied now and then with a sharp rap at

some actor, critic, or manager known to them all. At a quarter before twelve the counsel began to sum up. At five minutes before twelve, the judge delivered his charge, in which he pronounced the Old Year guilty on all the counts of the indictment, and condemned him to be "fired out," which was done literally through a back window by two willing comedians, at precisely the stroke of twelve. At the same moment—the glasses having been previously charged—little Mary Grimshaw was brought in in her nightdress in the arms of her colored nurse, and every one drank her health as the embodiment of a New Year from which much was to be expected.

Mr. Makeup then announced, on behalf of the hostess, that in honor of the occasion real food would be served in the grand banqueting scene in the next room, and that the guests were requested to regard eating and drinking as a continuous performance throughout the rest of the night. Everybody took him at his word, and from that moment until well into the morning there was not only eating and drinking, but singing, dancing, and fun such as is only possible among the disciples of a philosophy that forbids the cares and anxieties of life to lie too heavily on human shoulders.

It was Mrs. Grimshaw herself, with Old Man Grips as a partner, who led the cake-walk to the supper-room, and Miss Lawrence who played the march on the piano. An hour later, when the appetites of the company were somewhat appeased, Signor Bonaventura quietly mobilized a quartet in the hall, and led them himself in "The Old Oaken Bucket." Mr. Grips sang a comic song with a spoken part, awakening thereby unbounded laughter and applause. Mr. Windermere recited a pathetic piece about a little child who died; whereat everybody snuffled and nearly everybody wept, and the tactful Bonaventura hastily marshaled his quartet, who burst forth into "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

The kinds of society to be found in New York are almost as numerous as the stars in the sky or the sands on the shore. That these different circles are as notable in point of variety as in that of numbers is suggested by the specimens submitted here, and it is not unlikely that there will be a wide division of opinion among my readers as to which of the three is the most entertaining or the better worth while.

LITERARY CHAT

THE BOOKS ARE LEFT.

The books are left—consider it,
That day that sees a friendship flit
Like butterfly to blooms more bright;
Or care, the gray moth, wings by night
Where never lamps of joy are lit.

Though love goes by with grace and wit,
Unwooded, unheld by man's poor might,
Not comfortless shall be my plight—
For books are left.

Though in the inn of life I sit,
Last of my friends mine host to quit,
Not all of loneliness shall blight;
I may not be deserted quite
While still, oh, comrades exquisite,
My books are left!

GERMAN AMBITIONS—And the basis of Germany's real or alleged hostility to the United States.

We read much, in the newspapers, of German hostility to the United States. Is it merely sensational and malicious gossip, or has it a solid basis of fact?

Any one interested in this highly important question will find it worth while to read a little book called "German Ambitions as They Affect Britain and the United States," by an author who signs himself "Vigilans sed Aequus"—"Vigilant but Fair." After reading this array of citations from German publicists and writers, it cannot be doubted that the path which the Kaiser's countrymen hope and intend to pursue as a world power crosses the line that America has marked out as the boundary of her own sphere of development. Each nation, of course, has a perfect right to its own aspirations. It is neither illegitimate nor discreditable to Germany to have resolved to be the first country of the earth in land and sea power, in commerce, and in colonies. She has a perfect right to push forward with all her strength toward the realization of her ambitions. On the other hand, it is only common prudence for us to understand that those ambitions conflict with ours, and that, to speak plainly, they could not be realized without our defeat and humiliation.

For instance, Dr. Wintzer, whose work

is endorsed and circulated by the Pan-German Union, is thus quoted by "Vigilans sed Aequus":

German interests exist also in South America, in case we have the power to assert them. . . . Germany cannot allow herself to be simply dispossessed of her inheritance in one of the most thinly peopled and richest quarters of the globe.

That this is a direct defiance of the cardinal principle of our foreign policy, Dr. Wintzer is well aware. "That is the theory," he adds, "which we must oppose to the Monroe Doctrine, and which, should the moment come, we must defend by force."

Americans have been rallied for their proneness to talk about "whipping creation," but for expansive self-confidence some recent German writers bear off all the palms. Dr. Ernst Hasse remarks:

Beyond all question the German people now hold the first place in arts and sciences.

Professor Funke adds:

We are undoubtedly the best warrior people in the world.

But these eminent authorities are too modest. Professor Fritz Bley reviews the situation more comprehensively:

We are the most accomplished people in all domains of science and fine art, the best settlers, the best seamen, and the best merchants. The modern world owes to us Germans pretty well everything in the way of great achievements that it has to show. Ours is the future, for we are young.

Dr. Herwegh drops into a fine strain of rhapsody:

Germany, thou art the shepherd of the great nation flocks. Thou art the great people of the future on this earth. Up, then, with the anchor!

Two books that have had a large circulation in Germany are "The Reckoning with England," by Dr. Karl Eisenhart, and the anonymous "Germany Triumphant." Both predict that their country will shortly attack and crush the British Empire and the United States successively; they differ only as to the order in which she will dispose of her foes. In "Germany Triumphant" the great republic is assailed by sea and land, and totally defeated; then the British, who have been calmly looking on, are treated in similar fashion. Dr. Eisenhart downs Britain first, with the United States calmly looking on; "and now,"

he adds, "it was time to reckon with America." It does not seem to occur to either prophet that the two English-speaking powers may spoil this pretty program by standing together.

DANGERS OF AUTHORSHIP—In Tunis they are physical as well as financial and critical.

Those writers who find their inspiration in such scandals as come to their knowledge and such *causes célèbres* as the papers exploit, would fare ill if they lived in Tunis. In the European colony there a gentleman named Brandebourg published a novel called "The Paradise of the Wise Virgins." Some of his readers discovered, or thought that they discovered, unkind allusions to themselves and to local society in the book. As a consequence, M. Brandebourg has already had to fight one duel, in which he was shot in the leg. As soon as he is able to "stand up to" an opponent again, five irate defenders of the customs of their social set in Tunis will contend for the privilege of meeting him.

By the time M. Brandebourg has finished giving "satisfaction," he will probably adopt some less perilous profession than literature—leading forlorn hopes, or walking the tight rope, or something in which a man has a chance for his life.

USELESS BOOKS—Kindergarten volumes for readers who have outgrown the kindergarten.

There are many good women in this country whose specialty it is to lead the thought of the young in the way it should go. Periodically one of these worthy ladies produces a volume of good advice for fifteen-year-old girls. A recent book of the sort is called "The Making of a Girl." It contains a series of little informal essays, most of them cast in the form of a dialogue between an aunt and a niece. This is a good old device much in vogue when ladies in the early thirties wished to write instructive literature and to hide the lesson under the cloak of pleasant reading. The topics discussed in this case are thoroughly modern, however. "About Regular Exercise," "On Choosing Clothes," "Housework," and "Slang" are some of them. The tone of the book is neither sniveling nor goody-goody; the morals taught are plain common-sense, bread-and-butter morals.

But the question arises, what is the good of such books? Why teach a young

girl only this canary-bird outlook on life? At fifteen and sixteen, young girls are young women. Some of our grandmothers were married and had children at that age. Of course it is a happy thing that girlhood may be prolonged as it is today. No thinking person wishes to force a premature maturity, but in most of the literature and ethics prepared for girls, the author forgets that he is writing for readers who are practically women, and gives them a mental diet as unsatisfying as modified milk would be for a grown person. The result would be mental anemia if girls read only the books avowedly intended for them, and read them seriously.

Luckily, this is not the case. An intelligent young girl of fifteen or sixteen, if she reads at all, will probably stumble on the works of some of the great masters who wrote for men and women, and not the milk-and-water stuff adapted for infants and invalids. Such books, even though they may be more or less above her head, will make a girl think, and she is not likely to find time for such well-meant budgets of good advice as "The Making of a Girl."

A UNIQUE LIBRARY—And the description of it given in one of the literary monthlies.

We do not know who James Capes Story is, save that he is the author of an article on "St. Deinol's Library," published in one of the literary monthlies, and that he appears to be an Englishman. The latter we infer from his statement that "the United States were represented." Very few Americans use a plural verb with the name of their country, nowadays.

We mention Mr. Story and St. Deinol's partly because the library that Mr. Gladstone founded is a unique and interesting institution, and partly to remark that this description of it deserves a bad eminence among the weak and sloppy articles so common in the literary monthlies. Much of it is rambling and superfluous, some of it is ill-informed and ungrammatical. For instance, we are told that among the treasures of the library is "a life, in ten volumes, of Abraham Lincoln, written by John D. Nicolay and John Hay." Truly a rare book! We are told that the foundation-stone of the building was laid October 9, 1899; but only a few lines further on the information is repeated, with the date changed to October 5. As to grammar,

we read of an "octagon strong room in which is stored Mr. Gladstone's letters and papers." And the following sentence is a gem, reflecting credit upon author, editor, and proof-reader alike:

There are on these shelves all the "Lives" of the great statesman hitherto published, soon, we hope, to be joined by Mr. Morley's "Volumes of Cartoons" also, and many other interesting documents.

A few volumes of "Mr. Morley's cartoons" would indeed be an acquisition to St. Deiniol's or any other library!

A NEW POET—At length we hail a worthy successor to the late J. Gordon Coogler.

Much verse has been written since the death of the late J. Gordon Coogler, but neither Kipling nor Stephen Phillips nor any modern bard has quite touched the strain of the lamented genius of South Carolina. At last, however, there has appeared in the literary firmament a poet who seems worthy to wear the laurels that once graced the brow of Coogler.

The new singer's name appears on the title-page of his book, "Some Village Verse," as Master Emery. For a frontispiece, with rare modesty, he gives us a portrait of himself—a personable youth, with hair of a somewhat unromantic stubbiness, and an apparent dislike for collars and neckties. Of his career and personality we know only what the volume reveals. It tells us of some interesting and important events in which Master Emery has figured. For instance:

While taking lunch in a café in Paris I heard a number of Englishmen making fun of my red and green plush clothes.

Very properly, the particolored bard retorted with a quatrain of true poetic scorn:

So he laughs at me over his wine!
Well, I pity your cur,
For a smile is not always a sign
Of intelligence, sir!

A more characteristic specimen of Master Emery's muse, perhaps, is a brief ode to one Hinky Dink, who, a footnote explains, is "an alleged man well known in Chicago":

The people wink at Hinky Dink,
For Hinky Dink's a liar;
And Auntie Sam don't care a d—m
Tho' Hinky Dink is by her.
And those in hell who know him well
Employ him as a flunkey;
For Hinky Dink is that lost link
Between the man an' monkey!

This reminds us strongly of J. Gordon Coogler. Indeed, while it has all the

wild melodious sweetness of Coogler's best work, it has a moral grandeur, a height of inspiration to which even the South Carolina laureate scarcely attained.

We must give one more brief extract from "Village Verse" before we reluctantly tear ourselves away from this fascinating volume. We reproduce Master Emery's own spelling and punctuation:

One morning, on my way to work
I met a tramp upon the road
Who called me to his side an said:
"The man who bears an heavy load
Of tools to earn his daily bread
Has little sense, an' should be dead!"

And then he lit an old clay pipe,
An' smil'd behind a cloud of smoke,
While I stood thinking of the years
My father labor'd 'til he broke
His tender heart, an' died in tears;
An' now that tramp an' I bum beers!

"Village Verse" contains one hundred small pages full of equally lofty thoughts set forth in equally admirable verse. Its price, according to a notice on the cover, is five dollars, net. Too cheap, by far, when the reader has to pay a dollar and a quarter for Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses."

A LITERARY FOUNDLING—It has received the most tender treatment at the hands of those to whom it was mysteriously consigned.

"Imagine," cries the publisher's advertising genius, "imagine the author who wakes out of his sleep to find that his manuscript has been published, and has sold into its tenth thousand a few weeks after publication!"

This brilliant flight of imagination is induced in the mind of the publisher's advertising genius by "The Manuscript in a Red Box"—that mysterious manuscript without title, without designated author, without any marks of identification, which was left, it seems, one night not long ago on a certain literary doorstep, for all the world like a foundling.

In the minds of skeptics there has been some doubt as to the authenticity of the incident, and this skepticism is not diminished by reading the book. No absent-minded author ever conceived its hero, who puts all recent swashbucklers to the blush. *Frank Vavasour*, of the time of Charles I, passes light-heartedly through more perils by flood and fire, by honest sword of open foe and furtive weapons of hired assassins, than Mary

Johnston, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Stanley Weyman, and the rest of the latter-day romanticists would have apportioned among a whole series of heroes. The creator of such an active adventurer cannot be a person greatly given to abstractions and absent-mindednesses. It will not be a trance-like slumber out of which he emerges to inquire as to the royalties on those ten thousand sales; though, to be sure, he may delay his awakening until the publishers stimulate the buying of his book still further by starting a guessing contest as to his identity.

A COLLEGIAN'S READING—A case in which it would seem that charity might well begin at home.

In a recent article extolling the activity of a certain college settlement in New York we find a list of various entertainments given by its managers, who are said to be Columbia University men. At one of these affairs, we learn, "the story of Dickens' 'Christmas Carol' was told, illustrated by colored slides;" and as a crowning instance of the "hustling" ability of the entertainers, we are informed that "the man who told the story read the book for the first time late that afternoon."

Is it possible that there are Columbia University men, managers of college settlements, who have never read Dickens' "Christmas Carol"? It would seem to be in order to establish a Dickens settlement within the precincts of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's great institution.

MARY MacLANE AGAIN—The self-heralded genius from Butte, Montana, is a trifle more reticent in her second book than in her first.

The second effort of Mary MacLane, of Butte, Montana, and Boston, Massachusetts, to force an entrance into the ranks of the literary is even less successful than her first. For the first brought her all the notoriety she could desire, while the second will fail even in that reward.

When the young lady of Butte rhapsodized, with untutored naïveté, over the possession of organs, sensations, and emotions which the world beyond Butte has agreed to take for granted or to ignore, some were amused and some were impressed. For these latter, the "Story of Mary MacLane" had all the "defiant charm" of a soiled, torn child swinging on a broken gate, sticking out her tongue at passers-by, and hurling at them such

opprobrious epithets as her vocabulary happens to include.

"My Friend, Annabel Lee" has not even that attraction. The soiled child is "tidied up." The tongue has been taught to retreat to its proper place, and Mary MacLane of Boston is merely ignorantly ecstatic, cheaply cynical, and marvelously long-winded.

Her friend, *Annabel Lee*, is a Japanese statuette which Miss MacLane found in a junk shop in Boston. It is she who does most of the talking on life, death, the South Station, Mrs. Fiske, gratitude, the Public Library, and other topics on which Mary MacLane has felt that she had a message to deliver.

In spite of the verbose commonplaceness of the little book, one almost feels that if her friends could persuade Mary MacLane to forbear from writing for a while, and to take to reading, studying, and thinking, she might eventually have something to say and might even know how to say it.

POOR IRELAND!—George Moore takes her last good possession from her in "The Untilled Field."

If George Moore's previous record as a realist with a severe case of astigmatism toward the more tranquil aspects of life did not act as a deterring force, his description of the present state of Ireland would fill the admirers of that romantic island with deepest gloom. But recalling the unrelieved, sordid misery through which we waded in "Esther Waters," and the neurasthenic debauchery which we were asked to accept as typical of artistic circles in "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Theresa," hope returns for Ireland. The English turf is not so thoroughly sodden with dreary crime as he would have us believe; and despite *Evelyn Innes*, there are singers with morals above those of the Kalmuck Tartars. So perhaps Mr. Moore in "The Untilled Field" is still but Mr. Moore—a powerful writer with an unconquerable habit of seeing darkly.

According to him, the Ireland of the Kerry dances, the Ireland of Lover and Lever, of innocent love-making at milking-shed and hayrick, of cheer at the fair and of comfort at the wake—this Ireland is no more. Religion, Mr. Moore thinks, has stamped out mirth, and is vigorously engaged in stamping out all wholesome natural impulses. Young men and maidens are forever separated by stern priests.

George Moore possesses a great power

of painting word-pictures, and he has presented many striking scenes of desolation and of pathos in the series of sketches he calls "The Untilled Field." But when he says that the Irish instinct for laughter and for love-making is doomed in the twentieth century under an influence which has already been at work for some sixteen or seventeen centuries, he gives us cause to hope that he is merely at his old tricks again, and that the situation is not so desperate as he imagines it.

THE CARLYLE CONTROVERSY—

The publications and counter-publications concerning Froude's dealings with the Sage of Chelsea and his wife.

In one of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Breakfast Table" talks, he speaks of the ugly sight disclosed when one displaces a long-lodged stone in a field—the mud and the ooze, the colorless vegetation, and the crawling things that thrive in the blackness. In a way, the Carlyle-Froude controversy recalls the saying, so much that is offensive to delicacy has been dragged to the light of day by the removal of the seal of silence.

After the flagrant and unnecessary charges against Carlyle's first biographer in Sir James Crichton Browne's introduction to the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," it was inevitable that Froude's relatives should publish the full account of his relations with the Carlyles, written by himself, shown to no one during his lifetime, but compiled, as he himself says, "that those who care for me may have something to rely upon if my honor and good faith are assailed after I am gone."

Froude makes out his case. He shows himself to have been the conscientious, loyal disciple of the teacher to whom nothing was so insufferable as juggling with the truth. That the intimate document asserts Carlyle's constitutional unfitness for marriage as well as his temperamental one; that it shows Mrs. Carlyle's sufferings at his hands to have been actual and keen, and no mere vapors of a semi-invalid; that it reveals, through the legal correspondence in the appendix, the fact that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle was not entirely uninfluenced in the controversy by the thought of royalties—these are not agreeable facts. The assailants of Froude, however, have only themselves to thank for the disclosure.

The publication of a reply by Sir James Crichton Browne and Alexander

Carlyle, called "The Nemesis of Froude," is announced. The quarrel is all very ugly and very tiresome. After all, Froude's original memoirs have been among the most valuable of English biographies. They have shown an actual man and woman, and not the gilded simulacra of conventional eulogy. They have made it possible, as Froude says that his own knowledge of the Scottish philosopher's faults and magnificent repentance did for him, for people to love Carlyle.

"He had seemed to me," says Froude, "like a person apart from the rest of the world, with the mark of destiny upon him, to whom one could not feel exactly as toward a brother mortal. Another side of his character was now opened to me—the agony of his remorse for a long series of faults, which now for the first time he saw in their true light. A repentance so deep and so passionate showed that the real nature was as beautiful as his intellect had been magnificent. It had become possible to love him—indeed, impossible not to love him."

GARLIC AND THE RENAISSANCE—

One of the pleasant revelations of Mrs. Henry Ady's book, concerning which the cry of plagiarism was raised.

Memoirs, biographies, and other historical literature are always intrinsically interesting to some, while others demand an extraneous spice to make them mentally palatable. These latter will wade through a great deal for which they have no spontaneous liking if they have the hint of an ancient scandal to sustain them, or the support of a present quarrel. Or they will consume with something approaching zest a work over which the cry of plagiarism has been raised, when otherwise they would have no earthly interest in it.

If the cry of plagiarism which accompanied the appearance of Mrs. Henry Ady's "Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan, 1475-1497," calls a wider attention to that work than it would have otherwise received, a real benefit has been conferred upon those whose notice has been directed to it. Mrs. Ady cannot be charged with dishonesty, for in her preface, bibliography, and copious footnotes she has abundantly acknowledged her indebtedness to Professor Renier and Dr. Luzio, the complainant Italian authorities on one of the most gracious figures of the Renaissance. There remains the question how far quotation marks permit a writer to quote.

Meantime there is no doubt of the value of Mrs. Ady's work to any one interested in even dilettante fashion in splendid, medieval Italy, with its passionate devotion to art and learning, its suave barbarities, its magnificent pagantries. That in the midst of this gorgeously spectacular society the simplicities were not entirely lost, is here and there pleasantly shown, as when Beatrice, writing to her sister Isabella of life at one of her estates, says:

I say all this not to diminish that which I hope you and others enjoy, but in order that you may know how well and happy I am, and how kind and affectionate my husband is, since I cannot enjoy thoroughly any pleasure or happiness unless I share it with him. And I must tell you that I had a whole field of garlic planted for your benefit, so that when you come, we may be able to have plenty of your favorite dishes.

This is a touch which makes the Italian courts of the fifteenth century suddenly and almost humorously human.

HENLEY AND THE KAILYARD—

It was the English poet and critic who christened a whole group of writers with a name that clung.

One of the small posthumous distinctions that have come to W. E. Henley, the English poet and critic, is given him in J. H. Millar's "Literary History of Scotland." This is the renown due to the inventor of the phrase "kailyard school," in reference to the present popular class of Scottish fiction.

Mr. Millar himself had been credited with the telling epithet, as its first appearance was in the title of a magazine article of his on the story-tellers of the land of Scott and Burns. But he states that Mr. Henley was the editor of the magazine publishing the article and that it was he, in his editorial revision, who inserted the expression.

SHAKESPEARE'S STAGE TRICKS

—A point for the superior critics who denounce modern playwrights as mere "stage carpenters."

Books in almost endless numbers have been inspired by the plays of Shakespeare, without reckoning several hundred volumes compiled to prove that there was no Shakespeare, or that, if he existed, he did not write the dramas to which his name is usually affixed. Yet there is one book which, so far as our knowledge goes, has never yet been written—a book on one of the most interesting and impor-

tant phases of his genius, namely, "Shakespeare as a Dramatist."

As a man of letters, as a poet, as a creator of character, as a philosopher, and as a *writer* of dramas, William Shakespeare has been so thoroughly discussed by the great and the little thinkers of every generation since his own, that it seems to us that nothing which could be possibly written on any of those subjects remains unsaid. But with the exception of De Quincey's essay on the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth," we know of nothing that has been written from the standpoint of true knowledge concerning Shakespeare as a *builder* of plays, as a master of those subtle, difficult, and but little understood arts of stagecraft to which certain critics are wont to refer as "mere tricks," "stage carpentry," or "theatrical claptrap." Of course these superior persons do not have the effrontery to call the knocking at the gate a "mere trick," the holding up of Cæsar's mantle "theatrical claptrap," or the witch scene in "Macbeth" "stage carpentry." It is only when a Boucicault or a Gillette or a Belasco or some other playwright of our own day invents something for actors to do, that these terms of contempt take on their meaning.

It is not easy to determine just how many years a dramatist must have been dead before his work is entitled to respectful treatment, but the public might learn to place a higher value on the efforts of the men who are keeping up our supply of plays if the difficulties under which they labor could be made apparent, and the sneers of ignorant pretense nullified by a just discrimination between their work and that of the greatest of all poets and playwrights.

If it were for no better purpose than to stop the mouths of the shallow, it would be pleasant to see the fact made clear that great as is the literature of Shakespeare, it is not their literary quality that has enabled his dramas to survive the wear and tear of time. "Hamlet" is an immortal tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet" an exquisite love story. Strip the verbiage, beautiful as it is, from either of these plays, and the skilled modern dramatist could reconstruct from the bare bones of the story a new piece in modern dress and language that would at least interest an audience. It would be much more difficult to fit out the poetry with an entirely new plot.

That Shakespeare was not only a dramatist, but also in the very highest sense a "stage carpenter" and a master

of "theatrical tricks," to quote from the parlance of to-day, is a fact well known to every one who has ever studied him. It is a fact, moreover, that should be made clear to the public as a matter of mere justice to our own playwrights.

THE UNREALITY OF THE REAL—

Some recent books, based upon or suggested by actual occurrences, which show the difficulty of making facts appear as truth.

Artists as widely—almost as humorously—separated as Flaubert and Louisa Alcott agree that it requires a high degree of genius to impart to actual incidents, in novels, the atmosphere of truth. It was one of Flaubert's axioms that the mere reality of an event was no legitimate ground for introducing it into fiction. And we all remember how in the classic "Little Women," *Jo March* marvels that the reviewers find actual facts in her stories distorted and impossible, while they laud her mere imaginations as "charmingly natural, tender, and true."

The fact in fiction is very apt to be like the honest complexion on the stage. Behind the footlights make-up is necessary, or ghastly travesties of the human face are presented to the gaze of those on the opposite side. It is a lesson which young writers are slow to learn, and so we have, for example, Jack London scolding at editors who have rejected some of his "true" tales of the Klondike as grotesquely impossible.

Three recent books illustrate how difficult it is to make the truth seem true in fiction. The Rev. Thomas Dixon, in "The One Woman," has manifestly used as the basis of his story a painful incident of two or three years ago, when a teacher of presumably high ideals was so lured from the path of decent living by the combination of broad theories and personal desire that he deserted his wife and children to marry, according to some strange code of his own devising, a disciple-patroness of his. All readers of

newspapers know that these are facts; but Mr. Dixon has utterly lacked the alchemist's power to transmute them into literary truth.

In the introduction to Rosseter Willard's "The Senator's Sweetheart," Mrs. Cushman Davis, widow of the late Senator from Minnesota, is responsible for the statement that many of the characters in the story "are living or have lived." But in the somewhat hysterical pages of the book neither this actuality nor the thin disguising of names has been sufficient to give them vital force or even the semblance of coherency.

"The Silver Poppy," by Arthur Stringer, the tale of a sensitive English writer and a fascinating female plagiarist, is also said to be based upon an experience of the author's. The book is noteworthy as the only one of the three which succeeds in giving life on the written page to persons who possessed it in the actual world.

PRIZES FOR TOPICAL POEMS—

Fifty, thirty, and twenty dollars for the three best poems sent in.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE offers one hundred dollars (\$100.00) in prizes for the best topical poems—that is, poems treating some subject of current interest in a humorous or satirical way. For the best poem, fifty dollars will be paid; for the second best, thirty dollars; for the third best, twenty dollars. Any other poem worthy of publication will be purchased at a fair price.

All poems intended for this competition must reach the office of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE on or before November 15. Envelopes should be marked "Prize Poem Competition."

The result will be announced in the January number of MUNSEY'S.

Next month we shall announce a similar prize offer, closing December 15. Any poem received too late for the November prize will be considered as entered for the second competition.

IMPORTANT—*Next month's issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, the Christmas number, will contain the first instalment of a serial by Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues."* The appearance of Mr. Hope's new novel is a literary event of importance. It is called "Double Harness," and its principal motif has to do with the greatest of all the problems of modern life—the marriage question. It will be the most widely discussed story of the year.